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On Patrol

Painting by
JOHN ALLCOT

Things they *DIDN'T* teach me . . .



"THEY didn't teach me how to buy the right hat . . ."



"THEY might have taught me how to handle a car . . ."

Exam. time produces cynical reflections

By ROSE MARIE HODGSON

WHEN I think of all the young people who are at this moment palpitating about the correct answers to examination questions, I get cynical.

It isn't the answers they should be worrying about—it's the questions. They're the wrong questions . . .

I know. I've answered them—and a lot of good it did me.

I no longer care deeply to know that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to some other square—or is it?

But I do care—passionately—that nobody taught me what colors I should wear, and how to make my hips look slimmer by picking the right line in clothes.

In fact, I feel it no exaggeration to say that all the things that might have helped me on in life were deliberately omitted from the school curriculum.

Launched without preparation for the real problems of existence, I



"I WISH I'd learnt to be clever about make-up . . ."

have had to learn slowly and painfully by the method of trial and error.

I have bitterly bewailed a thousand embarrassing mistakes that might have been avoided if I had been educated to live among my fellows instead of being educated merely to answer examination papers.

When I was thirteen and at high



"I WORKED so hard to answer examination questions . . . the wrong questions, it seems now . . ."

school we had lessons in domestic science and cookery.

You'd think all that would come in handy. Well, I learned how to cook a joint and two vegetables for a family of five. I made a suet pudding.

I patched sheets and cleaned silver. I was very bad at it, very rebellious, and often sent out of the room.

But when I took a flat of my own all this knowledge, even if I had acquired it, wouldn't have helped me much.

I wanted to know how to make an omelette or some such tasty dish for one only; how to mend bust fuses, and how to put up curtains.

All the domestic science I remembered was how to iron table napkins into the shape of folding screens, and I put the iron right through the seat of my best evening frock when I tried to apply my theory elsewhere.

Practical deficiencies

I FEEL very strongly that I should some time somehow during my education have been taught how a car works and how to drive it.

Schools should buy a few old cars and instruct their 17-year-olds to perambulate round the playing fields in them.

They should also teach you how to cope with rude remarks on the telephone in front of a room full of people.

These practical deficiencies are not my only complaints. I admit I was a tough nut to educate, and that 15 years of being taught have left me still adding up on my fingers and unable to spell.

But they tried to teach me so much for the exams they had to push me through that there was never time to breathe.

The result of this is that I am now slowly learning how to think and thinking how to learn.

The school books conspired with the schoolteachers. They had prefaces, appendices, glossaries, and indices, so that I needn't ever bother with the text at all.

All the questions and all the answers were there. I didn't have to think for myself.

IF I had learnt to think it might have been a help in training me for that current conversational craze, the wise-crack.

I might have been able to answer back on the spot instead of thinking of the perfect reply six hours later in the bath at bedtime.

It might have made it possible for me to make an intelligent remark when introduced to an agree-

able stranger instead of falling back on the weather immediately after the customary how-do-you-do's.

I might have been able to sit through a tete-a-tete meal chattering wittily and prettily without fearing the finish of one conversational gambit because my mind is a blank about the next.

In short, I should have been taught to talk. It's one of the most important occupations life demands of me.

I have a big grumble about nature study lessons. You couldn't do botany or any of those things—except in the lower forms, when you weren't listening, anyway—without going into the whole business from A to Z.

Everyone ought to have some enjoyable superficial lessons on flowers and trees and birds so as to enjoy the summer holidays. I can just about tell a sparrow from a dove and a daisy from a dandelion.

Finally, nobody ever told me what I looked like. Unlike most people, I enjoyed wearing a uniform at school, so I did at least learn to be tidy.

At boarding-school they expected us to be clean, and to put on our dresses for dinner like little ladies.

But no one ever told me which styles were my styles, how to buy the right hat, make up my face and varnish my nails.

They did show me how to make an appalling line in camisoles at school, when no one, not even the oldest-fashioned of the teachers, wore that kind any more.

Lost labor

ALL the same, in the face of opposition, the bluestocking gibe is getting out of date.

One of my friends was requested by the Dean to remove her lipstick before being led forward to receive her B.A. She regrettably replied that the lipstick was indelible.

I had one University friend who put up a good fight to reconcile scholarship with smartness.

She worked out a daily schedule which went like this:

7.30: Get up and have bath.

8-8.30: Anglo-Saxon verbs.

8.30-8.45: Curl eyelashes.

8.45-9: Breakfast.

9-9.15: Massage face.

9.15-10: Plan weekly essay and varnish nails . . . This was typed and stuck up on the wall.

However, the end of it all, as far as I'm concerned, is that I am still appallingly ignorant.

And everything I read and discover shows me only how little I know about something else. It's very discouraging.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Artist and architect

MR. B. J. WATERHOUSE, well-known artist and architect, made his maiden speech in his new capacity as President of the Board of Trustees of the Sydney National Art Gallery at the recent opening of the new print room at the gallery.

The purpose of the room is to preserve prints in portfolios from which they may be taken for study in the room.



Chess champion

REGARDED as the strongest woman chess player in Australia, Miss Edna Kingston (Mrs. Lajos Steiner) recently won the N.S.W. women's chess championship for the 6th time.

She received news of her win on the same day as her marriage to the Hungarian chess champion, Mr. Lajos Steiner.

She and her husband first met over a chessboard in a Sydney club.



To Pole in snow cruiser

ON his forthcoming Antarctic expedition, Admiral Byrd, famous polar explorer, will take with him a specially-built motor "snow cruiser."

This unusual vehicle will, he believes, enable him to travel greater distances in a shorter time than by any other means. Fifty-five feet long, it has accommodation for four men, a year's supply of food and fuel for 5000 miles.

On the roof is lashed an aeroplane, with skis for snow landings and take-offs.

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MARRIAGE LOANS FOR AUSTRALIAN COUPLES



Dr. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND, who advocates marriage loans for young couples.



AUSTRALIAN FAMILIES would be happier if finance were easier during the first years of marriage. Dr. Sutherland considers a loan for newlyweds is the solution.

Famous doctor says this would mean more babies

By DR. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND, in a special interview with
The Australian Women's Weekly

A generous wedding gift, in the form of a marriage loan from the Government, for all young couples marrying on less than £500 a year might provide a solution to the problem of the falling birth-rate in Australia.

I consider it would be an ideal way of making marriages happy and permanent.

THESE marriage loans have been very successful in Europe.

Such a loan would pay for the initial expense of setting up a home—a house and furniture.

Many couples who normally must save up for several years to provide the necessities for their home could then marry at an earlier age.

With comfortable homes and their finances supplemented with the loan, they might feel able to cope

with the responsibilities of a family much earlier in their married life.

I am very impressed with Australian children. They are so healthy and strong-looking.

The birth-rate in Australia should be high, because I have never seen on an average more handsome women and cleaner, more athletic men than in this country.

Instead of this, as a visitor to Australia I am impressed by two things.

They are the vastness of the

DR. HALLIDAY SUTHERLAND is famous in two fields.

He is one of Britain's most distinguished medical men, and an author of world-wide popularity. He has devoted a lifetime to a crusade for bigger families in the Empire.

His autobiography, "The Arches of the Years," was a tremendous success. It has been translated into Dutch, Swedish, Danish, German, and Czechoslovakian.

country and the smallness of the population.

Statistics show that during the first 34 years of this century the fertility of Australian men and women has fallen by 45 per cent.

You are losing more lives in one year than you lost altogether in the Great War.

Unless your outlook changes and there is a great awakening to the danger confronting you, this Australia, a comparatively young nation, is faced with an ageing population. Marriage loans have been successful in Europe.

Such a loan for young married people was started by the German Government in 1933 when the birth-rate was as low as 14.6 per thousand of population. France also has a marriage-loan system in operation.

The loans were available for couples aged between 20 and 30 who were in good health, wanted to marry, and would settle on the land. They could only receive the loan if their joint income was not more than £200.

The loans varied from £40 to £80 and were issued in the form of coupons which could be exchanged at approved shops for household furniture, kitchen utensils, and agricultural implements.

Interest free

THE loan was free of interest and repayable at the rate of 1 per cent. per month.

On the birth of a child, one-quarter of the loan was written off and no further repayments were expected for 12 months.

With the birth of each child another quarter of the loan was written off, so that if the couple had a family of four children the loan was extinguished.

After five years the results of this policy were apparent. The birth-rate rose by 24 per cent., the marriage rate by 27 per cent.

It was found that the loans actually paid for themselves, for women with this encouragement to marry were withdrawn from industry, which meant more employment for men so that there was a saving in the dole.

Apart from that the loans had a far-reaching social influence.

I would, however, advocate one alteration to the European scheme.

There the loans are mainly applicable to manual workers. I think they should be applicable to middle and professional classes, especially in Australia and the Empire. I would raise the income limit of those who could apply for the loans to £500 a year.

Some opinions

MRS. BERNARD MUSCIE (Vice-Chairman of the Board of Social Study and Training):

"There is much to be said for the plan, but I would prefer to see young couples receiving ample wages and child endowment."

"It seems better to begin marriage without debt, even if a marriage loan is written off after the birth of a certain number of children."

MRS. ADA GLENCROSS (President of the Housewives' Association):

"It would be a wonderful plan, for

even as little as £50 would be a great inducement for young couples to marry."

"The cost of living is so high that we must give young people some hope of security for marriage and children, and I heartily endorse Dr. Sutherland's suggestion."

MRS. M. QUIRK, M.L.A.:

"I do not approve of young people starting marriage with a debt, but if a marriage loan were given to them as a deposit on a house I think it would increase the marriage rate considerably."

"I would advocate such a plan from the housewives' point of view."

MRS. F. A. CAMERON (President of the Feminist Club):

"It is tragic to see so many couples putting off having children in the early years of their marriages, so a marriage loan would be an excellent plan."

"One of the drawbacks to social service legislation in Australia is that it ceases with the basic wage. There is a large section of middle-class and skilled workers who should also be encouraged to establish homes and families."



THE RADIANT BRIDE. The Government should give her a generous marriage loan, says Dr. Halliday Sutherland.

NOW !!

Fashion

PATTERNS

In The Australian Women's Weekly

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY is now to give readers the popular pattern service from FASHION.

Wartime paper problems have made it necessary to suspend publication of FASHION, the monthly style magazine sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly.

FASHION was printed on special paper, of which supplies can no longer be obtained.

The FASHION pattern service, however, has proved too valuable and too popular to be lost to the many thousands of women who made use of it, so it will be incorporated in The Australian Women's Weekly as from next issue.

The FASHION pattern service is unique in that patterns may be obtained from leading stores throughout the Commonwealth, as well as through offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

You can call at any of our offices to buy a pattern, you can write to any of our offices and have the pattern mailed to you by return post, or you can buy it at stores or agencies everywhere.

FASHION patterns may be bought in Sydney at Henderson's Silk Store, Hordern Bros. Ltd., McDowell's Ltd., Sydney Snow Ltd., E. Way & Co. Ltd., Edward Arnold & Co. Ltd., Reuben Brasch Ltd.

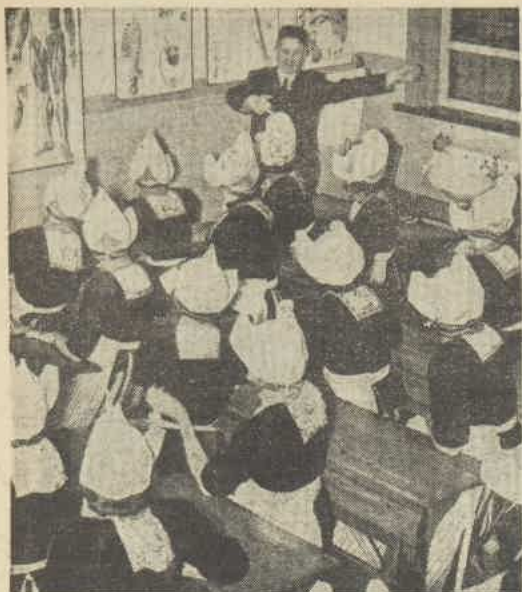


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DUTCH women learning first aid from a Red Cross instructor to be ready for any emergency. Other news pictures from Holland show women helping to fill sandbags for city defence. The danger menacing Holland may be measured by the fact that parts of the country have been flooded.



QUEEN WILHELMINA, Prince Bernhard, carrying his younger daughter, and Princess Juliana in cheerful mood.

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Holland land of homes and lovely children

By IRENE VAN SWINDEREN (now living in Sydney)

I married a Dutchman, and that is why I know Holland, the country that so many visit but very few know.

The real Holland keeps itself hidden. Few foreigners get beyond the Dutchman's genuine friendliness which masks the passionate reserve with which he guards his privacy.

MY own passport to Holland appeared at first sight to be a perfect one. I married a Dutchman — by the way, as he was under 30 he still had to get his parents' consent!

My husband was important in his own little circle; he was the only son of a family who had given generals to Holland and governors to her colonies, and he wished me to be received as one of the family. His family responded with kindness and perfect politeness—father, mother, and sisters spoke no word of Dutch in my hearing, except to the servants.

Friends and relatives entertained me in English, and discussed English subjects with fluency and insight. I might as well have been entertained in an hotel for all the knowledge of Holland I was getting!

Then I made friends with the children. The Dutch are great lovers of children, and that melted them a little.

But it also gave me an inspiration. The children taught me my first words of Dutch. I decided to learn the language.

The family regarded me with astonishment. "Learn Dutch! But nobody ever does that. That's why we always learn English, French, and German at school."

Democratic ideals

THE young Dutch women are genuinely emancipated and educated far above the general English or Australian standard. But they have kept their balance marvelously and are proud to carry on the home-loving tradition of their country.

For the real Holland is essentially a land of homes and homely virtues, as well as of true democracy and commercial acumen.

The Dutchman knows the full value of his tulip fields both for the tourist traffic and the flower market. He makes his windmills earn their living!

In England where I had met the young elegants of the Dutch Embassy I had been completely fooled. They were taking their tone from Mayfair.

At home in Holland they fitted into the homely picture.

Once we stayed in a 16th century moated castle hung with priceless tapestries and pictures. The Baroness did her own housekeeping and always made her own preserves.

And though they were both over

Hatred of Nazis

A LETTER from Holland recently received by Mrs. van Swinderen sums up Dutch feeling:

"We are neutral here, and we hope to stay neutral, but there is no Dutch man or woman I have spoken to who is not anti-Nazi. If we must fight, we would rather ruin our homes and our land under the floodwaters than forfeit one scrap of our independence. We have great faith in Britain and France."

60, she and the very solid Baron would bicycle down to the village.

The familiar photographs of Queen Wilhelmina on her bicycle and Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard on their tandem seem to me very typical of the real Holland. The Dutch Royal Family lives on terms with its people's everyday life.

The Queen is known for her old-fashioned ideas, and the young people of Holland used to have great sympathy with Juliana.

Her marriage to the young man of her choice was a great event, and there are many stories of Juliana's student days at Leyden University when she neither had nor expected Royal privileges.

Mother sent her to University with a full trousseau of best boiling underclothes, and her friends used to present her with lace creations which were confiscated amid tears whenever mother got word of such frivolity!

I don't know where our phrase "Dutch courage" comes from—perhaps because the Dutch love their schnapps. But the quality of their courage is as undisputed as their shopkeeping instincts.

During the last war the Queen went out unattended on her white horse to quell a rising in the city—and brought back the leaders to conference!

Neither did she lack courage when she interned her German husband for the duration of the war.

Princess Juliana also is married to a German, but he has already had his share of sparring with the Nazis, and there is no doubt in the country's mind of his loyalty to Holland.

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WRAPPED in MYSTERY

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

HYLTON CLEAVER

Illustrated by WEP

WHEN Arthur Customer looked over the bridge and saw what had happened, he quite lost the use of his limbs.

He had chosen, as the time, the stillest watches of the night; and, as the place, this deserted bridge.

He had taken a last precautionary squint across his shoulder, had peeped at the slowly gliding river, then he had slipped the little parcel from his arm, and cast it over the side.

To his dismay, he heard the "plop" of it landing much sooner than it should have done, so he peeped over the parapet in some concern. His parcel had landed not in the water at all, but on a ledge round a buttress!

Arthur stared down incredulously. Not only did he go hot, then cold; not only did his heart seem to sink into his boots, but as described, he quite lost the use of his limbs. Now he was up against it!

At last he managed to move his head round; the whites of his eyes were showing. A lone man was approaching and Arthur could just make out his features as he passed beneath a lamp; he was probably on his way to work.

Slowly, cautiously, Arthur began to count the street-lamps from the beginning of the bridge, so that he could fix his position.

A little farther along he paused to look over the side again. He wanted to make sure that those ledges were really out of his reach. Yes, it was quite impossible to touch his parcel, even if he lay flat and poked between the pillars with his umbrella.

Presently the man passed by, smoking a clay pipe. In a few hours it would be dawn. Urchins would appear and would sprawl along the bridge showing how accurately they could spit upon the decks of barges. Then they would spot his parcel, and with natural inventiveness would devise a fish-hook and line. They would haul up his parcel and open it. And that would never do.

Well, he supposed he also could devise a rod and line. Only he didn't want to fish the thing up; he wanted to push it off into the river. And even though he could fish it up, and then throw it again, he had no string or hook, and the shops were shut.

So Arthur went home. He went at speed, but he knew no other way of getting the right sort of implement, and at home he had a long piece of cane which was in a cupboard under the stairs and was used for clearing drains. Returning with this, he went on his hands and knees and began thrusting it between the pillars, still in the stillness of the night, on that deserted bridge.

It wasn't easy to reach the parcel even now. The long cane wobbled, and when he was crouching he couldn't see the ledge from between the pillars. If he stood up to see, he couldn't reach.

JUST as, in exasperation, he was hoping with every thrust to hear a splash, he heard instead the unwelcome sound of a slow-speaking masculine voice. "Dropped something?"

Arthur Customer did not turn his head. He displayed the pre-occupation of a motorist who does not welcome silly questions while lying on his back under a car. But when the other did not go away he looked out of the corner of his eye and he noticed a pair of large black boots and a pair of thick serge trousers; so he squatted back on his heels, and he looked up.

With his thumbs in his belt, a policeman was standing there. He was not looking at Customer. He was

looking at what Customer was doing. Just as he would have looked at the number of a car illegally parked, and not at the man who had parked it.

"I threw something over the side," said Arthur, "and the darned thing lodged on that ledge."

The policeman craned his neck to confirm this statement. There was nothing particularly striking about Arthur. He was decently dressed, not bad-looking, about thirty, and his hat was knocked crooked by his agitation and exertion, while his shirt cuffs were smeared by contact with the stonework of the bridge.

"Well, seeing you wanted to throw it away," said the policeman, "it don't hardly matter that you can't get it back."

"I don't want it back. I want to push it off into the river."

"What's inside it, then?"

"Only some things I wanted to throw away."

"Ain't you got a dustbin where you live?"

"I've got a dustbin, yes, but I use that for rubbish. This," said Customer, "isn't rubbish."

AND he used his cane impatiently—so impatiently, in fact, that the policeman placed a restraining hand upon his shoulder.

"I'm asking you," he repeated, as if they had all day before them, as in fact they had, "what is inside the parcel."

"Nothing to do with anybody else."

"Just fish it up, and open it."

"What for?"

"Because this is a funny time of night and a funny place to be disposing of property," said the policeman, in a lobe of calm reproof. "Where have you been for the last two or three hours, instead of going home?"

"I have been home. To get this cane. I throw the parcel over a long time ago, but I had nothing to reach it with."

"And you had chosen a time when nobody would be about? Do you remember a fellow passing you some while ago? He thought you was going to jump over, and so he told me. Just as I came into view you walked off in a hurry. Now here you are again, using that nice long cane. And so I am asking you. What is inside the parcel, to make it worth so much trouble?"

"Love letters," said Arthur Customer. "Memories of an episode, and I don't want other people fishing them up and gloating over them." And as the other still did not seem satisfied, he added: "I assure you it contains no human remains."

"People burn love letters," said the policeman. "There's other things you might be wanting to dispose of."

This time the policeman took Customer's cane and, comparing the ends of it, he found he could bend it double. Out of a woolly waistcoat inside his tunic he then produced a safety-pin, which he bent cunningly. From a trouser pocket he brought forth a length of string, and with this he bound the hook to

one end of the cane, and tested it for security.

"Now," he remarked, and, giving Customer a side glance of defiance, he pushed him away and made a calculation of the distance. Then he stood on tip-toe and, as he was taller than Customer, was able to support himself by his right forearm while with the left hand he guided the long and whippy cane through the pillars in the direction of the parcel. And he breathed heavily, like a small boy, as he did so. At last he steered his hook into the right position.

Just as all he needed was a wrist movement to get the hook under the string, Customer deliberately, and violently, barged into him. The end of that wobbly cane sprang out, and instead of hooking the parcel poked it hard. It toppled

neatly over, and then dropped all the way down to the river, landing on the water with a satisfying, if tiny, splash.

Arthur nodded his satisfaction, rubbed his hands together, and prepared to leave. He was in no such luck. The policeman's hand closed sternly about his arm.

"So that's your game!"

IF you want to read another man's love letters, you must have funny ideas," said Customer, thickly. "But you are not going to read those. Neither you nor anyone."

The policeman looked over the side of the bridge in disappointment, robbed of a catch when on the point of making it. Now, either the parcel had sunk or it had been carried under the bridge by the tide. Rather

than run to the other side of the road and further embitter himself by watching in vain for it to reappear in the darkness, he took his revenge on Customer.

"Now you'll come along with me."

"Is it a crime to drop a parcel in the Thames?"

"It is a crime to obstruct a police officer in the execution of his duty, and we shall see what they know about you at the station. It's my belief I'll find you've got a record."

Customer was impelled along the pathway, and it was no use struggling. Nevertheless they could do what they liked now; he had achieved his purpose. Bundled along like a stubborn boy who will not go to school and is escorted by his father, he yet resolved that they would never make him talk.

Please turn to Page 6



"You never thought blackmail could be used against you!" Arthur burst out, as Edie sat in silent dismay.

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Wrapped in Mystery

Continued from Page 5

ARTHUR CUS-
TOMER crawled into bed in daylight, still repeating to himself with a contempt with which he bolstered up his courage the incredible questions they had asked in their pompous inquisition at the station. One inquisitor had been a sergeant in uniform. Another was a plainclothes man.

And then there was the policeman who had brought him in, and who naturally tried to make as much of it as possible.

Customer had admitted that the situation was unusual, nevertheless his parcel had contained love letters, and as they could not possibly prove anything to the contrary, he didn't see what he was going to be charged with. No, he would not tell them who the girl was. She was not to be drawn into it at all. It was quite enough to have ended his romance; he didn't wish to be laughed at for parcelling up her letters and getting into this scrape.

They could make any other inquiries they liked, and would find his integrity above reproach.

He had purposely stayed in town late, waiting for the crowds to disappear. His intention all day had been to sling them over the bridge—but naturally not in full view. If he had done it in daylight, and they had landed on that ledge, some ass would have come along and offered to climb the parapet at the risk of his life and get them back.

Well, they had to let him go. A plainclothes man had followed him home to make sure that he really lived at the address he had given, so everyone would get to know about it now.

Arthur Customer got into bed, feeling small and humbled, and wondering what line to adopt at the office to-morrow if the police followed him there for more inquiries.

Customer's landlady looked at him next morning. This was not like Mr. Customer. What could he have been up to?

"If a detective comes here, don't be afraid to tell him all he wants to know," he had said. "I have nothing to hide."

So, when a detective did come, Mrs. Parsons did tell him all she knew, but that was very little.

He was an amiable representative of the force, in a bowler hat, and carrying an unrolled umbrella, so that Mrs. Parsons at first mistook him for the insurance agent. He wanted (he said) to check a statement by her lodger, Mr. Customer. Had Mr. Customer, for example, a young lady? No, Mrs. Parsons had never heard of one, or seen one. If he met a young lady at all, he must do so in another district. None had ever been to visit him there.

Letters? No more than anyone else. Fewer, in fact. He was a quiet young man who kept to himself. No, she could not say she had noticed any writing in particular, as evidence of a regular correspondence, nor had she ever seen a bundle of letters in one of Mr. Customer's drawers. He had not been depressed of late, had not threatened to take his life; he did not occasionally come in carrying mysterious parcels.

The detective raised his bowler hat at the gate and said that the sun was breaking through. Mrs. Parsons retired to a window and watched his casual departure up the road, with her apron held to her mouth.

Whatever had Mr. Customer been up to?

"Come to that," said Arthur, at the office, "how would you like to be asked to account for all you had done in the last twenty-four hours, and to produce people who could prove it?"

"They are asking," his friend repeated, taking a pen from behind his ear and tapping with it on the desk. "If any of us know whether you have a girl-friend."

"Should I have brought her to the office every day then? How do they think you would know?"

"They think you might have shown us her photograph or talked about her. They want to find out who she was, and to make sure there were letters in the parcel. If you had a girl, and there has been a row, and she will say so, it's all finished with."

"They will get no more information out of me."

"Why ever not... if you've nothing to hide?"

"Because," he said in icy wrath, "she happens to be married. Now!"

The other opened a ledger pen-

"Well," he said eventually, "surely you can satisfy them where you were that evening?"

"As a matter of fact," said Arthur, "I spent hours killing time, waiting for the crowds to go. I went in the park. I can't produce anyone who saw me, because I didn't talk, even to strangers, but I did go and listen to one of the speakers, and I could tell them what he was talking about... that would prove I was there. But there is one objection. He happened to be talking about capital punishment and crime, and if the police once know I spent half an hour listening intently to a talk on that, they'll say it's funny I was so interested that night in crime and punishment. They'll suppose I was wondering what sentence I should get. They twist everything round."

"The sergeant at the station said to me: 'You're a queer customer. What's your name?' As soon as I said: 'Customer,' he scowled at me, as if I had made that up on the spur of the moment to be saucy."

The police went doggedly ahead. Whatever Customer had thrown away, he had covered his tracks effectively. Could they have found some evidence of a girl in the case they would have wasted no more time. But this girl seemed to be imaginary and the detective-inspector of the district believed that if he harried Customer sufficiently he would break down and blurt out a confession.

So they searched Customer's room when he was out... secretly, while pretending to wait for his return. They got people to look through his desk at the office; they checked his mail; had his telephone calls tapped, and traced his antecedents. And it all led nowhere. Indeed, they were just about to call off their shadow patrol and leave Customer alone until he gave himself away in an unguarded moment, when... the girl turned up.

A girl, you see, did exist.

In another part of London she had lain all the previous night in her single bed, with her back towards the other single bed in which her husband lay asleep. She was pretending to be asleep, too, but her cheek was pressed into her pillow and her wrist was held against her mouth, and she was wondering if over she would hear again from Arthur Customer.

FINALLY she had come to a decision. Though she had promised to keep away and leave it all to him, she felt she must go to Arthur's address to-morrow night, come what might, and find out how he had managed. And so, as she walked down his road next evening, she did not realise that the man standing across the road reading an evening paper was a detective.

As that girl went to the door of Mrs. Parsons' house the detective took new interest. He saw her knock, and he saw Mrs. Parsons come to the door and talk to her on the step. He saw the girl turn away, disappointed.

The detective stroked his chin. If the girl walked off, he would stroll up and talk to Mrs. Parsons himself. But she didn't walk off. She waited about in the road.

And so, after a little while, he casually crossed the road, lifted his hat a few inches from his head and addressed himself to the girl.

"Excuse me," he said, "are you expecting Mr. Customer?"

The girl gave a start, recovered, looked a little distant. "Yes, I wanted to see him. Why?"

"I'm waiting for him myself," said the detective. "He's late. He's generally here by this time. Didn't Mrs. Parsons ask you in to wait?"

"I didn't want to go in."

The detective understood. He was summing up this pretty girl.

"I suppose not... if you haven't, made it up with him yet. What had you really come for... your letters?"

"What do you know about letters?" said the girl.

"There's been enough fuss about them," he replied. "All because Mr. Customer wouldn't say who you were. What he tried to do, from all accounts, was to make them up into a parcel and chuck them into the Thames. But he was in too much hurry and the parcel didn't clear the bridge."

Please turn to Page 42



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ROYAL ESCAPE

Serial Story
By
Georgette
Heyer

Hidden in an oak, the King has an exciting escape from his enemies.

FOLLOWING the defeat of his army by Cromwell at Worcester, the young CHARLES STEWART was forced to flee for his life, accompanied only by a small band of his courtiers and attendants.

While Cromwell's soldiers scoured the countryside in search of the fugitives, CHARLES GIFFARD, an honest countryman from among the King's troops, conducted them to the Manor of White Ladies, where they were welcomed by the staunch Royalist, GEORGE PENDEREL, together with his brothers, RICHARD and WILLIAM, and the housekeeper, MRS. ANDREWS.

As the only hope of escape was for the Cavalier troop to disband, the Penderels undertook to conduct the King to safety through country byways; and so, keeping with him only LORD HARRY WILMOT, the King dismissed the rest of his retainers.

But as he sees them depart the stricken grief in his face causes Lord Wilmot to seize his hand in ready sympathy.

NOW READ ON:

THE King gave a start, and looked down at Wilmot's bent head. "Now, what's to be done with you, Harry?" he inquired. "Where shall you go?"

"I will go with you, sir."

"No, that I swear you shall not!" the King said.

Charles Giffard interposed: "Sir, my kinsman and I have spoken of this, and if my Lord Wilmot pleases, John Penderel will escort him to some place of safety in the neighborhood."

"John Penderel? Are there more of you, then?" asked the King of Richard.

"Ay, my liege. There be five of us, and one that's dead. Will, we'd best speak with John."

"Ay," said William, and opened the door.

As it closed again behind the two brothers, Wilmot exclaimed: "I cannot leave you with such clouds as these!"

"I like them very well," said the King, stripping off his shirt. "See what they have brought me to wear, Harry, and do not look so glum!"

The Penderels had brought the King a coarse linen shirt, a pair of old green breeches which, since they belonged to William, fell below the King's knees; a leather doublet with pewter buttons; a pair of down-at-heel shoes; a greasy, steeple-crowned hat, innocent of lining, and a green coat, which Charles Giffard told the King was called a jump-coat. Since stockings seemed to have been forgotten, the King wore his own with the embroidered tops cut off them.

He pushed his feet into the clumsy shoes, grimacing as he did so, for they were an ill fit; and bade Wilmot cut his hair short, after the country fashion.

Wilmot, already aghast at the appearance he presented, cried out against such a sacrifice, but the King said: "Harry, do as I bid you!" and sat down on a stool to have his love-locks hacked off with a knife.

When it was done, he remarked that he was sorry there was no mirror for him to see the figure he must cut, and bade Giffard summon Richard Penderel.

Richard came in with Mrs. Andrews. Neither seemed to find anything to amuse or to horrify them in the King's changed looks, but Richard, after a moment's scrutiny, turned and walked out of the room; and Mrs. Andrews said briskly: "Well, and is there never one of you with the sense to hide those white hands of his blessed Majesty?"



Illustrated
by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

The good-year! It needs a woman to attend to every tittle of business. Rare to let that lovesome boy go forth with his hands and face crying out, 'I am the King!'

The King laughed, and slid his arm about her waist. "Is my face so white? When I was born, my mother cried out that God had sent her a black baby."

"I warrant she was the proud woman that day! Nay, give over! Is this a time for merrymaking? Rub your hands in the soot back of the chimney! That a poor widow must think of all!"

He obeyed her, and, under her direction, smeared them over his face, protesting as he did so that there was never a lass would kiss him now.

She was busy rubbing the soot on to the backs of his hands, but glanced up to say shrewdly: "Handsome is as handsome does: you'll never lack for lasses' kisses. I am thinking—not with that pair of eyes! Pie on you, my liege! I'll have you know I'm an honest woman!"

Richard Penderel came back into the parlor with a pair of shears in his hand.

"Oddfish, what now?" demanded the King.

"The noble lord has botched your hair, sir," said Richard. "It hangs all ends. Let your honor sit down, and I'll trim it."

"Richard, I swear I love you well!" the King said, sitting down upon a joint-stool.

Still supporting the sleeping King in their precarious shelter in the oak, Major Carlis saw the troopers approaching William.

Color rushed up into Richard's face. He snipped at the King's locks, without saying anything. When he had finished, he laid aside the shears, and said: "It's daylight. We must be going."

The King rose, and gathered his discarded clothes into a bundle. "I'll throw these in the privy-house," he said.

Mrs. Andrews clawed them out of his hold. "You'll not! George shall bury them."

"See it done," the King warned her. "They will bring you very ill fortune if they are found." He turned to Wilmot, and held out both his hands, and grasped Wilmot's delicate ones in them. "At the sign of the Three Cranes, in the Vintry, Harry. God keep you safe!"

Wilmot fell on his knees, and kissed the blackened hands. "God keep you!" he whispered.

"Your honor had best be stirring," said Richard phlegmatically. "We'll slip out by the back way, and no one the wiser."

The King raised Wilmot, and clasped him in his arms a moment. "You hear my careful guardian. Farewell! If I can contrive it, you shall hear from me. Lead on, Trusty Dick!"

In another moment he had gone.

Madeley was situated east of the Severn, and could be most easily reached from Hobbal Grange by the highway leading through Tong and Shifnal, but as Richard Penderel knew that some of the rebel troops were quartered in both these places he proposed to the King that they should make their way across the fields, and down the less frequented lanes with which the country was intersected.

The King agreed to it, but it was not long before he was regretting his complaisance. At all times unused to rough walking, he found the journey over meadows and through coppices difficult. He was continually missing his foothold in the dark, stumbling over a tree-root, or a mole-hill, and at every step the tightness of the shoes he wore caused him real pain.

Sometimes brambles would claw at his coat, or throw out long prickly stems across the path to entangle his feet and tear holes in his stockings; at others, he would find himself walking into a tree that loomed up suddenly before him, or splashing ankle-deep through a puddle of muddy water. Once his hand brushed a clump of nettles, and the smart and itch of it was an added ill so petty and yet so maddening that he swore aloud.

Richard hushed him quickly, warning him that they were passing close by a cottage.

"The devil take the cottage and all inside it!" said the King savagely, licking the back of his smarting hand. "I have put my hand into a cursed bed of nettles!"

It was plain that Richard thought this a trivial matter. He said soothingly: "The itch will soon go. If there were light enough, I would find a dock-leaf for your honor to rub on you. 'Tis wonderful how a dock-leaf eases nettle-sting."

This remark exasperated the King, but just as he was about to return an acid answer the humor of the situation struck him, and he began to laugh. Richard, forgetting the respect due to Royalty, grabbed his arm, and gave it a little shake. "Give over, give over! Ye will have the neighbors out on us, as sure as check, my liege!"

They went on for another mile. The King found nothing more to laugh at, but had instead some trouble to keep himself from groaning at the pain of his cramped and blistered feet. He had never been so tired in his life; his head swam, and sometimes seemed to be a long way from his body. He set his teeth, and limped on, but every step hurt him, and at last he was unable to endure it any longer, and called to Richard to halt.

Please turn to Page 12

A
Long,
Complete
Story

CALLING

From a telephone booth, a private home, a police station, a business office, four women's voices reached out in urgent search of one man.



"Is there anybody now?" Bob asked, and instantly Audrey's face hardened.

THE first long-distance call for Robert Kent came from Cleveland at three-twenty on a Saturday afternoon in November when the switchboard of the big New York hotel was almost frantically busy.

It was a station to station call, and the hotel operator, hearing the rich vibrancy of the voice impatiently demanding Robert Kent of Detroit, grinned knowingly to herself and replied more curtly than was necessary because she knew people putting in station to station calls between cities were either trying to hide something or to save money, and she could hazard a guess which it was this time.

"Yes, madam, I told you Mr. Kent is registered here, only he's out." When the voice pleaded with her, she made a grudging concession. "No, I don't know if he left word where he could be reached, but if you'll hold the wire a moment I'll find out."

Briskly she plugged in on the desk clerk on the fourteenth floor. "Hello, Fourteen—did 1413 leave word where he'd be?" Inexorably she shut off the voice from Cleveland. "Mr. Kent will be back at five-thirty, madam. You'll have to call again."

The rich, protesting voice faded. The hotel telephone operator brooded briefly upon the incident, her imagination struggling to depict the owner of the voice that had come to her so musically over an impersonal wire.

"I'll bet she's young and beautiful and got everything—or she will have!" decided the operator resentfully, aware of a gnawing pain of fatigue at the base of her skull. "I'll bet she's married, or he is, or maybe they both are, but not to each other. And I'll bet never in her life has that one done anything she didn't want to do!"

It was odd how Audrey Vall's voice could impress people, there being something almost as unforgettable about the voice as about Audrey Vall herself.

She was standing in a telephone booth in the big downtown depot in Cleveland, from which she had tried to reach Bob Kent in New York and settle everything. After the New York operator shut her off she remained a disconsolate moment in the booth, pulling an expensive silver fox cape more closely around her slim shoulders, not quite knowing what to do next because, after nerving herself to a definite decision, there was anticlimax in the fact that Bob Kent had not been available to receive that decision.

She was young, she was beautiful, and curiously vital in a way not usually belonging to blondes. Her hair was the palest of gold, and its color was natural. Her eyes were brown, instead of the blue to be expected with such hair, which perhaps accounted for the something more vigorous about her beauty than her pastel coloring prophesied.

She was a tall girl with a superb figure, and people beholding her for the first time were apt to experience a feeling of startled shock because of her amazing beauty. As a matter of fact, people were staring now through the glass door of the lighted telephone booth because everything she did was inherently conspicuous by reason of that beauty, and when Audrey Vall realised they were staring she walked haughtily out to the street, ignoring the murmured apology of a man who had been awaiting an opportunity to crowd into the booth.

This tendency of people to stare at her as though she were a curiosity of some sort was precisely what had started the trouble between herself and Ted—that, and being poor and being lonely and dull with Ted away so much!

TED had said she encouraged people to stare, but it wasn't true—they stared anyhow. Listening to his protests, which were rooted in a bitter and destructive jealousy, knowing he called her by telephone every evening he was away to make sure she was safely at home, she had turned slowly sullen.

Well—she'd warned him, thought Audrey, hesitating at the entrance to Euclid Avenue, but Ted hadn't been smart enough to heed the warning. Unless, of course, Ted had been as weary of their marriage as she was, wanting an excuse which she had eventually provided by refusing to answer the telephone every evening when he called from some dreary little town on his sales route.

After a stormy scene in which he had accused her of practically everything, Ted had moved his things out of the tiny apartment, and that chapter of her life was ended.

Even after she'd known the baby was coming, she hadn't let Ted come back to her, despite the something deeply miserable about him when they'd met by chance on the street just before she went to the hospital.

"Gosh, Audrey, why didn't you tell me?" Ted had blurted.

Because he'd stepped determinedly in front of her, she had had to stop.

Illustrated
by
VIRGIL

"What's there to tell?" she'd inquired stonily, looking past him, refusing to meet his eyes, trying not to see that he was so thin that his clothes practically hung upon him.

Ted had broken then.

"Oh, Audrey—don't be so hard!" The sound escaping him had been dangerously close to a sob, but even that hadn't softened her. "Honey, I was crazy; I was always so afraid of losing you, because you're wonderful, and I'm just one more travelling salesman. You should have told me about this—don't you see it makes all the difference?"

Beginning to walk slowly up Euclid Avenue, Audrey remembered how she had denied that it made any difference, escaping past Ted with a movement more rapid than she would have believed possible.

But that, of course, had been sheer bravado, because it had made a difference. She hadn't, for instance, been able to go back to work at modelling clothes, but instead had lived not too comfortably on what money her father could spare her, refusing to accept anything from

"I wish I'd lived before divorce became easy and popular," Mary added and Aline Kent's uneasiness deepened.

Ted. She had made resentful preparation for a new young life to complicate her own and had experienced a different kind of staring, along with a considerable amount of casual kindness from people she scarcely knew. From her next door neighbor, for instance, a spinster full of advice and encouragement. From the janitor, whose wife had a new baby. From other people who didn't count.

She had hated Ted Vall that day as she hurried away.

Now with her head held high, evading the eyes that sought to capture hers, Audrey remembered that her

daughter had been unbelievably beautiful from the very beginning, and that for this beneficent fact she had daily thanked Heaven because it smoothed her path so miraculously.

The spinster neighbor, a woman with a hungry love for all children, had been delighted to keep the baby while Audrey was at work, and with what she earned and what her father sent her she had managed well enough, stubbornly refusing anything from Ted in the short interview she had had with him at the hospital, the day after the baby's birth.

"I don't want your money," she



MR. KENT

By
JAY GELZER

had refused. "You left me, let it stand that way. I can take care of my child."

"But she's my child, too," Ted had protested unhappily.

His eyes looked as though he'd lost a lot of sleep, he had seemed so young and soft and vulnerable that she had had to steel her heart against him.

"Are you sure of that?" she had inquired aloofly. "Have you forgotten all the things you said when you left me?"

"I deserve that," he acknowledged. "The things I said weren't true—I was just beside myself because I knew every man who saw you envied me!"

She had turned her face away from him, closing her eyes.

"The things weren't true then," she had accented, "but the future is something else! Please go, Ted. I'm not to be persuaded back into a trap."

"You call love a trap?"

It was strange how clearly she could hear Ted say that incredulously. When she'd nodded, he'd gone away without further argument, and she'd seen him only

once since, though that was a year ago. Patty was walking now, her head covered with rings of exquisitely fair golden hair, her smile and her blue eyes so like Ted's that sometimes the likeness was a knife turning in her heart.

The wind blowing up Euclid Avenue was cold, even through the silver fox cape that had been a present from Bob Kent.

"Silver fox was made for a girl like you," Bob had declared cheerfully when he gave it to her. "So many of the wrong people wear it that it would be doing humanity a kindness for you to show them how it should be worn!"

He'd made it sound as though giving her the cape was a privilege. As though she had done something for him in accepting it, rather than he for her in giving it.

Walking along the street with her lovely, swinging stride, Audrey thought how fine Bob Kent was.

She'd known him half a year now, seeing him first when he'd called in at the store to buy his wife a gift for their wed-



Phyllis felt she could not bear it another minute when the sergeant lifted the telephone to call her father.

ding anniversary, and she'd modelled furs for him, meeting him by chance later in the day in the cocktail bar of the hotel she was passing right this moment, and he'd slid on to the stool beside hers while she waited for Maizie Curran.

"If you'll pardon my boldness, I feel that after spending part of the afternoon with you, we are acquainted," he had suggested. "May I buy you a drink?"

While she'd waited for Maizie, he'd bought her two glasses of sherry, and presently a page boy had brought a belated message from Maizie cancelling their engagement.

"Now isn't that fortunate!" Bob Kent had said, smiling. "I hate eating alone, and I have to wait over until to-morrow to close a deal for my company. Shall we have dinner together?"

Afterwards, when she knew him better, she'd realised he could have dined that night with a score of people in Cleveland and been welcome, also that such an informal invitation was most unlike him.

But at the moment, feeling lonely and forlorn, she had accepted gladly.

"I can't stay late," she had stipulated. "I've a little daughter waiting for me at home."

"And no husband?"

"No husband," she had said steadily, because by that time she and Ted were divorced.

His face had softened.

"Tell me about it over dinner—or don't tell me. As you please!"

She had elected to tell him the brief story of herself and Ted, telling it to the muted strains of music, to the accompaniment of an excellent dinner well served by an attentive waiter, to the knowledge that the man who sat across from her was in many ways the most attractive man she had ever met.

Although he was probably in his late forties, he had kept his hair, his teeth, and an astonishing youthfulness. In the slender, well-bred sort of way which had its origin in birth and breeding, he was handsome.

"All this is what I wanted," she had thought wistfully. "I thought this was what Ted and I would have together!" With lingering resentment she had recalled quarrels and shabbiness, but forgotten that Ted Vail was still under twenty-five.

"So you see—" she had finished lightly.

"I see that your husband loved you very much."

"He didn't love me at all!" she had denied, but Bob Kent had remained unconvinced.

"Sometimes love is inseparable from the fear of loss. In your husband, the fear of loss became greater even than his love."

Crumbling a roll impatiently between her fingers, Audrey had remembered unwillingly that Ted himself had tried to tell her something like that, and had stirred restlessly in her too thin coat.

"One moment—" Bob Kent had delayed her departure. "What about now?"

SHE had looked back at him levelly. "What do you mean—now?"

"Is there anybody now?" Bob Kent had queried simply.

Instantly her face had hardened. "I'm through with men. I've Patty—that's enough!"

Kindly, almost wistfully, Bob Kent had smiled at her. "Why run away from love forever because you've been unlucky once? Especially when love's the most wonderful thing in the world!"

For a moment their eyes had caught.

He was married and had a grown daughter. He had told her so immediately, though she'd known he had a wife because he'd been selecting a gift for his wife when she had first seen him. With a twinge of pain in his voice, he'd even mentioned that he'd lost his only son the previous year, and she had murmured conventional sympathy.

But now some strange attraction was drawing them together.

"Am I to see you again?" he had inquired, smiling at her. "I think it's for you to decide."

While she had hesitated, he'd spoken impulsively. "I think I should tell you that I may get too fond of you. I'm lonely these days."

Briefly she'd wondered why a man like that was lonely, and then thought about herself. She was lonely, too, and what harm could it do anyone to see a man occasionally, to have dinner with him sometimes like this, to have someone to talk to who would be interested but never intrusive?

Please turn to Page 10



Miss Curry discovered Mr. Bixby upon the floor of the office and forced herself to take the note from his hand.

"WHY shouldn't we see each other?" she had said, rebelliously voicing her thought.

For answer he had stretched his hand across the table, and after a moment she had put her hand in his, and he held it gently.

"Very well, my dear. You're young and lovely and need a friend. I'm older, certainly not lovely, but I'm lonely as the devil, so it's on the knees of the gods! And now I'll send you home in a taxi—"

He'd sent her home in a taxi, and that had been the beginning, remembered Audrey.

Even now Audrey really didn't know how Mrs. Kent felt about her husband, except that Bob had said his wife hadn't cared about anything since the death of her son.

"She doesn't care about me any longer," Bob had said guardedly. "Possibly she hasn't cared since the children were born and her love transferred itself to them. Anyhow, when Tommy died, a little of her love may have been left for Phyllis, but none for me, and a man needs love. I don't think women comprehend how a man needs to be praised and flattered and indulged by some woman who loves him beyond anything or anybody in the world—"

It was the only time he mentioned his wife, and Audrey had looked at him affectionately across the table, wanting to be honest, wanting not to disappoint him.

"But, Bob—"

He had interrupted, nodding his head savagely.

"I know what you are trying to say, Audrey. You want to tell me that Patty comes first with you, but I don't wish to listen. Perhaps I can change that. Let me think so, anyhow—"

he had paused, the vehemence with which he had spoken dying out. "We'll go away

Calling Mr. Kent

Continued from Page 9

together, Audrey, because in a way we love each other. I'll look after you and Patty, and when it can be managed we'll be married."

She'd listened, aware of excitement blending with uneasiness in her heart.

Bob would look after Patty and herself, she had no doubt of that. There would be luxury suites on big liners, a French nurse for Patty, and after a while a wedding ring for herself. But what of that other woman, Bob's wife, who had been married to him so long? Even if she had stopped loving him, she'd be hurt and humiliated, and the young daughter would be deprived of her father.

In quick distress she had appealed to Bob Kent. "I don't want to be the other woman, Bob!"

Bob had reassured her tenderly. "Haven't I kept you clear of that, Audrey? Up to now, have we exchanged a single word the whole world might not hear? Have I as much as kissed you?"

It was true. Bob had given her consideration and respect along with his many gifts, and when she'd sat very still, not speaking, he'd added further generosity to her list of indebtedness to him. "I won't crowd you to a decision, Audrey. I'm leaving for New York to-night, you decide about us while I'm there, and let me know on Saturday. If you decide to join me, we can sail Tuesday on the Rex."

That had been two days ago, and she'd scarcely slept during that time, trying to decide something that involved not only her life but Patty's. This morning she'd awakened be-

fore dawn and lain awake listening to Patty's even breathing in her crib. When Patty awakened she got up and prepared breakfast, feeling wan and unlike herself, and telephoned the store she wouldn't be down, because she wanted the whole day to think things out.

She'd made up her mind finally, and not on a basis of money or trips or what Bob Kent could do for her and for Patty.

She'd decided to go with Bob because she felt safe with him and could depend upon his friendship as much as upon his love. He would, she knew, never treat her the way Ted had treated her. That he was twice her age didn't matter, when he loved her so beautifully.

Just before three o'clock she had gone to telephone Bob from a booth.

It had been distinctly a disappointment not to be able to reach him and know the matter was settled, and as she walked restlessly along Euclid Avenue she decided to have some sherry and a sandwich because she had omitted luncheon. And at exactly five-thirty she would call New York again.

As she stepped from the elevator in which she had ridden down to the bar, a familiar figure was descending a staircase and before she could turn back Ted Vail had crossed swiftly to her side. He paused suddenly as his eyes rested upon the silver fox cape, while she waited for an explosion, which failed to follow.

"Silver fox. . . ." Ted had said quietly. "Well, honey, you deserve it, and always did—only maybe I could get it for you myself, now I've a real job. If there's somebody else, give me a chance to beat his time. Maybe I can do it!"

Suddenly his face changed. He glanced around hurriedly to make sure they were alone, then pulled her into his arms before she could protest, and was saying swiftly between vehement kisses, "Perhaps this will help you decide!"

To her horror she was kissing him back, almost gratefully, then pulling away sharply, straightening her hat, and Ted was leading her triumphantly into the bar.

For a moment she hated him as he stood smiling down at her. Didn't he know she wasn't to be charmed back like this, after he had hurt her so terribly?

As soon as it was five-thirty, she'd rush across to the booth in the corner and put in her call to Bob. Then, with a barrier safely established between Ted and herself, she would be able to smile triumphantly, too. Because after her word was pledged her word was good!

"If you could only see yourself," said Ted. "Oh, Audrey—you are going to take me back, aren't you? I'm not much, but I do love you!"

Bob would have said it better, realised Audrey, but that was because he was older and had had a much greater experience at living. Seeing Ted's smile, aware of his happiness, suddenly it seemed the worst of all possible luck that she had encountered Ted Vail on this particular day, at this particular moment.

THE second long distance call for Robert Kent came in at three forty-five, and was a person to person call from Mrs. Robert Kent in Detroit.

"I knew he was married!" muttered the hotel operator in New York at this vindication of her judgment. She could hear Mrs. Robert Kent talking to the operator in Detroit after she'd been told Mr. Kent would return at five-thirty. "Very well, operator, I'll be here waiting. Please try the call again at exactly five-thirty."

A nice voice, decided the hotel operator in New York critically, and quite as urgent as the one calling from Cleveland, but a different sort of voice.

"She's forty, and always had everything, and maybe she knows she isn't the sole love interest in Mr. Kent's life, since she's so anxious to reach him!" thought the hotel operator, and because she was invariably on the side of wives in domestic entanglements, hoped Mrs. Kent would get whatever she wanted from Mr. Robert Kent.

Mrs. Kent was sitting in her bedroom in the fine Grosjean Pointe residence of the Robert Kents.

FROM the windows she had an excellent view of the lake, but the lake seemed cold and unlovely on this cheerless day. With her daughter away, and her husband also away, the big house seemed empty and forlorn, though probably that was because she had just returned from the Bixby home which was suddenly a place of woe, with pretty, grey-haired Mary Bixby sobbing with a lack of restraint Aline Kent wouldn't have believed possible.

"Marvin's left me!" Mary Bixby had said starkly, when her friend of many years entered the darkened room where she sat in humiliated despair. "He intends to marry a hennaed divorcee half his age simply because she makes him feel he's a boy again!"

"Don't, Mary," Aline Kent had pleaded.

It was tragic, it was pathetic, and somehow it robbed her familiar world of security to have her husband's business partner calmly disown his family in order to follow a will-o'-the-wisp pursuit that could only end by making him ridiculous.

"Marvin must be out of his mind!"

Mary Bixby had looked at her from red-rimmed eyes. "Marvin wants romance," she explained, proceeding with the chronicle of her tragedy.

Marvin had met this scheming person after he'd taken up horse-back riding to correct his overweight. He had got into the habit of riding with the creature daily, and now he said sentimentally that he wanted to canter through life with his Adeline. "Adeline!" snorted Mary Bixby. "If Marvin were only like Robert!"

A twinge of uneasiness had shot through Aline Kent at this abrupt coupling of personalities because it brought home the fact that since Tommy's death she had been too absorbed in her grief to know much about Robert. Perhaps he had resented that absorption, had been lonely.

"I wish I'd lived before divorce became easy and popular," Mary Bixby had added bitterly, and Aline Kent had tried to soothe her while her own uneasiness deepened.

If men like Marvin Bixby, who was fat and bald and fifty, were not safe from attempts to estrange their loyalty, then what about

Lyric of Life

Landscape

The wind has dropped in the southward
And the trees are grown still.

The road is a thread of moon-light
Lying across the hill.

The valley is purple shadow,
A lake of hidden dreams
Where the dark of under-currents
Flows on in hidden streams.

There's never a brush can paint it,
There is no pen can write
The deep perennial beauty
Of a landscape . . . by night.

—P. Duncan-Brown.

Robert? she had pondered, and it was a new thought.

She'd never been worried by doubts about Robert. He had never forgotten an anniversary or birthday. He had companioned and sheltered and made her happy always. It had been she who had turned away from Robert.

"It isn't as though I'd neglected Marvin. I've tried in every way to be a good wife to him—a good mother to his children—" Almost fretfully Mary Bixby had interrupted the flowing recital of her grievance against her husband. "What is it, Aline? You aren't listening!"

"Something I'd—forgotten," Aline Kent had replied hastily. "Forgive me, Mary, but I must go now. Possibly Robert can help you—I'll telephone him immediately."

She would call Robert the moment she arrived home, and ask him to talk sternly to Marvin. It would be bad for the business to have a scandal in the senior partner's family. Moreover, the two families had long been friends, which surely gave Robert a right to do what he could to avert shipwreck between Marvin and Mary Bixby.

Please turn to Page 14



Girls who succeed in jobs avoid underarm odour with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what they know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odour. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You could be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only past perspiration—but Mum prevents odour to come.

MUM IS QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour. Mum is such a dependable aid to charm!

Obtainable everywhere, purse size 3d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

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Another use for MUM
Use Mum for Sanitary
Napkins, as thousands
of women do. Then
you're always safe, free
from worry.

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GUARANTEED
TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT.

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LUCAS

A complete short story of a young man's indignant reactions to a stylish party

HE knew the moment he entered the room that he should not have come. He was tired. That was a disadvantage. He had had no lunch because he had decided to save his lunch money. That again was a grave error.

His hostess took a long, jade cigarette holder out of her painted mouth and said, "Mr. Hardy. That's Bim. That's Clem. That's Miss Margery Hill."

The two young men were elegant creatures. Their boots had never been mended. Quite obviously waiters had bowed over them at luncheon in some warm, cosy place.

It was freezing February cold outside. His fingers ached and the chilblain on his little toe had begun to dance its itching little red-hot dance.

"We all met on a cruise," said his hostess. "Oh, marvellous! The West Indies. The first stop was Hamilton. One must escape the winter. I'm going again."

"Where to this time, Miss Bruce?" asked Margery Hill.

Something in her voice made him look at Margery. Her clothes were not expensive; even he knew that. They were just carefully chosen. White, so that she could wear it months with different colored scarves and jewellery. Her shoes were mended. She was sitting with one foot tipped sideways like a shy little girl, and he could see the mended sole. Somehow that gave him courage in this alien world in which he found himself.

"White Lady?" said his hostess. "Mixed vermouth? Bacardi? That's all I've got, I'm afraid. Oh, and of course sherry. Don't you adore cruising, Mr. Hardy?"

"I will one day," he said. "One of the world's workers?" said one of the elegant young men.

"Yes," said Peter Hardy shortly.

"**W**ERE going to Paris for a long week-end," said the other, "the three of us and my kid sister. I think it will be rather sport. We've planned it out—Maxines in the evening and the Bal Tabarin, and we ought to be able to get in about three shows with luck."

"Oh!" said the girl they called Margery. "How I do envy you. You will have your little walk in the Bois on Sunday morning, and go into Carpenter's bar."

"You know Paris well, Miss Hill?"

"Oh, like I know London."

So she was not of his world after all, where pennies were close and life was homespun, and there was deep joy in the possession of little things and the achievement of small successes. Life for her was not a ladder that had to be climbed step by step, with planning and courage, right from the lowest rung. She, too, was of this fluffy world where people travelled and had cocktail cabinets and smoked expensive cigarettes from long holders, and talked as if life were a party and a carnival and nothing else.

"I'd die if I couldn't escape the winter," said his hostess.

"Everyone ought to leave England after Christmas and not return until May. There ought to be a law."

The three proceeded to elaborate this pleasing theme.

"I'm going to New York in April," one of the young men said. "It's not really necessary, but I kidded the governor along that it was. Do you know New York, too, Miss Hill?"

"Oh yes."

She clasped her hands. He thought it exaggerated, and yet there was something about her attitude he didn't understand. Her eyes were unhappy and resentful, too.

"How marvellous! Oh, you'll miss that wonderful exhibition at Stieglitz's famous 291 Gallery. They've got Matisse, Picasso, Rodin."

"What, real pictures?" said the young man. "Paintings? I hate 'em, my dear. Tell me, what are the best places to go to, if you know New York so well. I shall only have a week."

She shut her eyes. "Let me see. Where did I go?" she said dreamily. "El Morocco, that's an East Side



The hostess removed a long cigarette-holder from her mouth and languidly introduced Peter to the assembled trio.

Illustrated by FISCHER

They got away from Winter

By

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

favorite with the most marvellous rhumba band. There is the Rainbow Room. You mustn't miss that, at the Rockefeller Centre. The Ritz Carlton is fun, and there is the Stork Club. You have to book for that like fun."

"There's something awfully deadening about England if you have to stick it for more than a year," said the other young man. "I went to Switzerland for ten days at Christmas, otherwise I really would have died. Sort of gets you down, doesn't it?"

He appealed to Peter Hardy. "I don't know," said Peter Hardy. "I have never been out of England in my life."

"Good Lord! Why, what do you do for holidays?"

"Go down to my people and fish. I haven't any money."

He spoke quite simply, quite unpriggishly, and yet with a kind of frankness that was an unconscious affront.

"What is your job, Mr. Hardy?"

"Medical student. I'm going to be a throat specialist, I hope. I'd like to go to Germany. I have three German lessons a week. You miss a lot if you can't speak the lingo."

"My young brother's going to a school at Bonn, the something School of Languages," said one of the young men. "I shall make it my business to go out and see if he is behaving himself. Didn't you say you knew Bonn, Miss Hill?"

"Yes," she said, but slowly, dragging. "It is charming. You have dinner on the terrace, and it's like a city lost in a medieval dream."

Peter Hardy looked at her amazed. She spoke like a sleep walker and she looked at no one. He saw that her face was white.

The talk swept away from them.

It embraced local gossip about mutual friends, books neither Peter nor Margery had read, films they had not seen, places they had not been to.

He crossed over and sat next to her.

"It must be jolly," he said, "to have travelled as you have."

She looked at him piteously, so piteously he was startled.

"Yes," she said huskily. "I will one day, you know," he said confidently. "I've lashed up of time. I'm not yet twenty-three. How old are you?"

"I'm nineteen."

"**W**ERE both young," he said consolingly. "I don't think this atmosphere is good for me," he added. "It's all right for you. I've got to keep my nose to the old grindstone, you know, and not look up at the stars too much. I'm sorry if I seem poetical. This is rather getting under my skin. They've got pretty nearly everything I've got to work for like fury, these people. You, too, I expect."

She said, "Not as much as you think, perhaps."

"Oh, I don't know, look at the places where you have been, the things you know. Makes one feel out of things, and that's not good till you see a chance of being in 'em one day."

"I do so know what you mean," she

said. "It takes such a lot of courage to acknowledge to yourself and other people that you are out of things, that you don't belong."

"But either you do or you don't," he said. "It's no good making any bones about it."

Her knowledge was really marvellous. She was his living conception of a woman of the world. She might be badly dressed, but she had travelled. She talked about places where she had been like a lecturer. She knew queer facts that women rarely know. Distances and historical facts and dates, and just how long it took to get from place to place, and how you could go.

The three got all excited and planned a tour with her through Yugoslavia.

Watching her quietly, young Peter Hardy, ambitious, hard-headed, sane and balanced, thought he would like to marry her type. Knowledgeable. Experienced. Someone who knew her way about an exciting world, where he would only venture perhaps in the middle years when he had money and position.

He had no illusions about the life of a doctor, but he loved it. How he loved it! One day he would like to play and travel and learn with an intelligent, cultured woman of Margery's type.

Seeing her with the acquisitive young eyes of to-morrow he saw that she was young and strong and comely. That her eyes were very brown. That her hair was thick and strong with deep bronze lights in it. He warmed and thawed. The chilblain on his little toe ceased to tingle. He had another cocktail and then another. And through the alcohol on an empty tummy he saw this charming girl as his guide and companion. Together they explored

the picture galleries of the world. Together they listened to the music of the world.

Finally he rose to his feet.

"Well," he said, "I must be getting along. I've got some work to do to-night."

"Where are you going? What direction, Mr. Hardy?" said Margery Hill suddenly.

"I live in Bloomsbury."

"I live quite near there; could I come with you?"

"But of course... delighted."

They made their farewells and when they got outside she said, "I shall never go there again. Never! I met that woman in a tea-shop. She found she hadn't any money with her. I paid for her tea and so she asked me to come and see her so that she could pay me back. That's the truth. Oh, I do so admire you!"

He looked down at her charming face and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"My dear child," he said involuntarily, "what on earth are you crying about?"

"They made me furious!" she said with a sense of inferiority. "I hated them! Do you know that? I hated them! You must escape winter! That got right under my skin. As if it were something you could escape."

"**B**UT you have, so often. I've been admiring you so. You've seen such a lot and done such a lot and know such a lot, and you're such a kid."

She was crying, crying and gulping.

"Look here," he said. "What's upset you? Have you lost money? Have your people lost money? Have things altered for you?"

"No, I never had any money. I keep my mother."

"But," he said, "it must have cost money, all that travelling."

"I told you those people got under my skin. They sort of brought something out of me that was horrid and low and cheap. They made me feel as if I wasn't born."

"Oh, come!" he said. "It takes all sorts to make a world."

"But that sort make me feel like dirt. They—they do something to me that's horrid!"

He said: "Haven't you travelled?"

"I've never been out of England in my life. I've never been further than Kent and Surrey and Essex and all those cheap-fare places."

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Royal Escape

Continued from Page 7

RICHARD stopped at once, and turned to find that the King had sat down on the damp ground. He knelt beside him, anxiously, asking if he were ill, or had hurt himself.

"No," Charles said faintly. "If you have a knife, give it to me."

"A knife?" repeated Richard stupidly.

"Yes, a knife!"

"What would your honor want with a knife?" Richard asked, fearing for a distorted moment that the King was out of his senses.

"To slit these shoes, fool!"

Relieved, Richard put a hand into his pocket, and produced a jack-knife, which he gave to the King. Charles pulled off his shoes, and slashed them across and across. It cost him a good deal of pain to put them on again, but he managed to do it, gripping his

underlip between his teeth as he pushed his raw heels down into them. He gave the knife back to Richard, and struggled up again, saying with an attempt at cheerfulness: "Now I have room to move my poor toes. Lead on, Trusty Dick!"

They went on, the slits in the King's shoes at first affording his swollen feet some relief, but soon causing him a new pain, since they let in mud and small sharp stones.

He seemed to himself to be plodding through a nightmare from which he must soon awake. He was so remote from reality that when his struggling brain asserted, "I am Charles Stewart, King of England," the phrase conveyed no meaning to him. It was a mere string of foolish words which drummed irritatingly in his head.

It was midnight when at last

they reached Madeley, and came in sight of the home of Mr. Wolfe, a staunch Royalist, with whom Richard hoped the King could make his first stop. It was an old mansion standing beside the road through the town, and surrounded on three sides by fields and great timber-barns.

The King, who had limped the last mile in silence, roused himself upon Richard's informing him that they had reached their goal, and bade Richard leave him in the field where they now stood, and go on alone to the house. Richard looked rather doubtfully at him, but Charles sat down in the lee of a hedge, saying wearily: "You must discover first whether he is willing to receive so dangerous a guest in his house. Ask him if he will give shelter to a distressed Cavalier, a fugitive from Worcester. I will await you here."

He was still sitting there with his head in his hands when Richard presently returned.

He straightened himself with a sigh, and said: "Well? Is he willing to shelter me?"

"Ay, he'll do it," Richard answered.

By the time they reached the house, both Mr. Wolfe and his daughter had partially dressed themselves, and were awaiting them in the hall. As soon as Richard knocked, Wolfe opened the door, and bowed punctiliously, saying in his prim, rather chilly way: "I am sorry to see your Majesty here in such guise."

"Oddfish, you cannot be sorrier than I am!" said the King, his unquenchable humor rearing up its head for an instant.

He stepped over the threshold, and stood blinking his eyelids in the sudden candlelight. Ann Wolfe, in

the very act of dropping a deep curtsy, could not forbear uttering a little scream at the appearance he presented.

"Oh, sir! That your sacred Majesty should be put to such shifts!" she faltered.

Her father, who had been casting uneasy glances up the well of the staircase, intervened to say: "We must not talk aloud here. If the servants were to waken and hear, we are undone! No one must know of your Majesty's arrival. Why, the town swarms with rebels! I know not what false counsel brought you here, sir, but I am very sorry for it. You have no more loyal subject than myself, yet there is nothing I can do to assist you."

"Oh hush, dear sir!" his daughter begged, pitifully watching the King, who was leaning on the carved back of a chair, an expression of ironic amusement in his drawn face. "His Majesty is foremost. Come into the parlor, sir! Indeed, indeed you are safe in this house!"

She caught up one of the branches of candles she had kindled, and led the way into a comfortable apartment in the front of the house.

As the King sank down into the chair she set for him, she looked shrewdly at him and exclaimed: "Have you supped, sir? Would your Majesty be pleased to partake of anything? Alas, that we are all unprepared for this great honor! But there are some slices of cold meat in the larder, if you would condescend to such simple fare."

The King threw her a grateful smile. "Lady, I will be your bedesman all the days of my life for a plate of that cold meat. And for my faithful servant here, if you please."

SHE withdrew, promising to be back in a very few minutes. Her father said earnestly: "I would not have your Majesty think me unwilling to serve you. I will do all that lies in my poor power, but the best advice I may humbly give you is that you begone from these parts as speedily as you may."

"Rest you, sir, I'll not let them take me in your house," said the King. "As soon as it may be safe to do so, I mean to go into Wales."

"Sir, it is impossible! There is a guard set upon the bridge, and every ford is so strictly watched a mouse might not slip past unobserved!"

The King was silent for a moment, his underlip pouting a little. Then he gave a great yawn, and said sleepily: "Oddfish, then I suppose they will have my head at last! But not until I have had some rest. Is there any place hereabouts where I may lie hid?"

"Sir, you must know that I should count it an honor to give up my bed to your Majesty! For your own sake I dare not do it, no, nor let you remain under my roof! At any time the rebels may choose to search the place. There is only one thing I can think of, and Heaven knows it is dangerous enough! I have a barn, full of hay, wherein your Majesty might lie till nightfall. I believe none would think to look for you there."

"It likes me very well," replied the King.

Richard, who had been standing behind his chair, now came round to kneel before the King, saying in his blunt way: "We must go back to Boscobel, my liege. Brother William has a very safe hiding-place, ay, and I warrant he will be right fain to serve you!"

Please turn to Page 14



BORROWS A BLESSING FROM BABY...



Unpacking at Jill's—found I'd forgotten my toilet powder.



Helped bath and powder baby. Such soft baby skin! Borrowed baby's powder to try it....



Now I know why baby's skin's so silky... it's this gloriously soft refreshing powder—Johnson's—I'm going to use Johnson's after every bath, too....

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**Johnson's
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BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU

They Got Away From Winter

Continued from Page 11

IACHE to travel, but I won't ever be able to. I'm tied. Just tied."

"Then how on earth do you know all that stuff?"

"Because I'm in a travel agency. I've got to answer questions for fools like that all day long, and know the answers. I've got to sit there with frozen feet and sell them tickets for Jamaica and the Argentine. I live surrounded by posters of summer seas, and incredible liners. Every day I face a framed picture of date trees and camels and desert."

"Poor kid!" he said. "We'll get there some day."

"I'll never get there. You will. You've got the courage to be yourself. I haven't. I'm learning German—I have one lesson a week."

He asked: "What for?"

"Oh, to deal with the foreigners who come in. There are so many of them—and some of their English is so bad. When I can speak really good German I get a five-shilling rise."

He said: "I don't think my fellow's particularly good—the one who teaches me. We might have lessons together and halve the expense."

She drew a long breath.

"Oh, that would be heavenly! My teacher comes to our home, and mother and I give him tea and cakes or something. But don't you despise me?"

"No," he said. "I think you put up a pretty good show. It was a kind of defence, but you ought not to need it, because you are going to get there just the same as I will. We have health and drive and an incentive, which others have not got."

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course I mean it. We will get where they have been carried."

"I wish I believed that."

"You're working for it," he said. "You're learning German—and look what you know! And you've had to pick it all up for yourself. You're the kind of girl I've wanted to meet so much in these difficult years. You see I can't afford to take a girl out and go about really. I can't afford to take very much time off. I've got to have somebody who is on the grind, too, and who understands if I'm to have any kind of friendship. That girl's cousin is at my hospital and she came to the hospital dance, and we danced jolly well together. That's why I was there to-night. Her kind are no good to me. I couldn't afford the taxi she regards as we regard a penny bus ride. I know."

He stopped suddenly and laughed.

"Look," he said. "There's a news theatre across the road. Let's go in and have two bobs' worth of fun. They crossed the road."

"Look what we shall see," he said easily. "Paris. Vienna. Prague. Colorful Ceylon. Pearl divers..." They sat very still while a world was thrown on the screen before them. His hand closed over hers.

"One day we'll see all this," he said.

Then he chuckled. She was so happy. Life was so hard. And it had gone on and on with no objective and no goal in view until now. She thought, sit-

ting there in the darkness, "If I can walk with him step by step, and take an interest in his career, and not ask too much and not expect too much..." She was humble. She did not see that all that absurd swank of which she was so ashamed had grown out of the decent core of her humility.

"What are you laughing at?" she whispered.

He said, "I was thinking about us in here."

"But I don't see..."

"It's so cold, outside," he said chuckling. "One must escape winter somehow."

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ADDRESS _____

THE JOKE

She wanted to impress him... he was in love with her... so both were afraid to say what they really thought...

AS soon as she had left school, Sue Bannister wrote a novel, "Cats on Velvet." It was called, and it was published, and sold several hundred copies; so Sue left home and went to share a tiny flat with her one-time school friend, Mary Severne. The Parent Bannisters could not see why this was necessary. They had a large house in Cadogan Square where Sue could have had a choice of three or four rooms in which to tap her typewriter, and where she need not darn her own stockings and get her own breakfast.

But it was not a question of time or space. Sue had just come to feel that home was the one place where she could not live. And, as Mrs. Bannister pointed out to Mr. Bannister, it might have been much worse. Mary Severne was a nice girl, much nicer than many of Sue's friends, and she would be sure to ring them up if Sue got influenza. And she was not, anyway, a perfectly impossible young man which she very well might have been nowadays, from all that Mrs. Bannister could hear.

So Sue and Mary shared a flat, and, in the excitement and novelty of their new life, they did not at once discover that they had less in common than formerly. Even in the eighteen months that had elapsed since they left school their tastes and interests had begun to develop along quite different lines. Mary worked in a dispensary. Her job absorbed all her time and most of her attention. Her friends and Sue's friends did not get on together. But the two girls were really very fond of one another and were able to go their separate ways without any serious disagreement for more than a year.

It was Mary's inability to see a joke which most threatened the harmony of the household. She had no sense of humor. She could not appreciate Sue's witty friends. One morning at breakfast Sue told her about a hoax which they had planned at the expense of a certain Alistair Brock, whom they all disliked, and whose novel, "Half Seas Over," had lately become a best seller. And Mary said:

"What disgusting little things you all are!"

"I think it's very funny," snapped Sue.

"I don't. I see nothing funny in cruelty."

"But, Mary, he deserves it. Really he does. You don't know how awful he is. It isn't only his conceit and the way he patronises all of us, just because his foul book has gone into five editions..."

"You're jealous, that's what it is. He's the only one of your little set that's ever had any success..."

"You're quite wrong. We happen, all of us, to be going for something a little more important than a mere popular success."

"Well, that's a good thing, since you don't happen to have had it."

"And, anyway, we all hated him, even before 'Half Seas Over' was written. He has such awful teeth. And he will make love to a girl and breathe in her face, and then, when she doesn't fall into his arms with a shriek of joy, he goes about saying that she must be abnormal or something. And he never stops talking about himself."

"I'd say that was a pretty good description of any of your boy friends."



Illustrated by KILGOUR

"They don't all have bad teeth," protested Sue.

She would have liked to say that Raymond Harris had marvellous teeth, but she had mentioned him once or twice already and she did not want to seem to be thinking about him too much.

"No, but they all talk incessantly about themselves, and they all seem to think that any woman ought to be only too delighted if..."

"And then Alistair will push in where he isn't wanted. Last night was typical. Caroline never invited him. He just heard that she was throwing a party and walked in. I suppose he thought it was a treat for her to entertain such a celebrated author."

"Whose idea was it, to play this trick on him?"

"Mine. I thought of it. But..."

But she had never expected that the others would take it up seriously. And if Mary had not been so stuffy she might have admitted as much.

"But Larry and Iris worked out the details," she went on, after a moment's hesitation. "You see, after he'd gone, we were all saying what a blight he was. And somebody said, 'You know he thinks he's going to get the Tarbet Prize.' So I said what a joke it would be if somebody sent him a telegram to say that he'd got it. And everybody said what a marvellous idea!"

She paused again, a little uncertainly, remembering with pleasure the squeal of admiration which her idea had drawn from twenty people, and trying not to remember the protests which had been at one time on her lips.

The scheme had been seized upon and developed almost before she had time to breathe. It had the double merit of being likely to annoy, not only Alistair Brock, but also the Tarbet Committee, and to score off the Tarbet Committee would be, in the eyes of everybody present, to break a lance in the cause of literature.

No self-respecting author could regard that committee with anything but derision and contempt. Exulting solely for the purpose of encouraging young writers of promise, it continued year after year to ignore genius and to award the prize to books which scarcely deserved to be called books at all—to the most unutterable trash. In fact, everyone at Caroline's party had, at some time or other, declared that they would not take the Tarbet Prize, even if it should be offered to them.

"Really it's almost too apt," said

Larry Reilly. "Alistair's book is almost bad enough to be a Tarbet Choice, anyhow. It's just the sort of thing they go for: full of incident, tells a story, well written and all that."

"Let's send a notice to the Press at the same time."

"That'll get them on the raw. They've been so careful to ignore the fact that we exist."

"I... I didn't really..." Sue was throwing a party and walked in. I suppose he thought it was a treat for her to entertain such a celebrated author."

"Who'll send the telegram?"

"When shall we send it?"

"Better do it pretty soon. The real award may be announced any day, now."

"We must sign it James Upfold. He's the President."

"Only we must all go and see Alistair throwing his weight about, before he's had time to find out."

"Let's do it to-morrow."

"Or couldn't we ring him up and pretend to be Upfold?"

"No, Larry! Too risky."

"Listen!" said Caroline. "Aren't we all going to Brenda's to-morrow night? Let's send the wire to-morrow afternoon. He's sure to come to Brenda's..."

"I think it would be much fun-

with hope or with dread. She wanted him to admire her so much. She wanted so much to hear somebody pour cold water on this plan of theirs. If he condemned it, the whole thing might just fade out, for they all regarded him as rather an important person.

"Ray ought to do it. Make Ray do it," clamored Iris.

They all turned to look at Ray, who frowned faintly and asked what it was that they wanted him to do.

"Send the telegram."

"What telegram?"

Of course he knew what telegram. But it was a trick he had—a trick which several of them admired and imitated—to pretend that the conversation had become so trivial that his attention had wandered. Caroline repeated the details with that sense of deflation which this trick was meant to produce.

"But why should I send it?" he asked coldly when, at last, he had consented to understand.

"He doesn't approve," said Iris, who was a cat. "He doesn't think it's a p p r o v e."

"I hope I shan't meet him any more. That's the point. We think it may teach him to avoid us, which we shouldn't object to at all."

"You're bound to meet him sometimes. And every time you do you'll have to think that here is a person whom you've wounded and humiliated, just to amuse yourself. And, what's more, you'll begin to wonder if it won't be your turn next. Your dear friends, whom you've egged on to do this, might take it into their heads to play some nice little joke on you some day."

"They wouldn't dream of doing such a thing."

"Why not?"

"They... they're my friends."

"Alistair thinks they're his friends."

"They like me. They don't like him, but they like me."

"Do they? All of them? Does Iris Page?"

With this parting shot Mary walked out of the room. The flat door slammed behind her a few seconds later.

"Quite good," he muttered.

Which was the most that he had ever been heard to say in praise of anything.

So that Sue's hopes and fears subsided. If he was really going to be the one to send the telegram, what a mercy it was that she had not given herself away by protesting.

"Ray Harris is going to send the telegram," she told Mary, pleased to find that she could go on pronouncing his name in that flat, ordinary voice, as if he had been just anybody.

Ray put his hand over the receiver, while he told Sue frantically, "It's his mother! He's told her!"

By MARGARET KENNEDY

nier to ring him up and hear him being modest at the other end..."

"Send the wire pretty late in the afternoon, so that he has no time to find out that it isn't..."

"Iris will give the whole thing away in two minutes. She'll giggle."

"But who'll send the wire?"

"O H, Ray. Ray ought to send it. Let's make Ray send it."

It was Iris Page who said that. It would be. Trust her for seizing any chance to capture Ray's attention. But Sue was glad that she had, because now Raymond Harris would be obliged to speak, and he had not said anything, not anything at all, since the discussion began.

He had just sat silent, as he always did, looking handsome and haughty. Perhaps he thought it a horrible idea, which would be so mortifying, and such a relief, that Sue hardly knew whether she was trembling

ki-l-ind. Beneath that stony manner he hides a heart of gold."

Ray said, speaking more quickly than usual, that, on the contrary, he was perfectly willing to send the telegram if they would tell him what to put in it.

"You think it's a good idea?" persisted Iris, hoping that he would say no, which would, she believed, mortify Sue.

"Quite good," he muttered.

Which was the most that he had ever been heard to say in praise of anything.

So that Sue's hopes and fears subsided. If he was really going to be the one to send the telegram, what a mercy it was that she had not given herself away by protesting.

"Ray Harris is going to send the telegram," she told Mary, pleased to find that she could go on pronouncing his name in that flat, ordinary voice, as if he had been just anybody.

Please turn to Page 33



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Royal Escape

Continued from Page 12

THE King looked down at him with a smile. "Trusty Dick! Have you not yet had your fill of this grievous burden?"

"Nay, that's foolish talk, master. I'll lead your honor safe to Bos-cobel as soon as you have rested."

"Richard, my feet will never carry me as far."

"Yes, master, they shall do so," Richard said stoutly.

Mrs. Ann came back just then with cold meat and sack, which she set upon the table before the King.

He thanked her, and beckoned to Richard to come and eat his share. Wolfe could not forbear saying in a shocked tone: "The fellow may eat in the kitchen. Your Majesty will not have him sit down with you!"

The King looked up, with his mouth full of meat, a sardonic gleam in his eyes. "You are out, sir. He shall sit at table with me."

"As your Majesty pleases," Wolfe said, with a stiff little bow.

He waited, fidgeting about the room, and listening from time to time for any sound from above-stairs, while the King and Richard ate and drank their fill. He was so anxious to convey them to the safety of his barn that he hardly gave the King time to set down his empty tankard before urging him to make haste out of the house. He bade his daughter fetch a lantern, and, with this in his hand, led his guests out into the yard by a back-door, and across it to one of the great barns.

Inside, the barn smelt sweet with the scent of hay; a hen clucked sleepily from a nest in one corner; and a rat scuttered across the floor almost under their feet.

A bed was made for the King in the hay at the back of the barn. He lowered himself into it, murmuring that he would need no Venice treacle to send him to sleep. Richard spread an armful of hay over him, and stretched himself alongside. Mr. Wolfe, after holding up the lantern to assure himself that neither man was visible, went away, shutting the door behind him.

"I do be sorry I brought your honor to this place," Richard said. "Richard, I am asleep," responded the King drowsily.

In ten minutes this statement became true. Worn out with the exertions and the anxieties of the past two days and nights, the King sank fathoms deep into the sleep of exhaustion. Throughout the long day he continued so, yet Richard, dozing and waking beside him, could not think that the sleep refreshed him, for it was restless, accompanied by the twitching of limbs, and ugly

dreams which made Charles mutter, and sometimes call out. Once, Richard was forced to wake him, for fear that his dreaming voice should betray him.

"I have had bad dreams," the King said, pressing his hands to his eyes. "What o'clock is it?"

Richard shook his head. "Tis full day, that's all I know, master."

The King lay down again, and for a little while lay thinking of his future. It had been agreed that word of his new resolve to escape into Wales should be carried by one or other of the Penderels to Lord Wilmot; and it occurred to him now that he might by this time have lost touch with the sole friend left to him, for he had bidden the Penderels give a message to Wilmot that he was to save himself. His only course, now that his plan of crossing into Wales had miscarried, seemed to be to return to the neighborhood of White-Ladies, as Richard proposed; and to try from there to make his way, either to London, according to his original scheme, or to Bristol, where he had a good hope of finding a vessel bound for France.

The day wore on, the King sleeping and waking by turns. In the early afternoon, an elderly lady with a basket over her arm slipped into the barn, and, after looking back into the yard to be sure that no one was watching her, began to climb over the piled hay towards the corner where the King lay, whispering rather breathlessly as she came: "Sire, Sire!"

"Tis the old dame, Mistress Wolfe herself," muttered Richard in the King's ear.

Charles sat up, brushing the hay from his person. As soon as she set eyes on him, Mrs. Wolfe went down upon her knees. "Alas to see your Majesty thus! Oh sir, forgive the harsh necessity that will not let me receive you into my house as I should. Indeed, indeed I dare not for my life!"

"Why, how is this?" Charles said. "I assure you I do very well where I am."

She began to spread a napkin on the hay and to lift out of her basket pasties, white bread, and a stone-bottle of wine, sealed with black wax. While the King ate and drank, she continued kneeling beside him, alternately bewailing his hard lot, and begging to know how she might help him.

Please turn to Page 56

Calling Mr. Kent

Continued from Page 10

WHILE she was talking to Robert she would suggest they take a short trip somewhere, just the two of them, preferably an ocean voyage, so they could enjoy blue water and unlimited sunshine. Phyllis would probably like to stay on in Chicago, where she was visiting a schoolmate who lived in Lake Forest . . .

At the news that her husband would not return until five-thirty, Aline Kent began to walk restlessly to and fro in her beautifully furnished room with its restrained blues and pinks, a tall, still handsome woman in a flowing white negligee.

Although it was not yet four o'clock, the room was filled with shadows, and she switched on the lamps. "Robert . . . Robert . . . Robert . . . where are you?" she wondered aloud.

At five o'clock the butler brought her a tray of toast and tea, but she could neither drink the tea nor eat the toast, setting down an untasted cup of fragrant amber liquid with a gesture of repugnance.

It lacked half an hour before she could try again to reach Robert, and in that half hour her life with Robert reshaped itself before her: Their beginning. Robert's climb in the business world. The birth of the two children. Always their love, a warm and living thing until Tommy's death . . .

"I've neglected Robert," she thought penitently, and her desire to reach her husband became almost frantic, as though something stronger, wiser, and more all-knowing than herself were compelling her.

The third long-distance call for Robert Kent came from a small

suburban town near Chicago at four-fifteen.

"Highland Park, Illinois, calling Mr. Robert Kent. Person to person call, reverse charges."

Another feminine voice talking in the dim distance was eager to reach Robert Kent without delay, but youth, desperation, appeal were shut off inexorably by the operator with the blunt statement that Mr. Kent would be in at five-thirty, though not before she had heard the sharp indrawing of breath rigidly controlled against an imminent sob, and thought that goosh, it must be important, if waiting an hour and a quarter could put a person in such a state.

The third call, though the New York hotel operator hadn't known that, had been placed from a police station in Highland Park by Miss Phyllis Kent, who stood before the police sergeant's desk, trying to control the shuddering which shook her visibly, trying more than anything to keep from looking at Charles Hudson, which was strange, considering that only a very little while before she had thought she loved Charles Hudson madly!

That, as a matter of fact, was what had caused all this trouble, and even without looking at him she knew exactly how Charles Hudson looked, the crisp, curling brown hair, the clear grey eyes, the fine nose. Only now, since the trouble had happened, Charles Hudson looked altogether different to her; so that all at once he seemed a person she had never really known at all, just someone she had made up and tried to make come true, and destiny had interfered, making her see Charles Hudson as he actually was.

Please turn to Page 50

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PRIVATE: Yes, but it was fresh then.

Some NEW LAUGHS



EMPLOYER: What do you mean by telling me you had three years' experience in a bank when you've never had a job?

BOY: Well, sir, you advertised for a boy with imagination.

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MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Jack, you remind me of the sea."

"Wild, romantic, dashing?"

"No, you make me sick."



"I would have you know, my girl, that there is aristocratic blood in my family."

"Really? How many transfusions?"

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Motorist: I'm waiting for two gentlemen.

"Who are they?"

"The one who owns the car in front of me, and the one who owns the car at the back."

"HER husband's an efficiency expert."

"What does an efficiency expert do?"

"Well, if women did it, they'd call it nagging!"

AN armed bandit dashed into a post office.

"Hands up!" he shouted to the assistant. "Let's have the cash and postal orders, quick!"

The nervous assistant licked his lips. "F-farther up the counter," he stammered. "This is the stamp department."

THE club bore rushed into the secretary's office fuming with rage, and shouted:

"I've just been offered £20 to resign. What shall I do?"

"Hold on for a bit," the secretary replied calmly, "you'll get a better offer."

BOXING Instructor (after first lesson): Now, have you any questions to ask?

Beginner (in a daze): Yes. How much is your correspondence course?

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I've got the Job!

Mum, I've got the Job!

"Mr. Hickelstone said I could start on Monday." "Mum! Mr. Hickelstone said it was my H. & R. training which told him I'd do well. Gee Mum! And a lot of others were after it; aren't you glad you let me start training BEFORE I found a position—and it was only a few weeks, too... and what do you think! Bruce—Bruce was after it also. Mum, but he didn't get it because he told Mr. Hickelstone his mother said he could leave his training until after he had found a position... and Mr. Hickelstone said that he couldn't take risks with a boy who hadn't learnt the first principles of business." "Gee Mum, don't you think Bruce's mother hasn't given Bruce a chance in life? I've got the job—Hooray—I start on Monday."

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An Editorial

NOVEMBER 25, 1939

THE PENNY PROFITEER



SO far, the profiteer hoping to operate in a big way and make millions out of the war has not made much headway.

Government regulations and the general vigilance of the people have seen to that.

The Tritons are in the net. But housewives must beware of the small fry. Everywhere to-day shoppers are met by the penny serenade of these petty profiteers.

There are slight increases on small household items and articles of dress—a penny here and a penny there.

In some cases justification exists for these price increases, but the women of Australia want something more specific in the way of explanation than vague generalities, such as "Everything's dearer since the war."

Supplies of these small but indispensable household items, which have been increased by a penny and twopence, were in Australian warehouses long before the war.

Later they will become scarcer, but there is no reason to penalise the housewife beforehand.

The trader who descends to such tricks would be impervious to an appeal to his patriotism.

But has he ever stopped to consider that it is just plain bad business?

Women, irritated by petty and, so far as they can see, unjustified rises in prices, just close their purses.

There is no need to stress what that means.

Women to-day are not prepared to allow the penny profiteer to play the role of big bad wolf in the family budget.

This war, our leaders tell us, is one of endurance, a war of supplies and money. Women are a second line of defence in this regard—the home-keepers and the budget-makers.

If there are any pennies to spare they should not go to the paltry profiteer, who, thwarted of the pounds, is going after the pence with enthusiasm.

—THE EDITOR.

"No Man's Land"

By "Listening Post"

The Queen's voice

"THE King and I know what it means to be parted from our children..." There was a break in the Queen's voice as she broadcast her Armistice message to the women of the Empire.

The speech was intensely moving. Quiet, simple, charged with deep feeling, it came through like a breath of sweet sanity and clean courage.

The voice was that of a woman conscious of a great task and a boundless debt to those she addressed. Implicit in it was a faith too deep to need expression.

The voice of a Queen... No, rather the voice of a wife and mother sharing the strain and anxious hopes of millions.

We have heard Hitler's frenzied mouthings as he beat up fanatical feeling of his people with his own brand of maniacal oratory.

What a contrast was the Queen's speech... We are grateful that Hitler's way is not ours...

Phoney

DEVOTION to the girl he left behind him is an expensive item for the trainee in camp.

A soldier friend tells me that telephone calls from Ingleburn camp in N.S.W. cost 7d. a time, and there are only two telephone boxes for 6500 men.

At Seymour camp in Victoria phone calls cost from 9d. to 1/-, according to the time of the day.

The camps are hopeful that the heart of the P.M.G., Mr. Harrison, is not dead to romance, that he will install more telephone boxes for the waiting queues, and that words of love can sing over the wires for fewer pennies than at present.

Not forgotten men

THE troops at Darwin are not our "forgotten men" after all.

Mr. Hughes, of the Australian Inland Mission, tells me that the mission is building a soldiers' club at Darwin.

There was nothing of tropical languor about the effort, either. In little more than a month £2500 has been raised. "We want the other half (the club is to cost £5000) because there is nowhere for the soldiers at Darwin to spend their leisure," said Mr. Hughes.

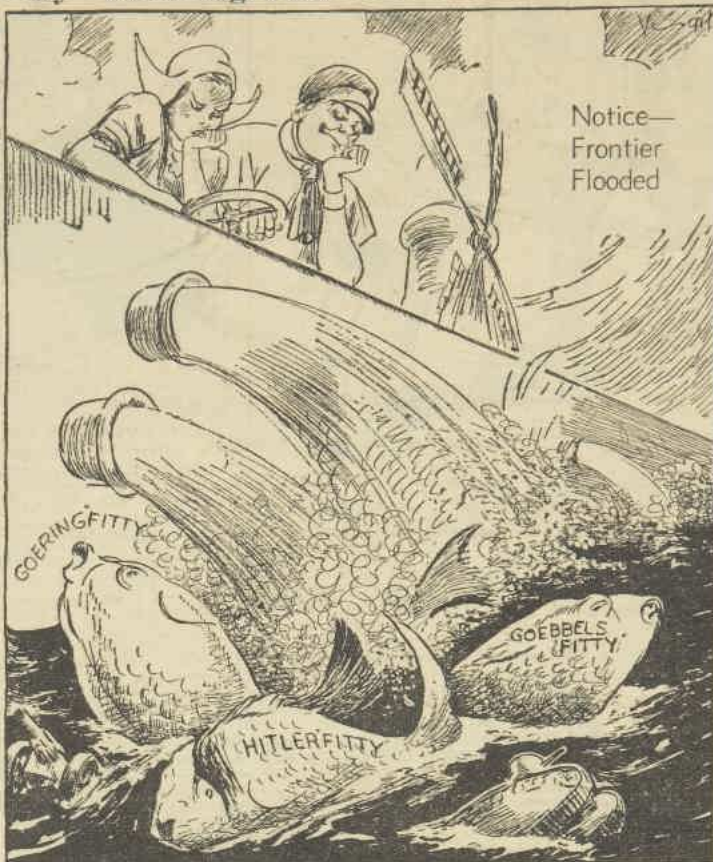
The club will contain billiards, reading and writing rooms. There's to be a palm lounge, radios, and a couple of outside refrigerators for cool drinks.

A great idea. The A.I.M. earns the gratitude of the A.I.F.

Surprise for Hitler

VISITED an army camp close to town and lost another of my illusions.

"Form threes!" shouted the Ser-



MYNEER HOLLAND: "FIM IF YOU TAN!"

With apologies to the "Three Little Fishes."

geant-Major, and I couldn't believe my ears.

"It's all right," said a friendly corporal who saw my surprise. "We're just streamlining the army a bit: We form threes now instead of the old form fours. It's a good idea, too, the men march more comfortably in crowded areas." Then, with a twinkle, "It's a surprise for Hitler: makes our army look bigger."

Hamper Christmas

BUMPED into half a dozen of my friends in a big city store doing a spot of early Christmas shopping.

"It's going to be a bumper Christmas," I said to an assistant.

"And a hamper Christmas, too," he replied. "People are sending food hampers to friends abroad."

"Usually we have about 1000 orders at this time. Well, we've just about doubled that, and the rush for the last mails will sky-rocket hamper sales still further."

A peek at some of the hampers awaiting despatch showed they were for Australians in the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy.

Naming the baby

I SEE that a young gentleman unfortunate enough to have been born in the first months of the war is to be christened Gamelin Gort Ironsides Smith. It's a terrible infliction this naming of children after war heroes and famous battles.

There is another aspect. War names definitely shout your age to the world. How can a girl called Pozieres Brown barefacedly take her 21st birthday-call over the radio in this year of grace?

They are romance wreckers, too. A young man of my acquaintance fell for a beautiful blonde living in our suburb. "But how can I marry her?" he wailed. "Her name is Messines. One doesn't fall in love with a mined mountain."

The reason

HOUSEWIVES' meeting declared that they would find the basic economic reason for higher food prices.

That's simple! The consumer is a nice fellow and easy to soak.

Mrs. Apropos says:

"FANCY Russia being on Germany's side. I always thought they were as far apart as the Poles."



Why was he born so beautiful . . . or at all?



"Luscious Lennie, the Lounger" says good-bye to glamor

A lot has been said about glamor girls, but has anybody ever spared a thought for us glamor boys? You know, Robert Montgomery, Richard Greene, Robert Taylor, and the rest of us.

I attract hardly any attention these days; except, perhaps, last week, when I stopped the traffic. Two constables spent half an hour peeling admiring friends off me.

I DON'T mind that so much. I'm used to it. But one's clothes get so mussed up.

They tear your boots off for souvenirs, and the well-dressed man-about-town hates to be seen without his boots on.

Of course, in any case, I can carry it off with dignity and aplomb. You know what aplomb is? They make jam of them.

The glamor boy runs a certain amount of risk. I have been fre-

quently mobbed in dance-halls and other public places by women who have rushed up to me shouting, "You beautiful, gorgeous thing!"—and all that.

Pretty embarrassing when my wife is present. That's when she puts on her high society manner.

"You seem to be verah populah. Al trust you're enjoying yourself. Of course, don't mind me. Al am merely heah to be humiliated."

"But, listen—"

"Don't speak to me!"

By . . .
L. W. Lower

Australia's Foremost
Humorist

Illustrated by LAHM

"But I can't help being glamorous, can I? I was born that way."

"Making a show of me! There's Mrs. Overthence over there, laughing her head off. I'll bet she tells everybody in our street."

"Well, what do you want to know people like that for? I don't know. You seem to get in with some of the greasiest, gabbling—"

"Don't talk about my friends like that!"

"Well, why didn't you marry somebody ordinary? You should never have married a clammy—I mean glamorous—chap like me."

It's a curse in a way. Even when I wear elastic-sided boots and dungarees and neglect to shave, I can't escape.

"There's Luscious Lennie," they say. "Doesn't he look gorgeous in his dungarees and rubber boots?"

That's when an attractive, radiant personality overrides mere outward adornment.

Strong And Silent

AND I'd like to tell you all about this. Glamor is indefinable. Or undefinable? It doesn't matter. The same goes for women.

You often hear of quite plain women marrying wealthy and distinguished men. Do you know why? Gather around.

It's because they know how to shut up and listen. After a man has talked himself to a standstill for about four hours, he likes to relax. He doesn't want a woman gabbling at him. That is where part of my glamor comes in.

I am the strong, silent type. Rugged, that's what I am. Wallace Beery looks like a crooner compared with me.

You can tell your husband that if he wants to look glamorous to you he should wear one of those green felt hats and dark blue suede shoes and have a purple handkerchief hanging out of his breast pocket.

Still, I hope someone shoots me if ever I get glamorous again. I'm reformed.

Believe me, glamor is a snare. What does one gain? Disillusionment is the only reward.

Look at me! Lower the Lounger they call me in the higher class lounges.

DON'T MISS

"Loweritis"

★ A book by L. W. LOWER containing the pick of his stories, the cream of his humor.

Get your copy now from any bookstall. Price 1/3.

"Luscious Lennie" causes a stir on the promenade.

Glamor has done nothing for me except teach me some bitter truths. It speaks a great deal and out loud for the authenticity of this when I tell you that the Editor has just thrown this effort back at me with the words, "Not enough! Get going. This is not a rest-home!"

If I only had the strength to smash him flat. But that would keep him away from his work.

Me, I turn on the smile and the soft word. That's where—the glamor comes in.

Incidentally you girls don't really realise when the glamor is turned on.

One can be very subtle.

"So!" I remark casually.

"What do you mean by 'So'?"

"So beautiful you are."

"You don't mean it! Really, Mr. Lower, you are wonderful."

"I know! I know! But, my dear, you really must not fall in love with me."

"Oh, I have heard that before."

"You hear it with the utmost sincerity for the first time, my dear lady."

Of course it sounds pretty callous. But what can one do when one is so devastatingly fascinating?

I'm getting on for fifty and it only shows you—never on any account get old. When you do get old, talk with people as old as yourself. They know the same jokes.

Why not get a Lovely Figure Yourself

Look at this lovely girl! She is wearing a swim suit identical with hundreds of others on the beach. Yet with her perfect Bile Beans figure she stands out delightfully from them all. She's a picture of health, happiness and fitness.

Start taking Bile Beans now—each night at bedtime—and you, too, can achieve this Bile Beans figure for yourself, regain those lovely slim lines that Nature intended and become gloriously fit and well.

Just follow her lead—a couple of Bile Beans nightly.



"I was worried when people remarked about my putting on weight. Yet I felt too lazy or tired for outdoor exercise. I've Bile Beans alone to thank for freeing me of this unwanted fat. My figure is now slim and girlish and I feel twice as fit."—Miss P. Gosling.

"I got rid of three pounds of excess fat per week and became lighter by two stones through taking Bile Beans regularly. My figure is again slim and youthful, I sleep better and feel active and happy all day."—Mrs. S. A. Jewell.

BILE BEANS

Make You Slim and Keep You Slim

DO YOU KNOW?

SMITH AND GLAZIER LONDON'S ONLY DENTIST

A LONDONER OF THE YEAR 1550, WHO NEEDED THE AID OF A DENTIST, WENT TO A MAN WHO HUNG OUT THIS SIGNBOARD

THE SMITH GLAZIER LEFT BLOOD AND DRAW TEETH, TEA KITTELS AND POTS, BUCKILLS AND LANTREN CUPS HANDLED HERE!

SYDNEY BOOTMAKER

CARVED OWN TEETH FROM SOLID IVORY!

A SYDNEY BOOTMAKER, OF 63 VICTORIA STREET, LEWISHAM, IS STILL WEARING A COMPLETE SET OF TEETH HE CARVED HIMSELF FROM A SOLID BLOCK OF IVORY — KEPT SURGICALLY CLEAN WITH KOLYNOS!

BUBBLES THAT PREVENT BACTERIAL MOUTH

DENTAL AUTHORITIES AGREE DECAY IS CAUSED BY BACTERIAL MOUTH — THE FERMENTATION OF TINY FOOD DEBRITS JAMMED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, STOP BACTERIAL MOUTH WITH KOLYNOS! KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SEETHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES INSIDE YOUR MOUTH. THESE SEETH IN BETWEEN YOUR TEETH, LEAVING THEM SURGICALLY CLEAN — SPARKLING WITH GLORIOUS NEW LUSTRE! KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM TOO — YOU NEED ONLY 1/2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

1/3 AND 2/3

2 THINGS AT A TIME..

(and both done well)



The old slogan about doing one thing at a time holds good no longer. When you include Sanitarium Health Foods in your grocery order you are doing TWO things at the same time, and doing them both in the best possible manner.

YOU ARE GETTING THE PUREST, MOST WHOLESOME AND HEALTHFUL FOODS THAT MONEY CAN BUY. Sanitarium Health Foods are manufactured with a care for the preservation of vital, health-giving elements that is unrivalled. Sanitarium Health Foods taste better, are digested more easily and the benefits to physical well-being are immediately discernible. If it's a Sanitarium product it is a genuine health food.

YOU ARE PARTICIPATING IN THE QUICKEST AND MOST GENEROUS GIFT SCHEME OPERATING IN AUSTRALIA. You don't have to wait months for your gifts. When you save the Sanitarium way the gifts can be yours in a matter of a week or two. You can save coupons from ANY of the nine different Sanitarium Health Foods and thus you save much more rapidly. It's both healthful and profitable to use the Sanitarium Health Foods.



★ FREE *Quick* GIFTS

You can get gifts from 6-8-13 points upwards with Sanitarium coupons and as one coupon may be worth 8 points, you can see what a speedy gift scheme this really is. Remember too, there are 9 different Sanitarium Pure Health Foods which carry quick gift coupons.



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT

Order from your grocer a 4 oz. jar of Marmite, a 24 oz. packet of Weet-Bix, an 8 oz. tin of Kwik-Bru and an 8 oz. jar of Betta Peanut Butter. Immediately you will have 13 points and the choice of several gifts. There is no waiting with the Sanitarium quick gifts scheme.

NOTE: All gifts are available at the following addresses:—
 SYDNEY 73 Hunter Street. PERTH 89 Milligan Street.
 MELBOURNE York House, Little Collins Street (Opp. Australia Arcade). HOBART 43 Elizabeth Street.
 NEWCASTLE Cnr. Tudor St. and Parkway Ave., Hamilton.
 If you cannot call remit the necessary amounts for postage and packing to the address of the depot nearest to you.
 THIS SCHEME DOES NOT OPERATE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA

SANITARIUM HEALTH FOODS

DREAM "ISLAND" THAT CAME TRUE

Unusual story of couple's life on coast of romance

Have you ever yearned for a Robinson Crusoe existence, on an island for preference, where money would be unnecessary, where you would build your own hut, grow and catch your own food, and live happily ever after?

Then realised that the baker would not call daily, there would be no delicatessen round the corner, and that, perhaps, the soil of the island would not grow vegetables or the sea yield any fish?

IN "Love in the Sun" Leo Walmsley writes a semi-biographical novel of a Robinson Crusoe existence that actually happened.

The "I" in the book is a Yorkshireman who leaves the Yorkshire fishing village where he has lived most of his life to seek solitude and write books.

In an out-of-the-way coastal village in Cornwall he finds his Robinson Crusoe "island"—a derelict hut, with a stream running down the hillside to a private beach.

The Yorkshireman and Dain, who

becomes his wife, have nothing in the world except their love for each other, the Yorkshireman's ambition to write books, and their elementary skill in fishing, gardening and carpentry.

For three shillings a week they rent the hut, and for months they live (financially) on earthworms, spiders, cockroaches, starfish and crabs, which they sell to a firm of naturalists, their earnings averaging twenty-two shillings a week.

Hard work and salvage from the beach and from the hulk of a schooner, the *Amelia Hoskins*, trans-

AT LEFT: the author. RIGHT: He writes of a Robinson Crusoe existence—the dream of us all.

form the hut into a comfortably furnished cottage.

In a few months the garden supplements the frugal menu their earnings provide.

"Everything we sowed or planted grew and prospered—early potatoes, lettuce, peas, french beans, rhubarb, gooseberries, currants, raspas, logans.

"And we were just as successful with our flowers. We had cleared the stream for the whole length of the hut, dammed it in several places with rocks, so that we had a series of little pools and waterfalls, with beds on each side.

"We formed a bank on the far side, where two stunted willows stood, and we planted this with masses of primroses and foxgloves which we had found growing up the valley.

"At the back end of the hut we made a tiny lawn which we mowed with a pair of scissors, and in surrounding beds we sowed more annuals and the seeds from a medicinal opium poppy-head I'd seen in a chemist's shop in St. Jude."

Dain is to become a mother, and they decide to build a cradle for the new arrival.

They use teak from the locker left in the captain's cabin on the *Amelia Hoskins*, and hardwood pulleys make wheels so that the cradle can be wheeled out into the sun.

The baby is a daughter, so she is christened *Amelia* after the ship that provided her cradle.

Lovely Amelia

AMELIA'S babyhood is healthy, if unorthodox. She goes on fishing expeditions with her parents, and is unperturbed when salt water, or even a stray fish, falls into her cradle.

"Fish" and "sea" are among the first words she learns to say.

In spite of its simplicity, their life is filled with drama and high adventure.

In the months when they are waiting for Amelia to arrive, one mail brings the news that the naturalists do not want any more specimens and that their first book has been rejected by the first publisher they send it to.

The book is finally accepted by another publisher after weeks of anxiety.

They buy an old lifeboat cheaply and rebuild it as a small cruiser.

Their second book is published but is almost a failure.

When "I" writes his third book and sends it off to the publisher they set out on a week's holiday cruise, ignorant of impending disaster.

In the midst of their idyllic holiday comes a telegram telling them their cottage is to be sold.

They hurry home in despair. Without any idea of how they are to raise the money they ask for the sale of the hut to be postponed for a week in the hope that by some miracle they can find the means to buy it for themselves.

The postman, who has brought them so much good and bad news in their two years' adventurous living, brings a bulky envelope that holds the solution of their difficulties in an offer of comparatively fabulous wealth—a film contract for book No. 1.

"Love in the Sun." By Leo Walmsley. (Collins.) Our copy from Angus and Robertson

'PINK' ON YOUR TOOTH BRUSH FLASHES THE WARNING: "DANGER AHEAD"

GOODER PORTENDERS
IPANA TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS & CO.
SYDNEY

USED ALWAYS HERE

Switch today TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

YOUR dentist is certainly not going to 'phone you every day and say: "Are you heeding the warning of 'pink tooth brush'? Did you massage your gums to-day?" He's your adviser, not your guardian!

"Pink" on your tooth brush is simply a warning, but a warning your dentist should interpret. See him. It can mean serious trouble, and it's better to play safe. But usually it means that the modern soft foods we eat haven't given your gums

enough work to do—that they have grown flabby and tender—that they need the extra stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage has become a part of modern dental practice, because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as keep the teeth white, sparkling, and brilliant. Massage your gums with fingertips or brush every time you clean your teeth and you'll see why. Circulation quickens. Lazy tissues waken. Your gums

feel stronger and healthier. New firmness develops. And your teeth show a whiter, better looking sparkle.

Help your dentist to guard you from dental tragedy. Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Firm gums and shiny white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and switch to-day!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.
Regular Size 1/- Super Size 2/-

Remember

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

Gottings of the Week

by Miss Midnight



• SEASON'S most attractive bridesmaid, Shirley Arnott, arrives at St. Stephen's for her sister Nea's wedding to Bill Dawson.



• JEAN ANDERSON finds it windy as she steps from her car for Dawson-Arnott nuptials. Brother Wal Anderson holds open the door.



• THREE MEDICOS . . . Sheila Deescher, Ernest Marsden, and Corrie Saunders get together at the J. C. Windey's party.



• MRS. JIM COVENTRY (left) nearly obscures her sister, Mrs. Bert Millard, while packing up socks for soldiers at the Lord Mayor's Comforts Fund, Prudential Building.

Anxious moments . . .

USHERS Peter Reid, Rod Browne, and Ben Arnott give Nea Arnott some anxious moments when she waits to walk down the aisle at St. Stephen's for her wedding to Bill Dawson. They assure her that the bridegroom hasn't arrived, but at last Nea peers through the glass doors and says, "You can't fool me!"

Peter thinks the bride looks so beautiful that he offers to "swap places" with her father going down the aisle. But Mr. Arnott says "No thank you."

Val Arnott and Gil Pratten take careful note of ceremony . . . they marry next Tuesday. Val looks lovely in dove-grey with powder-blue flowered toque and accessories.

Dinah Meeks tops her black outfit with cute white toque, mostly flowers. Betty Brown's smart in black and white stripes; Jean Kennedy and Laurie Arnott both in blue; Claudia Beazley wears shiny olive-green "topper."

Reception at Elizabeth Bay House is very bright show. Finishes gaily at 7 p.m. when Nea and Bill are carried to their car.

Thought it was so nice of Nea to send her bouquet to Mrs. Bill Austin (former Mollie Storey), who is in hospital at Strathfield. Nea was bridesmaid at Mollie's wedding last year.

We wonder why . . .

A WELL-KNOWN young man sent an orchid and some adhesive tape to Jean Kennedy before they went dancing, and Jean responded with a toy pistol.

Color at Varsity . . .

ONE of the brightest "do's" at the University in years . . . Prof. and Mrs. Windey's party. Doctors by the dozen among the 250, including Doctor Ella, the Windey's daughter, just back from England.

Mollie Butters wears a fetching blue doll's hat, wine bows strewn on top. Other snappy headgear notes take my eye . . . Nancy Goldfinch's chartreuse straw, partly hidden by white flowers; Mrs. A. V. Maxwell's veil-over-face toque of black ribbon bows; and several pieces of smartly arranged red straw, worn over one eye by Mrs. H. P. FitzSimons.

Also adding color to the scene . . . Mrs. Arthur Eedy in all-chartreuse, Mrs. Garnet Halloran in trim navy and white, and Mrs. Holmes a'Court wearing long pale blue kid gloves with black ensemble.

Saying hello to Jocelyn Poynter and Jean Ramsay I come upon them when they're discussing the colors of Jocelyn's new Aston Gardens bedroom for which Jean is painting a picture to tone.

They are talking about . . .

ROBIN KING, of Cooma, and Dorothy Middleton keeping their wedding almost a secret for three months . . . Colin and Rachel Joy Bell taking the Dick Allens' house in Wallaroy Road . . . La Coelho, Brazilian artist, entertaining guests at Prince's as from this Wednesday afternoon . . . Nancye Bundock and Douglas Connolly anticipating a shortage of men at their wedding this Friday owing to so many guests being in camp . . . Maybelle Markell and John Hammond choosing December 14 for wedding . . . Lola Linton's super Arctic fox cape, wedding present from her bridegroom, Bill Furber . . .

Seen around town . . .

NANCY BIRD showing her diamond solitaire to passing friends in Australia foyer, and new fiancé Charles Walton standing shyly by.

All excited . . . Margaret Fielding Jones with plans for spacious new Peter Pan kindergarten at Paddington.

Mrs. Ralph McFadyen, swathed coiffure matching black sheer gown . . . at Comedy Harmonists.

Jean Main, in all-white, discussing trousseau shopping with Anthea Mack, who marries Gerald Holt on December 12.

Shopping . . . Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, hatless, wearing cherry-and-white figured linen jacket with plain cherry skirt.

Sailing becomes risky . . .

A GIRL simply has to go yachting these days to be in the swim . . . well, maybe that's not quite the right word. What I mean is one must be able to tell the difference between a binnacle and a barnacle.

And yachting outfits this season are too snappy for words, although I can't imagine what to wear to match the March Hardies' Windward, which is now painted black. Joanne Woolcock's got a pair of turquoise shorts striped in silver.

Colin Pring has christened his new boat Linwar (means "Life is nothing without a risk"), and I think I know why. The other day we hoist the mainsail for Quarantine Bay, where all the best people used to frolic. We dip our flag en route to the Holmes a'Courts aboard their Brilliant, the Geoff Carters in the Gynea, and Arnott's Lauriana.

Just have time to say hello to Henrietta Loder and Morna Mackenzie, all smart in slacks, playing deck tennis at Quarantine, when a soldier says "Who goes there?" or something like that.

It transpires that nowadays one needs a very special permit to land at Quarantine, which we haven't got. So off we sail to Camp Cove, and just get all anchored with our lunch when out of the bush pops a soldier, thrusts a bayonet at us and pointedly asks, "Where's your permit?"

Simply no place to rest in the harbor, so we make for the Pacific Ocean.

Pre-flying party . . .

NO sleep for Owen Dibbs, his mother, Mrs. Carla Jaques, or sister Sandra on the eve of his flight to England. They had a grand party, starting at Carl Thomas', on to Romano's and then to Prince's, finishing up just in time to grab Owen's luggage and dash to the plane.

Owen's on his way to England for Air Force duty.

To her own design . . .

STOP to say "All the best" to 19-year-old Joan McGrath, just engaged to Ian Hepworth. Now we understand why Joan has been running round town clasping odd pages of "Vogue" and "Harper's Bazaar" for some weeks . . . she has been designing her engagement ring from various magazine illustrations.

Joan fancied one elaborate design, but the jeweller says scornfully, "You'd have to be an Amazon to wear that." So she finally chooses simple band of rubies and diamonds.



• FREDA FARRAM is amused while taking a movie of her brother Bill's wedding to Edith Smallwood at St. Stephen's.



• THREE smart matrons show interest in Dr. Sargent's baton, which raised £108 for Red Cross. From left: Mesdames Doug. Levy, Ernest Watt, Fielding Jones and Dr. Malcolm Sargent.



• PAT LENNOX (right) is being fêted before she leaves next week to live in West Australia. Photographed luncheon at Prince's with June Singer.



• LORNA HAGON (left) and her sister, Betty McDermott, were the only guests present at their brother Gus' surprise wedding to Joan Wright.

Persil WHITENESS COMPETITION

LAST DAYS ENTER NOW
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

£600 TO BE WON

AND WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME PRIZES



5 prizes of £5 each and 1000 pkts.
100 prizes of £1 each of PERSIL
200 prizes of 10/- each worth 6d each

DON'T DELAY—ENTER **TODAY**
COMPETITION CLOSING Nov. 27, 1939

Read these simple conditions:

1. Write in the Entry Form below what you think Maud might answer to her friend, Claude. Your answer must contain the word "Persil" and not exceed 25 words. A typical answer is: "Don't you know Persil whiteness when you see it?"

2. Your name and full address, also the name and address of the grocer from whom you purchased your Persil, must be written in CAPITAL LETTERS on the Entry Form. Pin to it a red circle cut from the front of a Persil packet—one circle to each entry—and post to: Persil Competition, Box 4074 W, G.P.O., Sydney.

3. You may send in as many entries as you like, provided each entry is accompanied by a separate red Persil circle cut from the front of a Persil packet. Entries may be written on separate sheets of paper, provided that your name and address and that of your grocer are written on each entry.

NO ENTRIES WILL BE ACCEPTED UNLESS THEY COMPLY WITH THESE CONDITIONS

The first prize will be awarded to the person who submits what is, in the opinion of the judges, the most apt and most original answer.

The second and third prizes will be awarded to the next best answers, and the 305 additional money prizes to those deserving special recommendation. 1,000 consolation prizes of full-size packets of Persil will be awarded to those entries deserving mention.

The judges' verdict must be accepted as final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into, neither will responsibility be accepted for entries lost, damaged or delayed in the post.

Anyone may compete except employees of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., and their connections.

All entries will become the property of J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd.

This competition closes on 27th November, 1939.

All prize winners will be notified by an advertisement in the "Sydney Morning Herald" appearing on the 8th December, 1939.



Write MAUD'S REPLY TO HER FRIEND, CLAUDE



Read these points about PERSIL'S superiority carefully—they will help to make your entry a winner.

1. It's because Persil washes so much cleaner that it gets whiter so much whiter and colored things so much brighter.
2. It's Persil's active oxygen-charged suds that so thoroughly remove all the dirt.
3. Persil's oxygen-charged suds act only on the dirt—that's why they can't harm the most delicate fabric.
4. Clothes last longer when washed with Persil, because Persil's oxygen-charged suds are not only extra thorough, but extra gentle, too.
5. Because Persil is so quick and thorough, clothes need only be in water for a very short time.
6. Persil saves work—no rubbing or scrubbing necessary.
7. Persil is economical. It washes best alone—no soap or extras needed.

You can write your best answer only when you know Persil for yourself. Buy a packet today and use it for the whole family wash.

PERSIL COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

I think Maud's answer would be _____

My Grocer's Name _____



LATEST air mail picture of the King.

King says good-bye to 'civvies'

By air mail from London from MARY ST. CLAIRE

While the war lasts, rows of civilian suits will hang in a wardrobe at Buckingham Palace.

They belong to the King, who for the "duration" will wear only the uniform of the three fighting services.

His Majesty even wears uniform when he receives Ministers and officers of the High Command.

SOCIAL functions have been cancelled and the great household at the Palace put on a wartime basis, with a completely new daily programme and new engagement books for the King and Queen, who meet only at their simple meals.

While His Majesty works in his study, the Queen is busy with her

The Queen has a lucky number

By Air Mail from Our London Office

THOSE who believe in lucky numbers and that they have a definite influence upon their lives will find much to interest them in the way number seven has recurred in the life of Queen Elizabeth.

She was born on August 4, 1900 (4 plus 1 plus 8 equal 14, or 2 by 7); her father was fourteenth Earl of Strathmore (2 by 7); he succeeded to the title in 1904 (14 or 2 by 7); the Queen was born at St. Paul's (7 letters); she was married on 26/4/1923 (total 27); her husband was aged 27; her eldest daughter was born on April 21 (3 by 7); her youngest daughter was born on August 21 (3 by 7); her husband was born on December 14 (2 by 7).

In her native land, Scotland, she was proclaimed Queen of England on 14th (2 by 7) of December, 1936—a date whose units (14-12-1936) total 27.

wartime engagements, of visits to hospitals, A.R.P. centres and nursing organisations.

Apart from chiefs of staff, the King is the best-informed man in the Empire on what is going on in the war zones.

He alone in Buckingham Palace has the key to the red morocco dispatch cases brought in and out by special messengers from Whitehall.

The King's day now numbers sixteen working hours. Desks in his study are heaped with State papers which he conscientiously scrutinises and annotates.

Batches of officers' commissions are being brought to him for his signature. Then come the daily reports from the Admiralty, War Office and the Air Ministry.

Girl rides 1100 miles in outback trek

Six months in saddle seeing Australia first

Taking a roundabout way from Brisbane to Sydney, an Englishman, Mr. Norman Carter, and his daughter Claudia have just completed a leisurely 1100 miles on horseback.

They voted it a grand means of seeing Australia. They took six months and for travelling companions had their two horses, a packhorse and a cattle dog named Penny.

SHORT and slight, with an unruly mop of dark brown hair, 19-year-old Claudia Carter says that her glowing sun-tan and rosy cheeks are due to the trip which was taken for health reasons.

"We looked like tramps, and we often got ourselves into the most annoying muddles, but somehow we managed to get out of them all right," she said.

"Six months before I had never been on a horse's back, nor had I seen any real Australian bush country."

"There could scarcely have been two less experienced campers than Daddy and I—in fact, we were greener than the greenest grass we saw."

"Yet we did fairly well. For an outlay of less than £30, we bought three horses, maintained them, ourselves and our dog Penny for six months while we were on the trip."

"I was the cook and Daddy the rouseabout. We carried very few supplies, just enough flour, sugar, tea, dripping, and currants—when we remembered to buy them. Butter, of course, was always off the menu unless we were near a homestead."

"I've lost count of the dozens of puff-de-loons that I made in our frying pan. We both still like them, though," she added.

Camping experiments

"We actually started our journey from Toowoomba, as we went there to stay with friends, while I learned to ride."

"Zarina and Chieftain were our hacks, and Prince was our packhorse."

"We knew vaguely that camping is an art, so we decided to camp for a while fairly close to our friend's home, so that we could get used to putting up a tent, and also putting up with the possible discomforts."

"The first night nearly ended our whole trip. It was fine and clear when we finally got our tent pitched after refusing all help. It looked a bit crazy and had a Tower of Pisa lean."



MISS CARTER leading the faithful packhorse, Prince.

"We had settled down—as we thought for the night—on our lumpy beds of leaves when a tropical storm started. It rained six inches during that night."

"About 3 a.m. we decided to grope our way through the dark to our friend's home half a mile away. We got lost, were soaked through, and both had the idea that we were idiots to have considered such a trip."

"One of our resolutions was that we would never stay in a township or sleep anywhere but in our camp, and we kept it, though we did pitch our tent in some odd places, such as the pavilion of a small country showground."

"We remember that place well, because of the kindness of the 82-year-old caretaker who kept arriving with pots of tea and lovely sponge cakes."

"At one place called Rocky Hut we nearly lost Prince, who got away during the night. The horses were



MISS CLAUDIA CARTER and her father, Mr. Norman Carter.

very nervous, and as the mosquitoes and sandflies were so bad we always lit a smudge fire at night. This used to attract the wild ponies."

"They upset our horses, and Prince on this occasion broke away. Daddy managed to catch him after a fearful chase."

"I could talk for hours about the kindness of people we met on the trip. Descendants of old pioneers, they lived out in the country, and all I had ever heard of Australian hospitality was simply nothing to the reception we received everywhere."

"We were invited to the homes of strangers and told we could stay as long as we liked, but we stuck to our plan of making our own camp each night."

Mixed weather

"DURING the trip we had summer, autumn and winter weather, and the country was far more beautiful than we had ever imagined. Whether it was thick bush, rolling plateaus or barren plains, we never found it monotonous."

"We certainly 'roughed' it, but the lack of hot baths didn't seem to matter. I took plenty of cold cream and face powder, but that was the limit of my beauty aids, though I wore a big shady hat in the summer and a beret in the winter."

"Our journey wasn't wildly adventurous, but as a 'get-away-from-it-all tonic' I'd recommend a similar one to anybody."

"Daddy has gone back to Toowoomba, and soon I'll be going to join him there," said the little English girl in her soft voice. "Maybe some time we'll do it all over again."

PSORIASIS

Eczema Skin Diseases



Mr. Arthur Pascoe, M.N.A.M.H., the celebrated Skin Specialist, has opened in Sydney where

Skin Disease Sufferers may now obtain his world famous treatment, which takes the Disease right out of the Blood. For full particulars of the treatment, which is carried out in your own home, write or call Pascoe's Skin Disease and Health Service, 90 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our thirty page booklet, "NATURE'S WAY TO HEALTH," which deals with all Diseases, is free.

DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.



Wear inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet. NEARS EARPHONE CO., 11 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

Don't Delay



£19/9

A WORD OF WARNING

The increased cost of raw materials will take effect on our next consignment of machine heads. You are advised to order early, as these prices cannot last.

AT THIS PRICE WHILST STOCKS LAST

There are still a few left at this price. Buy now and save £'s.

£1

deposit secures delivery. Balance in easy payments to suit your income.

SPECIAL OFFER TO FIRST 15 PURCHASERS

- FREE illustrated Dressmaking Course, usually given with higher-priced machines. Contains 299 lessons and 680 illustrations. A wonderful help to home dressmakers. Our expert dressmaker will give you personal assistance. Overcomes your problems. FREE
- Hollywood and Parisian patterns cut to your own personal measurements. Save while you sew by investing in a LIFETIME GUARANTEED Bebarfald Bureau Sewing Machine... a wide variety of cabinets to suit all tastes.

Before you decide to buy a Sewing Machine, read this **Free Book!**



BEBARFALDS OPP. TOWN HALL SYDNEY

Please send me full particulars of your Bebarfald Bureau Sewing Machines, and a copy of your book, "How to Judge a Sewing Machine."

NAME

ADDRESS

W.V.25.11.

SURFERS FOOT

Germs lurk in pleasant places

The beach—the baths—in surf sheds—even in your bathroom

Surfer's Foot, as it is commonly known, is a constant danger to everyone, children and adults alike, who surf at our many beaches or swim regularly in public baths. Infection is remarkably prevalent and recent medical reports stress the necessity for prompt treatment.

Iodex smeared between the toes before surfing will prevent infection. After surfing, dry the skin between the toes thoroughly and dust the feet well with talcum powder. Where infection is evident, dress between the toes with Iodex, after thoroughly washing and drying the parts. Iodex is a recognised remedy for its prevention and treatment. In severe cases see your Doctor.



IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

Recommended and used by Doctors throughout the World. From your Chemist, PRICE 2/-

Read this letter:

"I always like to place credit where credit is due. I have known Iodex for years and have found it very useful, especially in Surfer's and Athlete's Foot which we hear so much about to-day, wherein it acts like a specific."

FREE

Index First-aid Book, 6th Edition, now available. Should be in every home. Tells what to do in every emergency. Write now for free copy. The Index Co., Box 14, P.O., North Sydney, N.S.W.



THE COUNTESS OF BECTIVE, who will accompany her husband to Australia when he comes here as aide-de-camp to the new Governor of South Australia.

Australian Countess to live in Adelaide

Lady Bective will accompany her aide-de-camp husband

By beam wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in London.

The Countess of Bective, an Australian woman who as an English peeress has enjoyed the brilliant life of society abroad for the past ten years, will soon make her home in Australia again.

Lady Bective, formerly Miss Elsie Tucker, of Sydney, will live in Adelaide, as her husband, the Earl of Bective, has been appointed aide-de-camp to the new Governor of South Australia, Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey.

LADY BECTIVE will give Australian women a lead in modern decor, clothes, and women's services.

Founder of a successful lighting and interior-decorating business, Lady Bective has been responsible for the new concealed lighting schemes in most of the lovely homes in England.

She is now very busy fulfilling contracts for lighting schemes in soldiers' camps and officers' messes.

While she is in Australia she will manage the business from there, designing new shades of lighting effects, all of which will incorporate the scenic loveliness of the Australian countryside.

I visited her while she was busily packing one of the most beautiful collections of clothes to leave London since the outbreak of war. She is very thrilled about returning to her own country.

"I intend to do war work in Australia," she said. "At present I am working in closest co-operation with all branches of women's services, and hope, when I reach Australia, to be able to place at the disposal of similar women's organisations first-hand knowledge of the English units."

"This opportunity to visit Australia for a long period is one which I would have welcomed in peacetime, but now my visit is tempered with sadness, as I must leave behind my eldest son, Sir Rupert Clarke, who is waiting to be called up in the 'twenties.' Next year he will join his own regiment, the Scots Greys."

Children coming

HOWEVER, it will make a tremendous difference to the health of my husband, who was unable to join his regiment, being unfit for active service owing to a rheumatic hip."

Lady Bective is taking her three children to Australia with her. They will be placed in Australian schools.

Lady Bective was formerly Miss Elsie Tucker, of Sydney. In 1918 she was married to Sir Rupert Clarke, son of Australia's first baronet, Sir William Clarke.

Sir Rupert died in 1926, and a few years later his widow married the Earl of Bective, eldest son of the Marquis of Headfort.

In the twelve generations of the Clarke family since Queen Elizabeth's reign, every eldest son, except three of them, has been christened "William."

The baronetcy was created in 1883, and young Sir Rupert William Clarke is the third baronet. There



THE EARL OF BECTIVE, who has been appointed aide-de-camp to the new Governor of South Australia, Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey.

Hitler hash is latest dish

From MARY ST. CLAIRE.

LONDON is giving war names to its meals.

In a West End restaurant I heard a waitress say:

"Two Hitler hashes . . . submarines on toast . . . and one A.R.P. soup, please!"

Translated the new "menu" reads:

Hitler hash . . . any hash dish.

Submarines on toast . . . sardines on toast.

Torpedoes . . . sausages.

Duce's dinner . . . spaghetti.

A.R.P. soup . . . pea soup.

are two other Clarke children—Ernest, aged 19, and Elizabeth, aged 15.

Lady Bective's husband is heir to estates in England and Ireland.

Their English home is Froyle Place in Hampshire. It is a wonderful old English home standing in extensive grounds in one of the most beautiful parts of a most beautiful county.

Society looks forward to invitations to week-ends and house-parties at Froyle Place, the Countess having a flair for entertaining on a lavish scale.

Lady Bective has two children by her second marriage—a son, Lord Kenlis, aged 7, and a daughter, Olivia, aged 10.

She has made several trips to Australia in recent years.

Fashions this Season
CALL FOR
CLIFTON'S RICE STARCH

Follow Fashion this season—and your daintiest frocks will depend for their distinctiveness . . . on starch! Entrust them only to a modern superfined starch . . . to Clifton's Lilywhite Rice Starch, and thus preserve to the full their freshness, charm, and longer lasting loveliness.

SPECIAL OFFER

Send for Patterns of these Exclusive Frocks

C.23. In Floral Cotton or Linen—with new high neckline and shaped pockets. Sizes: 32-40 bust. Material required: Frock, 3½ yds.; contrasts, ½ yd.

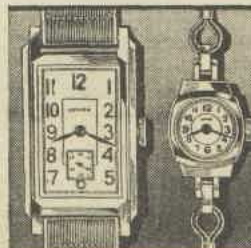
C.24. Spectator Frock in check Cotton or Linen—featuring swing skirt and trimmed with embroidery anglaise. Sizes: 32-38 bust. Material required: Frock, 3½ yds.; contrasts, ½ yd.

Clifford Love & Co. Ltd., 77 Clarence St., Sydney, will post patterns and full directions for making these lovely summer frocks on receipt of your name and address, together with the end panel from a 1-lb. packet of Clifton's Lilywhite Rice Starch and 9d. in stamps—for each pattern required.



CLIFTON'S
Lilywhite
RICE STARCH

A PRODUCT OF CLIFFORD LOVE & CO. LTD., 77 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY



Savina

THE ARISTOCRAT OF
WATCHES
OBTAINABLE IN LADIES'
& GENTLEMEN'S STYLES
At all good jewellers

TIME FOR A LIFETIME!

FASHION PORTFOLIO

November 25, 1939

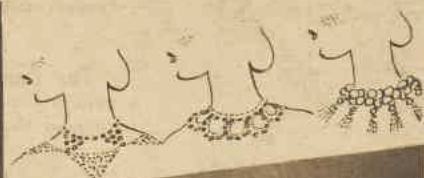
The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

LACE ... is such a subtle flatterer!



• BRODERIE ANGLAISE MODEL from Robert Piquet, with tight-fitting, black tulle bodice peaked over the hips. The high neckline and longer sleeves give the covered-up look which is the new allure.



• BRUYERE'S "Pastorale" robe, which created a sensation with its novel use of pleating. (Above).

• SPECTATOR SPORTS model in blue and fuchsia made in crinoline style. The skirt is unwired, but is worn over two stiff fuchsia tulle petticoats. (Left).



• CORTAULD'S lovely white lace and net frock, designed for a debutante.



Gay Cottons hit the headlines!

BE SURE TO LUX THEM

"Gay Ninety" gingham, dimities and voiles come back with a rush—in styles that are a picture of cool summery loveliness! And they Lux so beautifully! Don't, whatever you do, let harsh washing methods steal their pretty freshness. With gentle Lux care they'll keep their crisp "new" look always.

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER IT'S SAFE IN LUX

LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT

S-465-27

A LEVER PRODUCT



MIDSUMMER WARDROBE...

• **SOOTY-BLACK CREPE** will come back to you when you wear this gay gingham, with full skirt shooting from the broad cummerbund. Note linen gloves and collar.

• **NURSERY DAYS** will come back to you when you wear this gay gingham, with full skirt shooting from the broad cummerbund. Note linen gloves and collar.

• **KEEP** an important luncheon date in palest grey crepe with a white starched linen plastron buttoned down the front. Satisfy your craze for color with red accessories.



... She's but a lassie yet—

• DEAR LITTLE jacket frock with a rush of fullness to the back. Lovely in dreamy mauve-blue crepe, with a froth of pastel-pink ruffles outlining the jacket.

• FIGURE-HUGGING frock in ochre-yellow jersey. To give it that dewy, pond-lily air, there's a wide, square collar of tucked pique edged with a crisp frill.

• BLACK JERSEY with sophistication in the back fullness of the skirt, but youthful freshness in the tiny white cuffs and collar. With it accessories in the palest apple-green.

LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

BY AIR MAIL FROM MARY ST. CLAIRE

SKETCHED BY PETROV



- 1 OFF-THE-FACE tendency in the newest small hats is shown in turban sketched at right. Trimmed with Persian lamb.
- 2 RETURN of "halo" line is indicated by this model of black velvet with rolled front of ice-blue felt.



3 MANY women are forsaking hats for snoods. These are in soft woollens, many of them in color-flecked tweeds, being trimmed with bright colored cords. With them fingerless gloves are worn to match. The snood fashion is proving popular because it can be worn with a gasmask.

4 WOOL evening frocks have made their appearance in restaurants where the smart set dines. With them are worn "black-out" jackets covered with multi-colored or white sequins.

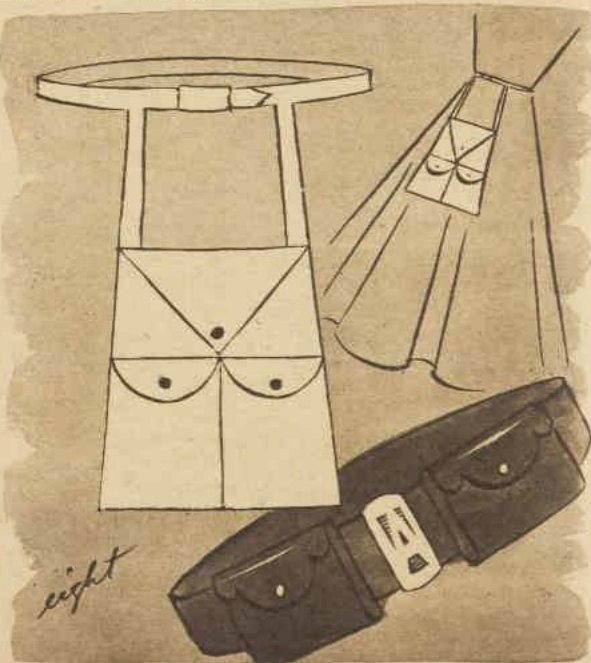
5 NEW FASTENERS for frocks have been seen. Pieces of tubular metal like those used for diaries are placed on the two edges of the dress and a flexible "pencil" slips through them. Another idea is to have groups of spherical buttons which are linked together. The two groups hook on to each other, making a neat fastening to the dress.

6 WOMEN on war work have taken to rug skirts. As their name indicates they are in reality a rug which wraps round the waist, and is fastened with a couple of buttons.

They boast a deep pocket across the front with zip fastening which serves as handbag.

7 GLOVES are showing unusual combinations of fabric and leather. Sketch above shows example in coarse woollen and suede finished with stitching and tassel.

8 POCKETS and purses attached to belts are being much featured as an alternative to the handbag. A large pocket, with two small ones on the outside, may depend from a narrow belt, or twin leather wallets may slide onto a wider type.



Special patterns will be cut

• Individual patterns of models in this section photographed or sketched by "Rene" will be cut on application. Send to our Pattern Department for self-measurement form. Price, 3/6 each.



Her heart's just a pocket for treasure—and what a treasure are these 'Jamos' by Kayser. Charming and gay. Will-o'-wisp loveliness. As dainty and refreshing as dewy cobwebs. Tailored with Kayser's perfection. From 7/11. Illustrated No. 2627 14/11 in KAY-PRECE.

I insist on

KAYSER

HOSIERY GLOVES

Lingerie

L94

There's a
Brighter Life
for Beach Wear
washed with

Persil

COLOURS NEED GENTLE PERSIL CLEANSING

THE VERY YOUNG SET

... In American styles rushed by air mail

PAPER patterns for making these attractive frocks for warm weather wear for small daughters can be obtained from our Needlework Department.

BY air mail from America have come the two new designs for girls' frocks pictured here.

And as small daughters are usually clothes-conscious, no matter how young, they are bound to be delighted with these styles because they are so very new.

The pinafore frock, a practical and attractive style, is designed for girls of 6 to 12 years. The other frock is specially designed for the smaller girl of 2 to 8 years.

Here are the pattern details:
WW 3124.—Girl's pinafore frock. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Material required: 1½ yards for pinafore, 1 3-8 yards for blouse, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. Paper pattern, 10d.

WW 3125.—Little girl's frock. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Material required: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide, and 1 yard contrast. Paper pattern, 10d.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



CUDDLESOME TOYS

... for the children

● Make them for Christmas from scraps of materials. Paper patterns are available.

AREN'T these toys just the most cuddlesome things? And wouldn't they make ideal Christmas gifts for the children?

They are so easy to make, too. Paper patterns, together with instructions for cutting out and making up, are obtainable from our Needlework Department.

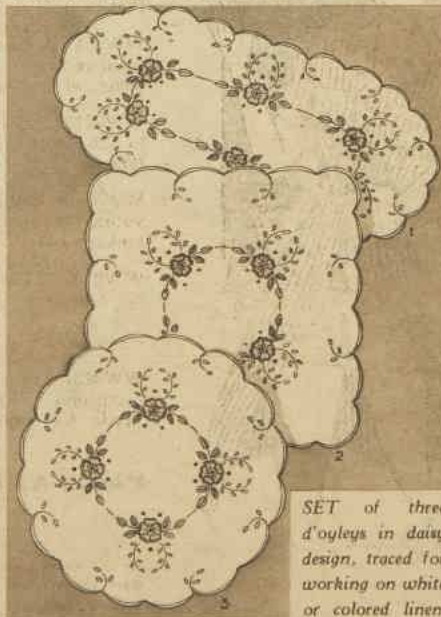
Patterns are cut in various sizes—10, 16, and 18 inches.

Price is 10d. each.

The animals pictured above include a horse, dog, baby bear, baby panda, and giraffe. Those on the right include a teddy bear, duck, penguin and elephant.

As these animal toys take such a small amount of material for making, you can often make them from pieces of material left over from dressmaking.

Have a look in your scrap-bag now and see if there aren't some pieces that could be used for making some of these delightful toys for the kiddies.



SET of three d'oyleys in daisy design, traced for working on white or colored linen.



THESE TWO FROCKS FOR GIRLS can be obtained from our Pattern Department in paper pattern form, together with instructions for making up. The designs are American and especially suitable for the warmer days ahead. Make them in crisp cottons.

Send to This Address!

Adelaide: Box 3884, G.P.O.
Brisbane: Box 4091, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Box 185, G.P.O.
Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O.
Perth: Box 4916, G.P.O.
Sydney: Box 4299Y, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castle-rough Street, or Dalston House, 115 Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

FOR Dazzling LIGHTS

POND'S "GLARE-PROOF" FACE POWDER

YOUR skin will always look soft, petal-smooth, thrilling out in the strong Australian sunshine or under the glare of electric lights. If you use Pond's "Glare-Proof" Face Powder, Pond's "Glare-Proof" powder shades are blended scientifically to shut out all but the softest rays of light from your face. Never show up harsh and powdery. And Pond's Powder clings for hours, thanks to special expensive ingredients. 1/6 and 2/6 a box at all stores and chemists.

POND'S Face Powder

FREE OFFER: Please send me a free sample of each of the six shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. I enclose two 1d. stamps in sealed envelope in cover postage and packing.
Pond's Dept. (N.M.), Box 12114, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

CHRISTY'S SUGGEST

Boronia

FOR CHRISTMAS

Boronia — Loveliest of the husband fragrances — haunting sweet, fresh — so right with tweeds — so charming with velvets and jewels — so nice a way of saying "Merry Christmas" to those you love. Christy's have captured its fragrance for you in perfume, powder, and fine soaps. Below are just a few of the attractively packaged Christy's Boronia gift sets. Mail order by number to your favourite store.



211—A handsome gift set of Boronia Face Powder, Perfume, and Complexion Soap. 3/6



212—Two cakes of Christy's Boronia Complexion Soap, and a bottle of perfume in a most attractive gift set. 2/6



213—A set of Christy's Boronia Complexion Soap, and a bottle of perfume in a most attractive gift set. 2/6



214—A welcome gift to gladden the heart, containing a large tin of Boronia Complexion Soap, and a large bottle of perfume. 2/6

CHRISTY'S Gift Sets

AT STORES & CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



WW3115

WW3116



WW3117

WW3118



WW3119

WW3120

Special Concession Pattern

THREE (3) CHARMING ROMPER and SUN SUITS for the little tots 1-6 years of age. Sizes, 1-2, 2-4, and 4-6 years of age.

No. 1. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 36 inches wide. Shirt and Pants.

No. 2. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 36 inches wide. Romper Suit.

No. 3. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards, 36 inches wide. Sun Suit.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue, 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post from address at top of page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
TOWN
STATE
SIZE Pattern Coupon 25/11/39.



WW3121

WW3115.—Dainty skirt and jacket design. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2yds. for jacket, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for skirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3116.—Full skirt and broad shoulder-line combine to make this smart mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds., and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3117.—Charming and simple to make afternoon mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3118.—Sophisticated afternoon design. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3119.—Dainty design for the little girl, 4-10 years. Requires: $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW3120.—Floral and plain materials combine to create this charming evening mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: $5\frac{1}{2}$ yds. plain material, and 2yds. floral material, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3121.—Smart design for beach and sporting occasions. 30 to 36 bust. Requires: $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds., and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for shorts, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: *Write your name and full address in block letters. *Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. *State size required. *For children, state age of child. *Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

My dear Susan Pat—
Ever so many thanks for
the splendid Horrockses Sheets
you have sent me.
I know they will last for ages
as the name has been handed
down in our family since great
grandma was first married +
brought them with her to Australia
— As John says I am fortunate
to receive the best and will always
remember to ask for Horrockses
P.T.O.

Horrockses
SHEETS PILLOWCASES & TOWELS
Quality - Comfort - Economy

FRECKLES
Disappear

HERE'S a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this strength is sold under a guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

KINTHO [DOUBLE STRENGTH]



AMERICA HAS its "Quads" as well as its "Quins," but they don't excite so much interest. Here are the youngest quartet, Jeanette, Joan, Geraldine, and Joyce Badgett, now eight months old, and thriving by leaps and bounds. Jeanette, Geraldine, and Joyce each weighs 15lb., while Joan, the "heavyweight," turns the scales at 20lb.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN
President Australian Astrological Research Society

Scorpions refuse to be ignored, even by those who don't like them. And once they have acquired regard they hold it and earn sincere admiration.

THESE vital people (born between October 24 and November 23) are members of the most magnetic and compelling sign in the zodiac. The majority exhibit this vitality and strength of character quite early in life, either by charming with their quick, lively interest in all that goes on around them, or by making their parents (and everyone else) ponder the necessity for the existence of such trouble-makers.

There is this to be said for these exasperatingly interesting folk, however—when they are bad they are really bad, and when they are good they are angels.

When it comes to marriage, those who have been unfortunate in choosing "baddies" as partners have unenviable experiences as "lesser halves," for low-type Scorpions can be autocratic, critical, impatient, intolerant, cruel, sarcastic, and humiliateingly hostile.

On the other hand, those who have married the finer type are quick to extol their many virtues and to prove that the Scorpion is the finest of all comrades—kindly, generous, jolly, and full of interesting and exciting ideas and characteristics.

Truth to tell, people who are happiest with Scorpion marriage partners are those who have learned to handle them with tact, humor, and understanding. In such circumstances they will do almost anything to show their appreciation.

Fearsome "bark"

IT should never be forgotten that in most cases a Scorpion's bark is much worse than his bite; that he loves to make a noise and show the world what a fine fellow he is.

If he scares the life out of you during his tantrums he's probably enjoying himself play-acting. If you sneaked up on him afterwards you'd probably find him grinning to himself or telling a friend of his joke.

It may be the old frog story over again, "What's fun to you is death to me," but if you understand your Scorpion you'll drag him out of his mood if he is really serious, and learn to enjoy the joke with him.

The wisest plan of all is to keep Scorpions busy. They are capable and extremely energetic, and to pin them down to lives of monotony is to look for trouble. Every Scorpion is human dynamite, ready to explode at any moment.

Knowing all these things, you will readily appreciate the need for harmonious mateship when a Scorpion thinks it time to wed.

Cancerians (June 22 to July 23) usually make ideal partners for Scorpions, for they are generally easy to get along with, especially if the home be made attractive. Cancerians are home-lovers whose determination and tenacity are understood and appreciated by the Scorpion.

Pisceans (February 19 to March 21) also make good partners, but they must not enrage the Scorpion by being too indecisive or spineless, for the Scorpion enjoys a courageous enemy. Virgoans (August 24 to November 23) also get along harmoniously with Scorpions, likewise Capricornians (December 22 to January 20), and in some cases people born under the Scorpions' own sign.

In the last-mentioned case, however, when the sparks fly they fly with a vengeance. Each is strong and wants to dominate, and each dreads giving in.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Now is the time for all good Arians to show the world what is in them. Advancements can now be attempted. Favors asked, changes made, and confidence expanded. December 1 and 3 should produce good results. Work hard and long.

Taurus (April 21 to May 23): The recent spell of worry and loss or opposition now ends and things should grow more peaceful. November 25 and 26 just fair.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 21): Incautious or over-confident Geminians can run into trouble now. Be particularly careful on November 27 and 28. Routine advised.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Unpredictable. November 29 and 30 just fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Chase opportunities this week. Start new ventures or seek that promotion you have been thinking about. But in the start be on December 1 and 2.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Confine attention to your own affairs. Unwary Virgoans can suffer delays, setbacks and other difficulties at this time. Be ultra-cautious on November 27 and 28.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Quite fair on November 27 and 28.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Consolidate any gains made during the past month. Finalize outstanding ones on November 29 and 30.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Difficulties can give brilliant prospects a good lift on December 1 and 2. Hard work, confidence and common sense advised. But observe caution on November 27 and 28.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Just a week of days. Plan well ahead.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair for semi-important matters on November 27 and 28.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Keep ahead of trouble. It will trouble the unwary now, and especially on November 27 and 28. Routine advised.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Mother, does baby wake and cry at night?



Chafing and irritation are usually to blame. After his evening bath, give baby a dainty all-over dusting with Cuticura Talcum, then you will have no more midnight tantrums. You can tuck him up as snug as can be and rest assured that he will sleep, absolutely free from chafing and irritation.

Cuticura Talcum absorbs perspiration and keeps baby delightfully sweet and cool. Use Cuticura Soap when bathing baby. Its mildly antiseptic action keeps his skin thoroughly clean and healthy. Cuticura Ointment quickly soothes and heals spots and rashes.

Cuticura
TALCUM
FOR BABY



Regardless of pretty clothes and expensive jewels, the woman with the most beautiful head of hair at a social gathering is sure to stand out as the belle of the party.

And if you ask her to tell you the secret of her success, like every other woman of good taste she will readily say: "Barry's Tri-coph-erous."

Its steady daily use imparts a silklike softness to the hair, keeps it brilliant and attractive and renders it easy to curl and set.

Its lubricating action maintains the natural functions of the scalp, prevents it from becoming dry and saves the hair from premature greyness—the dread of every woman.

Trust the beauty of your hair to the delightful and beneficial action of Barry's Tri-coph-erous. It will keep it always clean, attractive and lovely to look at.

BARRY'S
Tri-coph-erous
For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores 3/- per bottle.

Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 10 million tiny delicate kidney tubes or filters. If poisons in the kidneys or bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Cries Under Eyes, Backache, Aching Joints, Acidity, or Burning passages, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Santalox) 10-day. The guarantee affects you. Now in 3 sizes—1/3; 4/-; 8/-.

Cystex
GUARANTEED for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

RAY HARRIS

woke up finally about noon. He had half roused several times that morning, been aware of something very unpleasant waiting for him in the office, and plunged hastily back into oblivion. Now there was no further escape. He was wide awake and rather hungry.

Whatever made me say I'd send that telegram? he asked himself.

He knew what had made him: the fear that Sue Bannister would despise him if he objected. She, everybody, would find him out, as he always knew they some day would. They would discover that he was not exceptionally intelligent at all. He could design very nice dust jackets for books, but his ideas about life were in a frightful muddle, while the ideas of intelligent people never are. And he could not talk.

It had been so enjoyable, this reputation for brilliance which he had earned, or rather tumbled into. At home he had five sisters who could all talk the hind leg off a donkey and never gave him a chance. But his London friends did not know this. Soon after he came to live there, a friend had taken him to a party at Larry's where he had been too shy and miserable to utter one word. He had supposed that everybody must be despising him, as usual, and it was not until afterwards that he discovered what an impression he had made merely by keeping silent. Far from despising him, they had supposed that he was despising them, and greatly respected him for it.

So Ray kept it up and enjoyed himself enormously. He maintained his haughty silence, with the help of various little stratagems, like that of pretending not to have listened to the conversation. New friends gathered round him and pretty girls flung themselves at his head.

And so now he had let himself in for this.

If I don't do it, he thought, as he climbed out of bed, I shall have to explain why. If I do, that poor devil . . . he's an awful little . . . but still, it's a bit thick . . . it's going too far. When he finds out, well . . . it's just . . . it's simply . . . What will she say if I don't send it? She'll be furious . . . never speak to me again. It can't be as rotten as I think it is, or she wouldn't . . . she's absolutely perfect . . .

WHILE he was eating a combined breakfast and luncheon at a neighboring snack bar a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would not send the telegram, and, when questioned, would declare that he had sent it and that it must have gone astray. This comforted him so much that he was able to go home and do some hours of very hard work. But at five o'clock there came a great banging at his studio door, and it was Iris and Larry, who were going round the houses and had come to see if he had sent the telegram yet. And, like a fool, he said not yet, and would they go away because he was very busy. Whereat they offered to go and send it for him, and he weakly agreed. They went off, chattering. The thing was not now his responsibility, and he ought to be able to feel better.

GROW BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS FROM COAL

With "COALITE" wonder powder. By placing in a dish, bowl, etc., small pieces of coal and adding salt and water with "COALITE" powder and pour over coal. Flowers will grow immediately and last indefinitely. Any color obtained by adding different colours of ink. Grow in or out of doors. Money saving for Hotels, Guest Houses. No need to buy fresh flowers. Send 1/1 for large packet and directions. BRAY, Desk 7, 104 DEVONSHIRE ST., SYDNEY. Stockkeepers, 8/6 doz., post free. Agents wanted.

CORN'S
lift out

★ Cheer up! Forget that beastly burning throbbing corn. Just a drop of Prozol-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Prozol-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Prozol-Ice for 1/6.

The Joke

Continued from Page 13

about it. But he went on feeling quite as bad as ever.

He did not, as he frequently told himself, care two hoots about Alistair. It was the thought of Alistair's mother that worried him. And naturally that side of the question would not occur to Sue or any of the others, for they had never seen Mrs. Brock and did not, probably, know of her existence. Alistair, little tick! was very much ashamed of his parents and his home out at Wimbledon. He never invited anybody there. He entertained his friends at a horrid little restaurant in Soho which he claimed to have "discovered," where he showed off by calling the waiters by their Christian names. But Ray had once gone to the Brocks' house in a frantic attempt to retrieve some drawings which Alistair had borrowed and kept on forgetting to return. He found the family at tea and was invited to share it with them while Alistair, furious at such an exposure, hunted for the lost drawings.

They were the very kindest people, far too good for Alistair, and their pride in their repulsive son was touching.

RAY escaped at last and Alistair unexpectedly offered to walk to the station with him. On the way there he tried furiously to find out if Ray was going to make a great tale of this to all their acquaintances. Ray understood him very well and gave him a curt reassurance. But of course the little brute did not trust him, and their mutual dislike had been much stronger since that day.

Well, all that had happened before "Half Seas Over" became a best seller. If they were proud of Alistair then, what did they feel now? They must be over the moon. And when that hideous telegram arrived he would be sure to show it to them, and then . . .

Ray walked round and round his studio, unable to do any more work. If you only knew Alistair, he thought, it wouldn't seem so caddish. I mean . . . when you know all the circumstances . . . I mean there's such a lot of things you don't know about people, and if you did know them you couldn't . . . It makes you sorry for them somehow, even if they are ticks. I mean to say, even a tick has a mother. . . .

Sue got out the telephone directory and looked among the Brocks. But even after she had got the right number she stood doubtfully for some time, unable to lift the receiver.

The worst thing about what she was going to do was that that foul Alistair would think she had done it because she was in love with him or something. He would be sure to. He would smirk at her, the next time they met.

But I've brought it on myself, she remembered. And I must bear it. If I don't do it now it'll be too late. I must do it before he gets the telegram. Couldn't I disguise my voice? Mr. Brock! This is a warning from a friend. The telegram about the Tarbet Prize is a hoax . . . Ring off. She practised saying this once or twice, trying to decide whether a squeak or a growl would be more disguising. Then she began to dial. But before she had finished there came a ring at the flat door. Glad of an excuse to postpone her unpleasant task, she ran into the hall.

Ray stood on the landing outside, looking so unlike himself that she hardly recognised him. As soon as he saw her he broke into a torrent of words, more words than she had ever heard from him before in all the time she had known him.

"I . . . I . . . I've come," he said, as he followed her into the sitting-room. "I hope you don't mind my coming. I had to come. I mean, I felt I'd better come. So I've come."

She was so enchanted to see him that she did not at all mind being told that he had come.

"It . . . it's Alistair . . . I mean, it's this telegram . . ."

"You've sent it?" she asked, her face falling a little.

"Yes. I mean, Iris and Larry did, as a matter of fact. But . . . well . . . you see . . . I think it's rather . . . I think it's very . . . I mean to say . . . I'm most frightfully sorry,

Sue. I'm afraid you'll think I'm a spoil sport. I can't tell you how sorry I am. But I've made up my mind. Only I thought I'd better come and tell you first, because it was your idea. The fact is, I'm going to ring him up and tell him that it's a bogus telegram."

"Oh!" gasped Sue. "Are you furious? I was afraid you would be. Sue . . . you must try to understand. You see . . . I've sort of met his people, and . . . I know you'll think it's frightfully dim of me . . . but I mean to say, I can't help feeling that if you knew . . ."

He went on for a long time. Sue could not get in a word edgewise. He went on for so long that she had time to go through a number of contradictory emotions and reactions. She was overwhelmed with relief. She was overwhelmed with surprise. She realised that he was not at all the person that she had always supposed him to be, but quite a different person, simpler, more vulnerable, and, oh yes! ever so much nicer. And when, at last, he ran down, she said quietly:

"I feel just the same."

"Sue! You do?"

Please turn to Page 34



CUNNINGLY folded cap of black felt that may be worn with a suit or an afternoon outfit.



Be Right in the Swim THIS SUMMER!

ENJOY HOLIDAY FITNESS ALL THE TIME

● Be fit, be happy, be right in the swim this summer! Thrill with vigour and vitality and know the joy of being able to laugh at summer ailments. The man or woman who starts each day the Schumann's way has a fit, healthy body and that content of mind which comes from steady nerves and perfect physical fitness. The morning drink of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts banishes subtle poisons from the system, tones up the liver, cleans the blood stream . . . gives you a holiday feeling ALL the time!

For a Happy Mind in a Healthy Body . . . SCHUMANN'S!

● Headaches, dizziness, fatigue, loss of appetite, irritability . . . all these vanish if you follow the golden rule of good health, and START EACH DAY THE SCHUMANN'S WAY. A half teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water first thing in the morning will ward off those common ills which arrive with the warmer weather. But remember . . . IT MUST BE SCHUMANN'S! So-called substitutes will disappoint you. All chemists and stores sell Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts at 1/6 and 2/9 a jar.



★ Remember each morning when you wake—a half teaspoonful of SCHUMANN'S in a glass of warm water.

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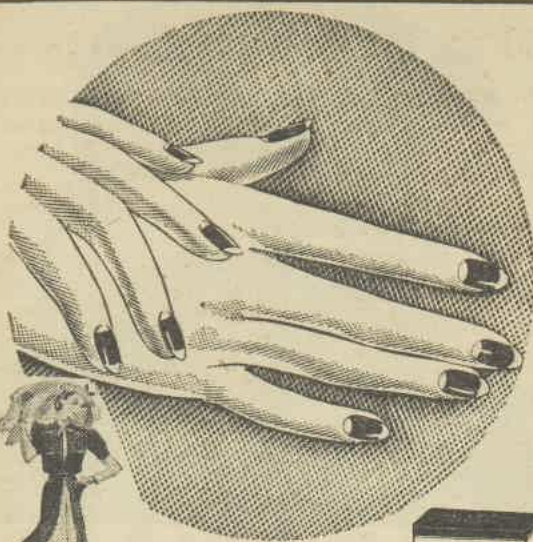
MAKE THIS YOUR MORNING ROUTINE FOR COMFORT CLEANLINESS AND Sparkling Health!



OF INTEREST TO FAT FOLK GET THE SCHUMANN'S WEIGHT REDUCING FOLDER

The manufacturers of Schumann's Salts have prepared a valuable treatise on Weight Reduction, which will be sent post free to anyone sending with their application the top of a Schumann's Salts Carton, to

The European Laboratories Company, Goubell Street, Paddington, N.S.W.



Lelong Sponsors Cutex Laurel!

Lelong, the famous Paris designer, says:

"Wear Cutex Laurel with blue, rose, grey, green". The exciting new Cutex fingertip shades will add subtle dashes of colour to your favourite costume.

And there's a shade among them that will accent your own colouring too! Create character in your hands by selecting one of these new shades for your very own!

CUTEX

Nail Polish



5 NEW SHADES

CLOVER
TULIP
THISTLE
LAUREL
HEATHER

"YES, I think it's too unkind. As a matter of fact, I was just going to ring him up when you came."

"Sue!"

"I've been miserable about it all day. I was last night. I never suggested it meaning that we should really do it."

"But Sue, if you thought that last night... why didn't you say so?"

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I thought that you... that you..."

This was so interesting that they forgot all about the luckless Alistair until an angry buzzing from the telephone reminded them that Sue had left the receiver off.

"Oh, Ray, darling," she said, putting it back, "we must do something! We must ring Alistair up."

"I'll do it now," he said.

"Do you think it will have got there by now?"

"I'm afraid it may. But we might be able to stop him from telling anyone."

HE dialled the number. Sue, perched on the table beside him, wondered whether anybody in the world had ever been so happy.

To have it all taken off her shoulders like this. And to know that Ray... that Ray... What was it that he had just said? What was the only person in the world I care a dash for! Had anyone ever uttered words more romantic, more poetic, than these?

"Can I speak to Mr. Alistair Brock?" said Ray, trying to tone down the rapture in his voice to a suitable flatness. "Oh... is he? When will he be in? It's Raymond Harris speaking... What?... Oh, Mrs. Brock! How do you do?... Very well, thank you... Yes, rather... Have I?... What's happened?... Oh!... Oh yes... Oh, really?... Yes, you must be... Are you sure?... A telegram... I see... I say, when will Alistair be in?"

The rapture had now departed from his voice of its own accord. With each interjection his face and tone became more dismayed. There was a long, yapping monologue from the telephone and he put his hand over the receiver while he whispered:

"It's his mother! He's told her. She's simply bursting with joy."

And then as he listened his discomfort turned to horror. "He what?... You mean, he's gone now? But won't he be... I want to get hold of him... No, I can't leave a message... I see... Yes, I'm so glad... Well, he's a great success already, isn't he? I mean, he doesn't really need the Tarbet Prize, does he?... Yes, I should think you are. Good-bye..."

As he slammed the receiver down he said:

"Alistair has gone in person to see James Upfold."

"Oh, Ray! No! How awful! Now? What for?"

"To thank him for sending the telegram."

"But... I never... we never thought he'd do that. Why should he do such a thing?"

"I EXPECT he thinks it's a good excuse for getting into Upfold's house. He's always dying to know famous people. He went half an hour ago. If I hadn't come here and interrupted you, you might have got him in time. And he's told his mother, and she's just going out to tell all her friends..."

"Oh, we must stop it. We must! Couldn't we catch him somewhere before he gets there?"

"Only on Upfold's doorstep."

"Then let's go to Upfold's doorstep. Where does he live?"

They again had recourse to the telephone directory, and found that James Upfold lived in Oakley Street, Chelsea.

"If we take a taxi," said Ray, "we might get there first."

So they rushed down, hatless, into the street and leapt into the first taxi they saw.

They were so happy and so miserable that they could not talk connectedly. Ray kept on saying:

"It's not Alistair. It's his mother. She's so nice. She gave me some boiled eggs once. But, darling, when did you first..."

"Oh, right at the very beginning, Ray. The first time I ever saw you. Are you sure it isn't forgery using somebody else's name on a telegram? Couldn't we be..."

"And I thought... I've been so frightened of you all this time! Oh, Lord! This is heaven! Oh, isn't it awful? Even if we catch him on Upfold's doorstep there's his mother. I know it sounds silly to go on about those eggs. But..."

"Or it might be libel. Do you

think it's libel? I always thought you were in love with Iris. I did really."

"Iris? I can't stand her. Look! It's three shillings. We must get out."

They got out and hurried on.

"And now what do we do?" asked Sue as they arrived, panting, at Mr. Upfold's front door.

"Hang about till Alistair turns up."

"But supposing he's inside already? We shan't want to meet him coming out."

"Oh, no! Better ring and ask."

Sue retreated a little while Ray mounted the steps and rang the bell.

She could not hear his conversation with the maid who opened the door, but by the expression on his face she knew that the worst had happened. The door shut and he came down the steps again.

"He's there?"

"Um."

They walked slowly away up Oakley Street.

"Well," sighed Sue, "there's one thing. He knows by now. He won't go to Brenda's party."

"I don't want to go either, do you?"

"No."

"We'd better go and get something to eat. Only we've no money."

"We can go round to Cadogan

The Joke

Continued from Page 33

under the age of ninety. He spent most of his time cursing his secretary, who wasn't there, but who seems to have sent me a telegram about it this afternoon. That wasn't, apparently, the correct procedure. At least, he thinks it must have been his secretary, because I certainly got a wire signed Upfold, and Jimmy says he never sent it. He says I shall get the formal letter, announcing the award, to-morrow."

"Then... then... you've really got it?"

Alistair did not see why they should be quite so surprised as all this.

"After all," he said, a little coldly, "there has been a certain amount of talk about the book, hasn't there? One has felt it was possible..."

Sue and Ray left off listening to him for a few moments while they rearranged their minds. They all walked on together.

When they began to pay attention to Alistair again he was pointing to a party of people coming out of a large house and remarking, with a knowing chuckle, that Netta was giving one of her parties.

"Netta?" queried Sue vaguely.

"Lady Mallard. That's her house."

"Do you know her?" asked Ray.

"Oh, everybody knows Netta."

They were sure that Alistair did not. But they were too much dazed to challenge him when he added that poor Netta really did work very hard.

"I think I'll have to take a taxi," he told them. "I'm meeting... er... somebody... for dinner and she's... occasionally punctual. Bye-bye! Can I give either of you a lift?"

"No," said Sue and Ray.

"SURE? Well..."

I'll be seeing you later at Brenda's."

"Oh? Are you going to Brenda's?"

"I thought I might manage to look in for a bit. Brenda made such a point of it."

He hailed a taxi and was just driving off when Sue ran after him, waving and calling him to stop.

"Oh, Alistair!"

He thrust his long, sorrowful face out of the window.

"Yes?"

"I say! If you go to Brenda's tonight, don't tell them about going to see Mr. Upfold."

"What?"

"Don't say that you went to see him. Tell them about the telegram and the prize if you like. It's... I can't explain now. But do promise you won't. It's a joke. I'll tell you some time. I want them to think Mr. Upfold isn't in London. Oh, Alistair! Do please promise! If you knew everything, you would."

"Well... really..." began Alistair, who was dying to talk about Jimmy Upfold to everybody in London.

"Oh, Alistair... please..."

In her eagerness she almost forgot how much she disliked him and dimpled at him engagingly. Very few girls ever looked at him like that, or spoke to him in that tone of voice. He capitulated. In his heart he regretted that he had said he was going to meet a woman for dinner. He would have liked to get Sue to dine with him and share this delightful secret. Really, the little thing seemed to have taken quite a fancy to him. His other engagement was a myth; he was going to dine alone.

"I promise," he said, gazing at her amiably, "if you'll promise..."

"Thank you," said Sue, and ran back to Ray.

He was less elated. Alistair had succeeded, as usual, in putting his back up.

"Really, I don't know if I'm glad or sorry," he growled.

"Oh, but Brenda's party! Think of Brenda's party to-night!"

He looked at her in surprise.

"I thought you didn't want to go."

"Oh, we must go now. Only we must find Mary and tell her all about it and take her along. She doesn't usually enjoy our sort of parties. But she will this one. Just think what a joke it's going to be!"

"A joke? But there isn't any joke any more."

"Oh, isn't there?"

Ray was certainly not as clever as Sue. It took him nearly a minute before he saw what she meant.

(Copyright)



A YOUTHFUL model designed by Hartnell, and worn by a Melbourne pupil, Miss Daphne Stewart. The frock is made very high-waisted in crinkle crepe of delicate pastel-tinted floral.

Square and borrow some from my people," said Sue. "I often do that."

So they plodded on, too much depressed to look round and see who was hurrying after them with such hasty strides.

"Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!" said a shrill, familiar voice. "I thought I recognised your backs!"

They spun round and gazed into the face of Alistair Brock. Never had they seen it looking more complacent.

"Where did you two spring from?" he inquired jauntily. "I was just coming out of Jimmy Upfold's when I caught sight of you."

They looked as astonished as he had hoped that they would.

"I had to drop in and have a word with him. About the Tarbet Prize."

Alistair drew a deep breath and added airily, "I've got it, you know."

"You... you..."

"A little unexpected, isn't it? Of course, as I said to Jimmy, one's always regarded oneself as somewhat too advanced... but it's evident that the committee have been trying to pull up their socks a bit and get to know more about the sort of stuff the moderns are doing."

"But... what did he say?" demanded Sue and Ray together.

"Oh, poor old boy, he seemed to think that he's done a very daring thing in giving the prize to anyone

It will GRIP you
It will THRILL you

And it will entertain every
member of your family.

Swift-moving drama of the
hospital ward, of those
hours from midnight to
dawn, when the wreckage
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it!

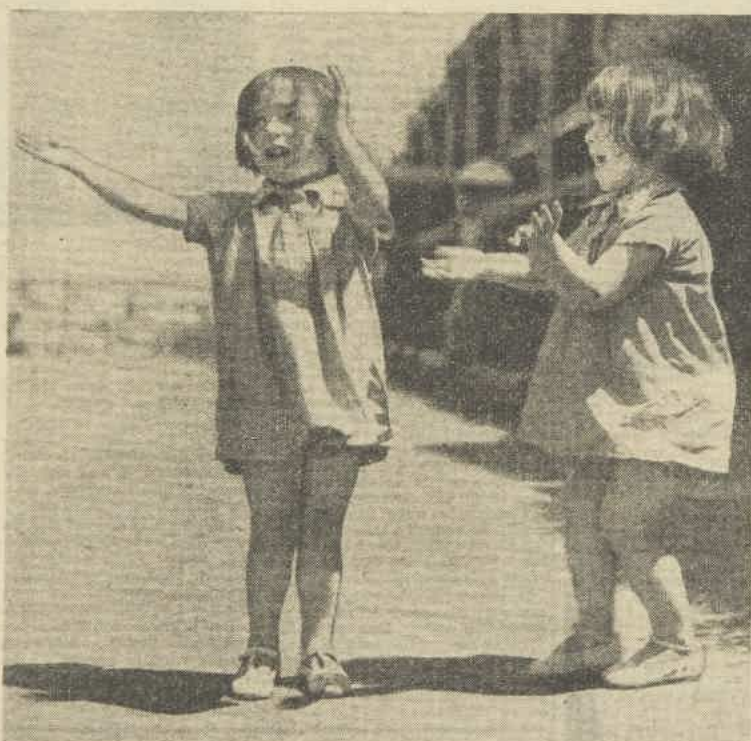
2GB

Mon. Tues. Wed. Thurs.
8.15 p.m.

Australia's heaviest twins are growing up . . .



THEY WERE CHRISTENED at St. Joseph's Church, Rozelle. Twins are not unusual in Mrs. Williams' family. Her sister had twin boys and Mr. Williams' mother had twins . . . a boy and a girl. Mrs. Williams has five other children . . . all girls.



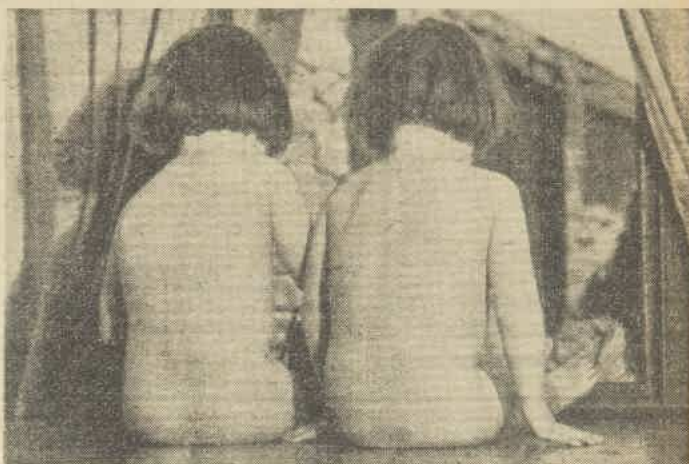
DANCING is the twins' favorite pastime; they also sing an amusing parody about Hitler to the tune of a popular song. Both of them speak well, but are shy with strangers. The twins both have light brown hair and blue eyes.



WONDERING what all the fuss was about, Wilma and Joan "watch the dicky bird." It wasn't amusing enough for Wilma, so she blew at her candle, was surprised when it went out. Wilma is slightly smaller and has lighter hair than Joan.

WILMA JEAN and JOAN CATHERINE WILLIAMS were Australia's heaviest twins at birth. Weighing 22lbs., they were born at Crown Street Hospital, Sydney, in May, 1936, being 11lbs. each.

At three years they are healthy and happy children of normal weight.



READY FOR THE BATH, Wilma and Joan now weigh 35lbs. and 40lbs. respectively. Wilma had pneumonia last year, which caused her to lose weight, otherwise the twins have been unusually healthy. Joan is never ill.



THE TWINS LOVE FLOWERS and scents, but they prefer playing with boys' toys, wheelbarrows or something that moves, to playing with dolls. They have many playmates, but like each other's company best of all.

**I Enjoy
EVERY
Meal!**

**NO More
INDIGESTION**



No need to envy others. De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you back your appetite . . . enable you to eat whatever you please and digest it perfectly. You don't have to wait ages for results. One dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder will be enough to show you how quickly this modern remedy overcomes indigestion and stomach troubles. It kills excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and actually aids your digestion.

"After suffering for nearly 3 years with indigestion and stomach trouble I could not eat or sleep; I starved and was always in agony," says Mrs. Barbara White, of P.O. Belgrave, S. Victoria. "I saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and bought a tin. Before it was half used I had relief, and am now as well as I was 40 years ago. I am just on 70 years of age and can get about like a 40-year-old."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the modern remedy for indigestion and all stomach troubles. Get a canister today. Then you can eat what you like and enjoy every meal.

**DE WITT'S ANTACID
POWDER**

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

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Beautiful FRENCH SPY who tricked German agents

Perilous masquerade with hat-
shop as headquarters

By HUGH SCOTT

The true story of a beautiful French spy who was known as Alouette, the lark, is far more exciting than most spy stories of to-day.

"Alouette" served France perilously in the last war. She was then Marthe Richard, and to-day, as Mrs. Thomas Crompton, wife of an Englishman, lives quietly in a small French town.

IN 1914, Marthe Richard wanted wings. To commemorate the hero's death of her soldier-husband, she wanted to fly with the French Air Corps. But French army authorities shook their heads.

"Then the Secret Service?" asked Marthe.

A few weeks later fashionables of Barcelona were delighted with a

smart millinery shop opened in the most exclusive business quarter.

Women flocked there, never giving a thought to the ease with which coded information might be transmitted to the French Second Bureau by the strikingly lovely French milliner in her orders for Parisian hats.

The hat-shop had been Marthe's own idea; she had still to carry out instructions which were to meet and gain the confidence of the German

Tardy honor

IT was not until 1935 that France awoke to the debt owed to Marthe Richard, otherwise Alouette, the lark. Then she came from a small French town to Paris and received the Legion of Honor from the Government.

And so long after the lark's song was silenced its melody of courage and loyalty lingered on.

General von Krohn, who, posing as a naval attaché to Spain, was directing all espionage work in Catalonia.

In this she more than fulfilled her mission. With a bit of adroit management she became a co-guest with the redoubtable von Krohn at a party and made herself so charming that he fell in love.

Confiding to the fascinated officer that she was a French spy, she whispered her disgust with the policies of the Allies and implied her willingness to sell her services to whatever country offered the highest price.

Shortly after Marthe's hat-shop was enlarged by an office to which all day and half the night came men and women to see von Krohn. Marthe attended the meetings and thus began her greatest service to the Allies.

She was the first secret agent to warn France and England that Germany intended to resume submarine warfare in February, 1917.

She obtained the first samples of the invisible ink which German agents used. And she was responsible for the capture of many German spies.

"Dangerous Game"

THEN, suddenly, Marthe discovered that she was being watched. As she was about to mail a Paris-bound letter one evening, a stranger bumped against her as if by accident and knocked the letter from her hand.

He restored it with apologies, but she knew he had read the address. He remarked, "Madame is playing a dangerous game!"

Marthe was frightened. Had von Krohn, aroused to suspicion, set agents upon her trail?

Shaking with fear, but still determined to carry on, Marthe hurried toward home. A man stepped out of a doorway, thrust a note into her hand. The note directed her to go to a certain rendezvous on the river front next evening.

There were three men in the small sloop which awaited her. Suddenly when the man at the tiller put his helm over to come about something happened.

It might have been by accident that Marthe soon found herself swallowing water, then swimming towards the nearby bank.

It was not by accident, however, that three shots from the shore pumped little geysers of water just before her head.



LAUGHING SPY. Johanna Hoffman, hairdresser from the liner Europa, who was the centre of the sensational Nazi spy trial in America. She was sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

Diving straight down she moved under water and escaped.

There were open to Marthe two courses: She could slip over to France and safety or return to von Krohn without a word and take the chance of future danger. Once again she determined to carry on.

The German seemed glad to see her. Apparently he suspected nothing. And although Marthe now felt herself constantly surrounded by spies she continued her work of gathering information for the Allies.

But life with von Krohn became unbearable at last. Marthe made up her mind to take all his papers and escape to France.

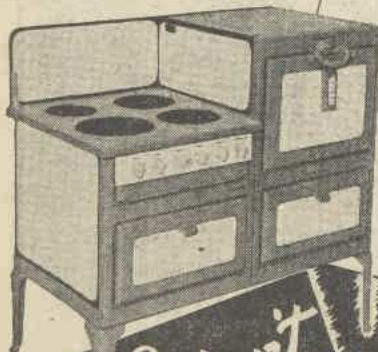
There she has lived in quiet and peace ever since.

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY A WOMAN WHO KNOWS — TO WOMEN WHO MAY STILL BE WONDERING

"there is
no fear of burning
now I cook the electric
way"

says Mrs. D. Newman
OF LAKEMBA

• Mrs. Newman is one of the thousands of women who have discovered the wonderful advantages which ELECTRIC heat (with its accurate, positive control) has over every other form of heat. There is no guesswork in electric cooking. You know, in advance, that dishes will be perfectly cooked... cooked in less time, at lower cost and with less trouble than is possible with any other type of range. Take Mrs. Newman's advice... COOK ELECTRICALLY!



General Manager,
The Sydney County Council,
Queen Victoria Building,
SYDNEY.

38 Denham Avenue,
LAKEMBA.

Dear Sir:

I am so pleased with my electric range I feel that I must write and tell you. I am quite proud of the scones and cakes I make. I cooked three Xmas cakes for my friends and one for myself and all turned out beautifully.

There is no fear of burning now I cook the electric way. I am sure no one would be without an electric range if they knew what a blessing it is. Some of my friends are going to buy one now they know how economical they are to use, how beautifully they cook without causing fumes and without blackening sauce-pans.

Yours faithfully,

D. Newman.
(Sgd.) D. Newman.

No Deposit
5 Years terms



Eventually
YOU WILL

COOK ELECTRICALLY

WHY NOT NOW?

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SECRET OF AN EASTERN GARDEN

HERE is a perfume, new to Australia, well-known in England with a compelling, intimate fragrance which is almost everlasting. The source of Rosh-in-Ara's permanence and daring individuality is an Eastern secret known only to the world-famous London perfumiers, Florogen Ltd. Rosh-in-Ara will give you charm, deeper feminine appeal! Women who seek the rare, the beautiful, consider Rosh-in-Ara incomparable.

At all chemists and stores—1/6, 2/9,
3/9 & 5/-. Try a small bottle to-day.

Agents for Australia:
Metropolitan Drug Co., Sydney, N.S.W.



ROSH-IN-ARA
BY FLOROGEN LONDON

Sydney is seeing MODERN ART

• These pictures are reproduced from the original works of famous modern painters and sculptors which are being shown at the Daily Telegraph's Modern Art Exhibition in the Gallery at David Jones' George Street Store.



VINCENT VAN GOGH. Pictured above is van Gogh's "Portrait of Alexander Neil" which is being shown at the Daily Telegraph's Modern Art Exhibition. His painting is vital, versatile, and passionately sincere.



KEES VAN DONGEN, an African-born Dutchman, has become extraordinarily popular as a society portrait painter in Paris. His "Head of a Girl" (above) is one of three van Dongens which have been brought to Sydney for the Exhibition.



PICASSO, leader of the surrealist school of painters, and claimed by many to be the greatest living painter, is probably the most "difficult" of the difficult moderns. Above is his "Petite Cuisine," now in Sydney.



JACOB EPSTEIN is the most discussed of modern sculptors. His "The Sick Child" (above) is one of the two Epstein portraits in bronze which are being shown at the Daily Telegraph's Modern Art Exhibition.



MARIE LAURENCIN painted this picture, "France," which is being shown at the Daily Telegraph's Exhibition. Marie Laurencin was born in Paris in 1885. Her work is usually in soft pastel shades and has a gentle, melancholy tone.

Firm Flesh Turns to Fat

WHEN FOOD TRACT IS CONSTIPATED

A cause of unhealthy fat is often due to a congested food tract. Accumulating the fermenting wastes into your system will create the fat of ill-health. These digestive poisons account for the sick headaches, bilious attacks, flatulence, skin blotches and bad breath, to which overweight women and men are subject.

For constipation you should take Pinkettes. These little laxative pills are absolutely harmless. They effectively disperse the waste matter, keep the food tract clean and brisk, and painlessly exercise and strengthen the lazy bowels. Keep free from constipation and liveriness by taking Pinkettes, and you will keep free from the unpleasant, distressing symptoms and ungainly fat. Get Pinkettes to-day, 1/2 bottle at chemists and stores.

Betty's "racey" narratives

I had great success with Doubles Tote at Williamstown

By BETTY GEE

Williamstown Racing Club took my advice and ventured into the Doubles Tote field for its Cup meeting on Saturday, and it was such a success executives wondered why they hadn't done it years ago. So did I, because I won on it.

THE Victorian Government has amended its Tote laws to make all metropolitan clubs install Doubles Totes, and my tip is that the turnover will be

increased by 50 per cent. at the very least.

This will give the Government a bigger revenue from Tote taxation and increase the clubs' percentages

so that they will be able to give bigger prize-money. It will also increase attendances, thus benefiting racing in a double sense.

To bet on the Doubles Tote you must be on the racecourse.

You can't give your S.P. agent 10/- and say you want it on the Doubles Tote on Respiator and High Caste.

He can't afford to pay the divvy if it happens to be a big one. And these often run into hundreds of pounds. I told you a few months ago about the £658 paid by the Doubles Tote in Queensland.

So you have to go to the course to make your investment safe and that means more people supporting racing, and that's good for all concerned.

There is a wonderful thrill in picking a double at any time. The thought of long odds for little money is the lure.

There is no doubt the Doubles Tote will be popular with women.

I mentioned that the sole collector of Queensland's £658 double "divvy" was a lady. Isn't it strange that almost invariably they claim the big dividends whether they are on straight-out horses or doubles?

Four wise women

A HORSE paid £33 in Victoria recently for 5/-, and four of the five investors were women. The three biggest Doubles Tote dividends at Ascot, N.S.W., have been collected by women!

Why is it?

The men-folk, of course, declare it is a fluke.

But flukes can't be recurring miracles all the time.

I heard a Tote official connected with a machine which operates in four States, and who consequently has a wide experience, say that 90 per cent. of the winners of big "divvies" are women.

Of course we are supposed to have no knowledge of form and figures, except our own.

But I think the bookies are lucky that women don't bet big. They have a sixth sense where racing is concerned, and if there were women who bet as big as say Mr. Eric Connolly and Mr. Theo Marks they'd have the bags off the book-makers' backs before you could say "knife."

Reverting to the Doubles Tote, one thing I feel sure about is that Victoria will show the world that it is popular, and ought to be introduced on all N.S.W. courses.

At present its use is confined to Ascot.

This is how the woman punter looks at the Doubles Tote. In most cases she is not a heavy bettor; she just likes to have her little fling of 5/- on this horse and 5/- on that horse, but she more or less picks her fancies rather than follows form and as a result has some quite good little wins.

Three tickets were taken on Sun-lit and Edie's Choice, who paid £52/4/- for 5/- in the Ascot Doubles Tote last week. Two were women. One shrewdly said when asked why:

"Hadden't jockey E. McMenamin ridden four successive winners at Gosford the day before; so on reading in the Daily Telegraph Turf Supplement he was to ride these next day in the first two Ascot races, why wouldn't I follow him?"

The Doubles Tote gives women punters the chance to pick two horses at the meeting and win a nice fat dividend instead of two



The old Place Tote has lost its glamor now Betty can get big divvies on the Doubles Tote.

small dividends on the two winners which she Totes separately.

Of course she has to pick winners, not placings, for the Doubles Tote.

The Sydney races are at Rosehill next Saturday, and I've a strong tip for Padale for the Hurdle, right from Mrs. Cyril Moss, and her husband, owns it.

Freeman comes from one of the shop girls who knows a stable-lad, and thinks it will win the Two-Year-Old Stakes. I believe it as fast as a British bomber.

Beau Exell is the Syndicate tip for the Clyde Handicap, and I have been told to follow up Pen Name in the November Handicap.

Every time I've switched on the radio this week some songster has asked me to I ken John Peel, so I suppose that's the tip for the Maiden Highweight.

The big race at Caulfield on Saturday is the Eclipse Stakes, worth £2500. It used to be called the Consolation Stakes, but £2500 is more than a consolation, isn't it?

I had the whisper just before leaving Melbourne that Mr. Leftwich, the owner, was saving Bux along for it. Anyhow, he's the one I'm going to back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, November 22.—Special Session—"Roaming the Wide-Range."

THURSDAY, November 23.—June Marsden—Astrology for Children. Special Advice about Suitable Careers.

FRIDAY, November 24.—June Marsden—General Astrology.

SATURDAY, November 25.—Music in the News.

SUNDAY, November 26.—June Marsden—Gardening by the Stars. Astrology for Business Folk—"Commercialise your special brand of personality." (Fourth talk).

MONDAY, November 27.—The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital.

TUESDAY, November 28.—June Marsden—Astrology for Women.



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Peter Pan

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SWIM SUITS

All eyes will be on you when you appear in one of these wonderful, new swim suits. Fashioned in a revolutionary new elastic material, the "Everyone" moulds your figure, makes you look your best. The "Everyone" Swim Suit is different from ordinary bathing suits because water does not make it stretch or gape under the arms and across the top, and the legs don't ride up when it's dry. In a wide range of exceptionally attractive colours. Insist on a figure-fitting "Peter Pan."

"Everyone A" (Skirtless) 14/11

"Everyone B" (Skirtless) 21/-

"Everyone"—Oversize 29/11

Made by: R. & W. H. SYMINGTON & CO. (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Roslyn Street, West Melbourne

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Try for £1 Prize

For the best letter published each week we award £1 and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.



Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

CALM THINKING

IN the many fine speeches we have read lately, stress has been laid on the necessity for calmness and clear-thinking. Now, the easiest way to secure that serenity of mind is to make time for simple things, such as planting seeds in the garden, or brightening up our homes as much as possible.

Instead of sitting despondently indoors worrying about the future, we should concentrate on our gardens and the glory and beauty of nature. Here's some good advice:—

Stay outside a little longer in the mornings.

Make time to linger in the garden, and the day will not seem so long, or the future so difficult.

¶ For this letter to M. Gratton, Graham Place, Prospect, S.A.

NEED A HAIR-CUT

HAS the rise in the price of a hair-cut made our erstwhile well-groomed young men look shaggy and unkempt?

To me it is very untidy to see men with hair growing like a "long-bob" on the back of their necks.

A close-cut neck trim is smart, clean and "finished" looking, and I'm sure if women made it known to the "long-haired" clan that we dislike their style of fashion there would be fewer followers of this cut.

Mrs. E. W. Scott, 16 Butler Grove, East Coburg N13, Vic.

NOT EARLY BIRDS

ARE our young girls growing up without any self-reliance?

They dash into work at the last possible moment, gasping for breath, and say: "I went back to sleep after mother called me," or "Dad was late with the early morning tea, and I slept till 8.30."

They regard with amazement anyone who can wake at the same time every day and does not depend on others to get them ready at the proper time.

How are these girls going to fare in married life if their husbands are educated on the same principle by THEIR parents?

Miss Barbara Perrot, 8 Nicholl Ave., Earlwood, N.S.W.

EXAGGERATE LESS

MOST of us have among our acquaintances people who exaggerate and on whose statements no reliance can be placed.

They will say "dozens" for "several," and "loads" for "a good supply." Then there's the bright young thing who will tell you she "feels like Death warmed up," or that she "looks like something the cat brought in."

These people also are alarmists in cases of sickness or accident.

Is it not a dangerous habit to overstate numbers, quantities, and so on?

Let us stick to the truth.
Mrs. J. Uren, 32 Hotham St., North Williamstown, Vic.

IMITATIVE MEN

ISN'T it odd the way men imitate each other so frequently?

If one man in a full railway carriage pulls out his watch, within a few minutes every other one will have done the same.

Similarly, on a long journey, as soon as one man begins to open his package of lunch the others will do the same as if they had been longing to start but didn't like to be the first.

I am sure you wouldn't see a compartment of women starting to make up because one of them did so.

Mrs. Nuttall, 79 Shakespeare St., Mt. Hawthorn, W.A.

Do country girls win the cooking honors?

AFTER having sampled the cooking of city and country women Mrs. Kilcullen (4/11/39), I have found that although the majority of country women are excellent cooks they seldom serve their dishes attractively.

Their cooking lacks the "appeal" of the city woman who realises that decoration plays an essential part in palatable cooking.

Frank Knight, Cullengorah, Gulgong, N.S.W.

Fewer chances

IT is only natural that country girls should be better cooks than city girls.

The majority of country girls either live at home or are employed in domestic service, while city girls work in shops, factories, and offices. Consequently, the latter have little chance of learning to cook or to do housework.

Mrs. E. Murphy, Haughton, S.A.

Tempting shops

ALTHOUGH a city girl myself, I think there are very few of us who can ever hope to compete with the average country lass so far as cooking is concerned.

The shops are too tempting, and, after all, our days are so filled if we are business girls that the kitchen is a place we rarely find time to visit.

Miss E. Ferguson, Beach Ave., Elwood S3, Vic.

Plain but good

HOW often do we see a city girl serve a delicious afternoon tea she has made herself?

The country girl, probably with far fewer cooking utensils and a fuel stove, makes the most tempting cakes and scones for her guests.

She may not decorate her food as fancifully as the city girl, but it is always well-cooked. After all, isn't decoration frequently used to hide a flavorless, poorly-cooked meal?

Mrs. P. Trevor, River Rd., Brisbane.

Use cookery books

EVEN if city girls do not spend much time at home after travelling to and from business, and then on to parties or sport, they manage to learn the rudiments of cookery.

Nowadays, so many girls attend domestic schools during their school days that they have a good start, and before settling down in their



Easier task in city kitchen—

own homes can sharpen up their knowledge with the aid of cookery books.

Mrs. M. Kaye, 16th St., Mildura, Vic.

More expert

CITY girls who can cook can make country girls look like amateurs.

When living in rural areas I employed domestic help, so I write from experience. The country girl not only lacks the opportunities to learn, but she hasn't the leisure.

There are more jobs to be done in a country house, and usually there are fewer modern labor-saving devices.

Even in the preparation of meals the country girl has twice the work of the town housekeeper.

The city girl lives close to domestic science schools, and cooking is taught in most city schools and colleges.

Mrs. H. Goode, Clyde St., Parkside, S.A.

School homework and its effect on pupils

WHY should we grumble about giving some of our leisure hours to study? Being of that opinion, I disagree with Mrs. Sank (4/11/39), who says that homework should be abolished.

If a child has "heavy homework" it is his own fault.

I am a High School student, and have found that if I give my full attention during the lessons my homework is lessened by half, because it then becomes mostly revision work.

Miss C. Nowland, Bingham St., Cannon Hill E1, Brisbane.

Too long hours

HOMEWORK can never be abolished unless examinations also are stopped or made much easier.

I suffer from the homework bug-bear, even the week-ends bringing a large amount of work to be done.

If there is more than usual, we are told that the reason is because

Good-bye to all that baby talk

WHY, oh why, do mothers chatter "baby talk" to their children?

When a child can speak clearly enough to be understood, it is absurd to allow it to keep on referring to a horse as a "gee-gee" or a dog as a "bow-wow."

By means of illustrated books and magazines, mothers can quite easily teach their children the correct words.

It is ridiculous to hear adults talking "baby talk," and yet how often do we hear the ugly "fa-la" instead of "good-bye."

Mrs. D. J. Clarke, Robe, S.A.

there are "three nights in which to complete it."

By the time I finish my school days, and include my time spent at the University, I will have been studying for fifteen years at least, thirteen of which will have necessitated nightly homework.

Joan Hogg, Barn Hill Rd., Terrigal, N.S.W.

Need fresh air

HOMEWORK has been a burden to children of many generations.

It may be necessary for them to commit to memory at home such subjects as spelling and recitation, but the hours of written work could easily be eliminated.

Children at school often work longer hours than adults, and they do not get enough time for sunshine.

Mrs. J. Wilson, 307 Angus St., Adelaide.

Does them good

I HAVE five children attending three different schools, and only the two eldest have homework, and then little more than a page of it. School kiddies to-day have a very easy time.

An hour's homework each night will do them less harm than racing round the streets on a scooter.

Also I find that children who have no homework rarely go to bed earlier than those who have to study.

Mrs. M. Richards, 72 Ross St., Richmond, Vic.

Over-rate exams.

AS an ex-teacher I realise the terrific battle teachers have to accomplish their yearly programme efficiently, but why on earth do we lose our sense of proportion and over-rate the importance of exams?

Character and health mean so much more, and not one-tenth of the information so painfully acquired at school will ever be used in later life.

Mrs. D. Green, Errol St., Cleveland, Qld.

Is racial color bar to mutual respect?

VERY few people actually treat the eastern races with contempt Miss West (4/11/39).

But don't you think it is wiser to keep the colors apart?

If we all mixed like friends, there inevitably would be mixed marriages and half-caste children.

The latter are indeed to be pitied, as at present they are outcasts from all society.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Fine qualities

WHILE history has proved that inter-marriage between white and colored races is not satisfactory, we who belong to the white races should hesitate before condemning all others as "savages."

Think of the ancient culture of the Chinese, the patience and industry of the Indians, and the many admirable qualities of other eastern races. We have not so many good qualities ourselves that we can afford to be superior.

Miss B. Brand, Cochrane St., Brighton, Vic.

Certain to fail

PERHAPS some of those white people who call differently colored races "savages" would be surprised if they knew of the disdain with which they would be regarded by the self-same "savages."

However, practically all creeds and classes of any race are agreed that inter-marriage is a mistake, and in nine cases out of ten is doomed to failure.

Occasionally a great love can survive the difficulty of difference in racial color, but such an occurrence is rare.

Lorna Steed, P.O., Sandy Bay, Hobart.

IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT OUT OF LOVE AFTER THE FIRST DANCE



"You need a long-lasting deodorant that is still effective at the end of the evening!"
DOROTHY DIX
(Greatest adviser in millions of women)

ARE you still dainty after a warm day, or an evening of dancing? You may not be unless your underarm is completely dry! Why *bope* you'll stay sweet and appealing when it is so easy to be sure!

Liquid Odorono will give you this freedom from perspiration moisture and odour. A doctor's prescription, it has been proved safe for the control of underarm perspiration by thousands and thousands of women throughout the world.

1/- 2/- 3/6

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CONFESSIONS OF A SKILFUL ARTIST!



NO PAINT COULD DO THIS! These lovely lips never look painted! The radiance of the mouth and their loveliness are enhanced with Michel lipstick! A few quick touches and lips take on a fresh appealing color. Michel has a special cream base that keeps lips soft and velvety—a fragrance that is subtle and inviting. One application lasts all day!

Make your lips a work of art. Choose from Michel's six enchanting shades the one that is individually yours: Blonde, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Raspberry, Scarlet.

Michel's

THE FASHIONABLE LIPSTICK

Price 2/- each

ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

WOMEN WIN ALL AWARDS IN DRAMA CONTEST

The best play also had woman producer

Women took the honors in the finals of the 2GB play presentation series at the Conservatorium last week.

The three winning plays were written by women and the winning play group has a woman producer—Miss May Hollinworth.

THE play series was a great success, having as its aim greater publicity for the Little Theatre and Repertory movement in Sydney.

It was to encourage these groups and aspiring playwrights that 2GB, in conjunction with the sponsors, launched its "Play Goes On" contest.

On Monday night for many weeks two groups faced the microphone to decide who should contest the finals. So great was the interest shown by competitors and public alike that it was decided to divide the contest into two sections and to double the prizemoney.

The first section actually became an amateur dramatic festival, with eight groups competing for the first three places.

The judges were representative of the three great fields of modern entertainment—the theatre, the cinema, and the radio.

Lady Gordon, President of the British Drama League, represented the theatre; Mr. Ken G. Hall represented the cinema, and Mr. G. H. Anderson, assistant manager of 2GB, represented the radio.

As this was essentially a radio competition, the judges did not see the players, but listened from an adjoining room, hearing the performances exactly as they would come over the air.

The first prize of £30 went to the Sydney University Dramatic Society (S.U.D.S.), the oldest-established producing company in Sydney. May Hollinworth, the producer, has a



MEMBERS of the winning group in 2GB's "The Play Goes On" contest. From left: Hazel Jackson, Betty Winn, John Bushelle, Kenneth Powley, Judith Halse Rogers, of the Sydney University Dramatic Society.

That the public could be more widely interested was proved by the response of radio listeners who up till the night of the finals had been the judges. The grand total of votes received reached 37,934.

Little Theatre groups in Sydney number 100—there are half a dozen in country districts.

They train young actors and craftsmen; they produce plays which otherwise we would not see; and they provide an experimental workshop for local playwrights. Many of the young artists now

winning recognition on the professional stage received their first training in such groups as the Independent Theatre, founded by Miss Doris Pittman, The Players' Club, and Bryant's Playhouse.

On Monday, November 27, the second half of the competition commences and it is hoped that the public will once more assume the role of judges and by their voting give encouragement to these enthusiasts of the theatre.



MISS AINSLIE BAKER, whose play, "Yellow Roses," won first prize in 2GB's play contest.

well-deserved reputation for achieving unusual and highly-imaginative settings and all-round polish in her work.

In the fifty years of its existence S.U.D.S. has produced many hundreds of plays, and next year proposes the production of seven plays, including the famous Greek comedy, Aristophanes' "The Frogs."

For the competition they won they presented "Yellow Roses," the work of a Sydney girl, Ainslie Baker, who received a prize of £13.

Second prize-winner was the Dajonians, which is possibly the most active of all Sydney business house groups. The group was formed six years ago and has regularly produced four plays a year. Their prize-winning production was "Shadows Mean Death," written by Peggy Macintyre.

Third on the list came the Castle Hill Players, indicative of the spread of the Little Theatre Movement to the suburbs.

Again the prize-winning play was written by a woman. It was "Mother Moves," written by Gwen Meredith.

Work praised

IN presenting the prizes on behalf of the sponsors, Mr. Harold Tindale said: "Acting is one of the most universal and most satisfying forms of self-expression, and it is only natural that it should prosper in a virile and well-educated community."

He went on to pay a tribute to the work done for our national culture by the Little Theatre Movement in stimulating interest in the stage—a work that has been all too frequently unrecognised.

Although one did not hear much about these Little Theatres and their activities, investigation proved that the movement was amazingly widespread.

Lack of ambitious publicity campaigns accounted for the failure of the general public to realise the extent and the growth of the movement.

The Modern Mother



takes Beecham's Pills



Of course she takes a laxative. She takes Beecham's Pills. They are her Golden Rule of Health. Her Mother takes them, and her Grandmother. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, gentle, yet always effective. Take them yourself to avoid sick headaches, biliousness and digestive upsets. Beecham's Pills will give you a naturally lovely complexion and keep you in perfect health.

Worth a Guinea a Box



A Golden Investment

THERE are few pleasures in this world to compare with the ownership of a fine piano by Nicholson's... its graceful, gleaming presence in one's home, its lovely voice, its never-failing sympathy and companionship place it high in the regard of cultivated people, and in every walk of life is accepted as an indication and warrant of good taste.

In this artistic and business world there is no name more respected than Nicholson's... its association with pianos is not only the hallmark of value but it typifies a fine sense of responsibility to the public in their marketing.

Uprights for the apartment or carefully planned home... Grands created for moderns, demanding but a small corner of an apartment or living room.

With all these obvious advantages Nicholson's pianos are, inexpensive... a Deferred Payment System is available to make the purchase of one of these pianos possible NOW... weekly payments that would suit even the pocket of very modest income.

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"The Musical Firm"
416 GEORGE STREET
SYDNEY
(Between King and Market Sts.)

FARMER'S

P.O. Box 497 AA, Sydney.



Stitched underbust in tulle net and satin, 32 to 36.



Elastic inside support, tulle net and satin, in sizes 30 to 36.



Spiral-stitched 144-rose satin, 32 to 36.

"Moderne Miss"

The perfect new uplift

For a youthful Hollywood Figure

These All-Purpose Shoes completely express the happy feeling you have of untrammelled summer.



"Travelle" . . . to pack in beach or week-end bag, plum or brown suede and calf, also white/tan, priced at 13/9



"Dolles" . . . the simple T-bar for town or beach in white buck or plum calf, half sizes 2 to 7, and priced at 12/9



"Teson" . . . the blithe Oxford of grey suede, laced and trimmed with plum coloured calf, half sizes, 2 to 7. 15/9

Third Floor—Stocks for Mail Orders.

The youthful, alluring uplift which shows to such advantage the glamorous gowns of the stars, brought you by "Moderne Miss," new American-design brassieres which look like mere wisps of net and satin, yet contrive by discreet tucking and whorl-stitching to make your bustline firm, clearly-defined, lovely . . .

"Moderne Miss" are so simple to wash, too. Each at 5/11

Suspenders Belts and Brassieres, Ground Floor.

Two-way stretch Lastex conselette at

6/11

We are proud still to be able to supply a good quality conselette at this keen price. Uplift style with lace top. 32-36.

Fourth Floor.



SELLING

of American and continental envelope bags

Envelope bags that you'll tuck blithely under your arm this Summer. From America and continent; white, black, brown, red, navy; washable crocodile grain. At 7/11

Ground Floor

7/6 Boy's Golf Shirt in woven poplin at 4/9.

Smartly cut with attached collar. Strong selected material. 12 to 14½, 9 to 16 yrs.

Fourth Floor



Last shipment just opened: set of bowls, 11/6

Beautiful opaque glassware in jade green. Set of four mix bowls. Lower Ground.

Country Carriage extra.

Richelieu Pearl Necklace

Direct from America—rich, lustrous pearls, with silver green silver clasp. At 17/6

Ground Floor



Gay Cotton Frock

Our fresh "morning tea" number goes at a November reduction

Usually 19/11, this crisp little frock calls up a vision of you, fresh and cool, sipping "elevenses" in it on a vine-shaded verandah. Ric-rac trimmed, front buttoned, blue, green, wine, navy. 14/11

From the gay Cotton Frock Shop. Second Floor.



51/- Cyclops tipping truck, 39/6 Streamlined red and blue all-steel.

Sensational offer of 12 only 1938/1939 models for children 3 to 7 years. Complete with hand brake, cheery horn, imitation head lights and rubber tyres. Ball bearing, nickel plate bumper bars. 39/6

Fourth Floor. Country Carriage extra.

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HOLIDAYS

Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

"H

HE had the Dickens of a job to get them back, and finally, when a policeman was trying to find out what was in the parcel, he managed to knock them out of his hand and so was arrested for obstructing the police.

"Ever since then he's been silent, and we've been trying to check up on his story. You see," he went on, "in that parcel . . . and he rolled his eyes at her a little, still rather jocular, "there might have been the gun with which the deed was done! And then what?"

The girl was silent for a moment. Nervously, she said:

"You mean they arrested Mr. Customer?"

"Oh, no, no, I am a police officer. He came to the station to be questioned. But he's at liberty. In fact, you've done him a good turn by calling here to-day. If we had once set eyes on you we wouldn't have worried half so much. You actually have come . . . for your letters."

She nodded, breathlessly. "Yes . . . my letters . . . that's all."

The other laughed. "You'd better wait and see him, but you can set your mind at rest. He chucked them into the Thames. In fact, now that you have turned up, I think I'll wander back to the station and tell them it's all over."

Arthur Customer opened the door of his room.

Mrs. Parsons told him who was there. The young lady had called and had gone away again. The second time she had waited rather than stand in the street.

He walked into the room with a fixed expression.

"Eddie! What ever made you come?"

"If anyone's seen you the game's up!"

Her dark eyes rested on his in sombre questioning.

"Somebody has seen me, Arthur. A plainclothes policeman, he seemed to be. He knew enough, anyway."

Arthur took her two hands, squeezed them, then in hopelessness released them and stood back.

Wrapped in Mystery

Continued from Page 6

"Oh, well, then . . . it's all over!"

"I didn't tell him anything. He just asked if I'd come to get my letters . . . and I said 'Yes' . . . so he said you threw them in the river."

"But did you tell him they were letters from you to another man?" Ashamedly she shook her head.

Arthur leaned back against his table with arms folded.

His head was tilted back, as if to ease his neck because his shoulders ached with some intolerable burden. At last he murmured: "Did you say why I wouldn't tell them?"

"No. I didn't know what you had said."

"Did he seem satisfied?"

"Yes, quite."

"My Heavens."

"What is it, Arthur? Didn't you get the letters?"

"Oh, yes, I got the letters."

THEN he began to pace about the room. A man who felt the injustice of his own case so acutely that he could not talk of it without emotion, he made use of his hands continually to emphasise his point.

He said: "I am an ordinary sort of chap who's never done anything particularly bad, thank goodness. For, if I had, they would have found it out by now. And for some reason I shall never understand I've been in love with you for seven years. I'm not surprised you didn't fall for me. Why should you? I was too ordinary. But I was useful, I suppose, when you wanted something done. I was someone to lean on. You could confide in me. I could take messages to other men. If nobody else would take you to a dance, I was allowed to."

"What gets me is that even when you married you didn't marry for love. You might just as well have married me, only I hadn't money enough. You chose a fellow who was

middle-aged and comfortable and easy-going. Who could give you everything you wanted, and make a fuss of you, but I might have known that, after a time, that wouldn't be enough. He has been good to you, and you've been happy up to a point, but I suppose your heart kept crying out for something else, like mine does now."

"You were one of those women with a soul that people like this chap found easy. They just play on your feelings, and your vanity, and make love . . . and for a little while I guess it seems most exciting."

He looked at her doggedly, accusingly, a quiet man who had turned at last and was aflame with his own arguments.

"Your husband bought you nice clothes! But you wanted fresh excitement . . . And when you found at last . . . as anybody could have told you that you would find, what that meant, you were shaken, weren't you . . . panic-stricken?"

"You'd heard about blackmail, but you never thought it could possibly be used against you. It was. You wrote to this man letters that could have got your husband a divorce, even though they didn't really mean all they seemed to say. So he held on to them."

"You were to buy them back by wheedling money out of your husband on some other pretext, and for a little while, apparently, you kept him quiet until you realised you could go no further. If he found out then, he would have turned you out!"

"So what! You suddenly remembered me! Me! After all these years! The humdrum, uninspiring pie-corn, who would wait at street corners, be forgotten, take messages to other men . . . give way to every mood, get nothing, and give all. And so you got in touch with me again. I had to meet you in secret, and hear the whole sad story. What do you suppose I felt?"

He wiped his hand across his cheek. He sadly shook his head.

"Because I didn't want your name made dirty in court, I said I would go and see this fellow. Do you suppose I liked that? I hate rows with people."

IKNEW the way he'd talk about you. Still I went. And you can set your mind at rest. I got the letters."

Eddie spoke at last, and in a shattered voice.

"I can never thank you enough. You've been an angel. I'll do anything you ask me. Anything."

He waved the thought away. "Oh, is that all you ever think of? I've been chased from pillar to post because of you. I wouldn't give anything away, or say a word that might lead to their finding out who you were. Now I suppose you've given them your name."

"He never asked me."

"They hunted me from the river here, then to my office, and back here again . . . just to find out what I was up to. I didn't dare communicate with you. They wanted me to lead them to you, then they would have questioned you."

Eddie was looking pleading and contrite. She whispered:

"You have done nothing wrong. He was threatening me. You only went to get the letters. You can tell them, if you like."

"Tell them?" He stared at her. "Supposing anyone saw me go to the house and leave it? That would have been bad enough. But to tell them I went there . . . you must be mad!" He suddenly gave her a keener look. "You don't mean you haven't heard? You've seen it in the papers, surely? You know what's happened?"

She was wide-eyed, breathless. "No. What has happened?"

"Don't you even realise he's dead?"

Her voice was hushed: "You didn't kill him!"

"I? No. But he was found dead . . . murdered . . . and they are looking for anyone who could have done it. I don't know who did it. He was dead when I got there. That was the extraordinary part. I got to the front door, and it was open. I walked in. No one stopped me. I looked into a room and there he was on the floor."

HE must have been blackmailing someone else as well. That someone had turned up just before me. There'd been a struggle, and he had been hit on the head with a brass candlestick. Then there had been a search. Drawers had been burst open and upset. Files were emptied. Letters were all over the place. Apparently he had found his own at last and had gone."

"What was I to do? If I got away quick, yours would have been found and the police would have come to question you. Your husband would have found out all about it, then. I had to find yours and take them. I did find them in the end . . . and in what sort of state do you suppose? Bloodstained!"

"I tried to leave no trace. I made them up into a parcel and had to think how to get rid of them. I didn't know where to burn them without raising suspicion, so . . . I weighted them . . . and threw them over the bridge into the Thames. Can you imagine what I felt like when they lodged where they did . . . and when a policeman wanted to haul them up and read them? Will you just try to realise that I knew they would associate both you and me with him, that he was lying on his floor there dead . . . and that I'd been there?"

She was pale, tearful, pitiful. His eyes began to soften.

"There, dry your eyes. Then get home to your husband. It's going to be all right. We wriggled out of it."

He held the door. He said:

"I've never done a wrong thing in my life. Well, not a thing I could be punished for, by law. Now that they've seen you, maybe they'll believe me. But if they had seen inside that packet . . ."

He made a peculiar motion, to ease his collar.

"Come on," he sighed, "I'll walk along the road with you. And if we meet a policeman he shall hear me singing to myself at last."

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The Movie World

November 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

A SPORTS GIRL in ERMINE

FILM FAME WITH NO HEADACHES
FOR LUCKY PAULETTE GODDARD

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a very devoted admirer. While Paulette was working on "The Women," her most recent film, at 5.30 sharp every evening Charlie waited outside the studio to drive her home.

DAILY from one to two, at Hollywood's fashionable Trocadero, you can see a short, white-haired, well-set-up man in his fifties joking across a secluded luncheon table with a tall, grey-eyed girl, wearing a luxurious ermine or mink wrap over her linen slacks.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are working out details for their new film, "The Dictators."

Sometimes they are joined by Charlie's brother, Syd, who is assisting on the production of the film. Movie executives and players wander up in twos and threes to discuss latest Hollywood doings.

Charlie took three years to make his last film, "Modern Times." He doesn't care how long his next will take. He is a wealthy man, who makes pictures for pleasure.

And Paulette is not worrying. Life is sweet, gay, luxurious for her. She, too, can afford to work as she pleases.

She lives in a mansion in Beverly

Hills, with Pickfair on one side, Fred Astaire's home on the other, David Selznick's just over the brow of the hill, and a glorious view of low mountains and the blue Pacific from all her windows.

At week-ends, Paulette sails the seas in Charlie's luxurious yacht, with her own mother and Charlie's two bright-eyed boys aboard.

Dripping with diamonds

SHE is a frequent visitor, in mink, ermine, or silver fox, and dripping with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds—the finest collection of jewellery in Hollywood, gifts from Charlie, are hers—to all the gayest night-spots. Sometimes she goes with Charlie, and sometimes with an eligible young visitor to the movie colony.

Is she Mrs. Charles Chaplin? Everybody believes so, but nobody has found proof yet. Paulette says yes, Charles says nothing—enigmatically—and continues to send her the daily tribute of red roses to her studio dressing-room.



*judge a woman
by the way she
washes her hair*

She, in this day, whose hair betrays a secret carelessness, not only forfeits admiration—but frequently courts unfavourable comment . . .!

If you notice a girl with dry, dull, hard-to-manage, or "dandruffy" hair you may depend she is not particular in avoiding the use of skin soap on her hair . . . for the "burning" chemical action of soap alkali spoils nice hair!

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★ A bottle lasts months.
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EVELYN KEYES
Paramount Player

* Paulette Goddard, now working in Charlie Chaplin's "The Dictators," has plenty of time for sport, too. She is shown here in shorts and sweater—her favorite attire—ready for a swift game of badminton. Paulette is a superb golfer and dancer, too.

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Proud Parents

Joan Crawford's confident in her present romance with Charles Martin is her mother, Mrs. le Sueur.



At the Hollywood Brown Derby Luncheon, held to celebrate the inauguration of the Screen Mothers' Association. The mothers of Tom Brown (left), Joan Crawford and Bob Cummings.



Mrs. Nell Barrie, Wendy Barrie's mother, and Mrs. Rita Pughe listen to Mrs. Cesar Romero, sen., telling a story about her famous boy, whom she regards as the world's best dancer.

Heart-breaker on the screen, Cesar Romero is, in private life, a devoted and loyal son.

SEVENTY HOLLYWOOD MOTHERS GATHER TO DISCUSS THEIR CHILDREN

It would surprise you to know how many proud parents of famous screen players are now living in Hollywood.

One fond mother recently had a bright idea—why not form a Screen Mothers' Association? She set to work to organise.

But even she was surprised when seventy smart middle-aged and elderly women turned up to the inaugural luncheon.

Hollywood's Brown Derby restaurant turned on an elaborate menu with plenty of salads for the matrons who must keep their slim lines.

Englishwomen, South Americans, Middle West farmers' wives, ex-vaudeville stars, New York society figures, Canadians—women whose husbands had kept hotels, or embassy appointments, been army officers or labored in the streets. They were all there.

Snobbery unknown

The gathering proved in a colorful way that film stars spring from all strata of society.

But the one vice of which Hollywood is innocent is social snobbery.

These mothers, united by their affection for their children, and their common interest in the screen, had themselves a grand time—and how they talked!

Mrs. Cesar Romero told how her

From CHRISTINE WEBB

son had just won a dance contest. The guests at the Trocadero the night before had begun an impromptu competition. Cesar was dancing with Joan Crawford—they make the most graceful couple on the floor, no matter who else may be stepping out—and the first award went to them by universal applause.

Mrs. Romero added how gorgeous Joan looked in an ink-blue evening gown and a turban to match. But her son is the best dancer in the world.

Worked with daughter

JOAN'S own mother, Mrs. Anna le Sueur, was sitting at a large table over the other side of the room. Her companions were the mothers of young character actor Tom Brown, of comedian Joan Davis, and of Bob Cummings. But Mrs. le Sueur was all ears for the anecdotes being told by Mrs. Davis about her grandchildren.

Most excited matron there was perhaps Mrs. Garson, of London, who had just broken into the films by accident.

She had gone to visit daughter Greer on the set of "Remember" while scenes for an afternoon garden party were being filmed. Mrs. Garson had sat down in the background under a tree, and read a magazine.

Looking up after a while, she discovered that the cameras had been moved, she was within the range. "Don't move if you're comfortable,"

called the director. "You make good atmosphere." So Mrs. Garson became an actress for five thrilled minutes.

She is keeping house for Greer and was able to get pointers on American shopping from such shrewd homekeepers as Mrs. Eddy, who looked after Nelson for years; from Mrs. Lane, whose three daughters live at home; and from Mrs. Howard, mother of that very eligible young bachelor, John.

Some are wealthy

THERE were, of course, lots of mothers who live alone and like it—thanks to the generosity of their families. The parents of Jean Arthur have been given a gorgeous home in the outer suburbs by their daughter. Anne Shirley's mother has her own establishment. But these people are on the same footing with the rest of the film colony as, say, Mrs. Cummings, who is a really wealthy woman. Or Eleanor Powell's mother, who gave her only child a magnificent motor car for her birthday last week.

From the domestic point of view, the most interesting pair tete-a-tete at the luncheon were Mrs. Frieda Locher and Mrs. Ann Langford.

Mrs. Langford's daughter, Frances, is married to Mrs. Locher's son, Jon Hall, of "Hurricane" fame. It isn't usual to find mothers-in-law at all eager to meet one another. But Mrs. Langford and Mrs. Locher are great friends. In fact, they and their children make a gay quartet at all kinds of functions.

Before the luncheon was over Mrs. Mabel Allen had told one of the best stories—of her son Joseph who is a "Golden Circle" player at



Paramount, and a young man recently very much in love.

The girl of his heart phoned him shortly after they had met and Mrs. Allen answered the phone. The girl hung up the receiver, and broke their appointment.

Joe couldn't understand why his adored was so upset until he met her in the street—and she coldly declared, "I don't go out with married men." Then he saw the light.

When his mother had answered

that phone call, she had said, "This is Mrs. Allen." Now she is very careful to say, "This is Joe's mother," every time she lifts the receiver. But somehow Joe isn't in love with that girl any more.

I wish I had space to tell you more of the stories I heard at that luncheon—but it was an enormous success all round. And the Screen Mothers' Association, off to a flying start, is determined to meet in this way at regular intervals to talk again about the children!

FAME DOES NOT PAY!

AFTER TWO YEARS
IN HOLLYWOOD I
DO NOT WANT
TO BE A STAR

By JOAN VALERIE,
20th Century-Fox actress

THE ambition of nearly every girl in Hollywood is to become a famous star, to see her name glittering in electric lights on a theatre marquee, and watch crowds pouring in to see her on the screen.

But I don't want to be a star. There are no sour grapes about my statement! I just don't want to be as famous as Joan Crawford, or Sonja Henie or Irene Dunne.

Being a star may seem one of the nicest jobs imaginable; and to many it is. To have a beautiful face and figure, and endless beauty experts hovering around; to possess beautiful clothes chosen by the world's most famous designers; to earn a colossal income; and to be the darling of innumerable fans... all this is Cinderella's dream come true. But not for me.



FOR to possess all this means a girl surrendering the things a human being most desires, and forgoing the things dearest to every woman's heart.

The woman star forgoes not love, but the privileges of privacy when that love comes along. She risks not high standards, but her personal reputation, which is unfairly clouded no matter how straight and decent she may be in reality.

For the malice which stardom seems to bring with it is cruel and unjust.

I have heard the most outrageous things said about stars, which I know perfectly well to be untrue. I have known a simple remark, uttered in complete innocence, to snowball into a lashing piece of scandal.

In the lexicon of stardom there is no such word as privacy. Not as the average person knows it. A star must be seen often in the right places with the right people and in the right clothes.

If she travels or takes a vacation she must remember that she is a public personage, and as such be always gracious, smiling, and ready to say the right thing at the right time. She must be ready to grant an interview even in the bedroom or the bath.



SHE must at all times be available to her public. If she is unmarried she should not be seen too often with the same young man, or immediately she is embarrassed by romance rumors. No one will ever know the number of happy Hollywood romances that have been destroyed by rumor.

Even those fabulous salaries for which the stars are envied are not all they are cracked up to be. Stardom entails a thousand expenses that a less important player escapes. Secretaries, servants, spectacular clothing, cars, entertaining and the right "front" on all occasions consume colossal sums.

As for me, I can pursue a comparatively normal life.

My social dates aren't of sufficient importance to involve me in any romances unless I am seen out with a player of note—which is very seldom. In short, once I leave the studio precincts I can be myself.

I have a contract with 20th Century-Fox and sometimes I get feature billing. But I don't want to be a star. I've seen too much!



● Here is pretty Joan Valerie, who says that she has seen too much during her two years in Hollywood to sigh after stardom. Joan can lead a normal life, she says—to golfing when she pleases.

Still fighting

THE screen's gangsters may have dropped their guns—but they are still fighting.

James Cagney battles with "The Fighting 69th," Great War story of a New York Irish regiment.

Edward G. Robinson wars with disease in "The Life of Dr. Ehrlich."

Another film gunman, George Raft, dons boxing gloves for "The Patent Leather Kid."

GUNMEN out of FASHION

POPULAR DEMAND
BRINGS HEROES
OF FAMILY APPEAL

From JOHN B. DAVIES,
in New York

THOSE mothers who are afraid of the influence of gangster films on susceptible offspring may now rest easy.

Hollywood studios—to a man—have decided to cut crime films right out of their movie programmes for 1940.

America's indignant mothers are responsible.

They have simply boycotted thrillers—and if nobody is going to see films Hollywood isn't going to make them.

For two years various State censor boards have been urging movie moguls to stop production of crime films.

Trades from court judges dealing with juvenile offenders who had followed in the footsteps of their gunman heroes had no effect.



THEN parents and citizens' organizations got busy. They wrote lengthy epistles to the newspapers. They pointed out that the screen was building a glamor around bootlegging, racketeering, and even murder that not even the punishment usually meted out to the villains at the end could dispel. They were worried by the effect of such pictures on their young children.

Finally they organized the boycott campaign—and a sadder and wiser Hollywood learnt that crime doesn't pay any longer.

Twentieth Century-Fox has shelved every story with the slightest "gangster" flavor.

Early this year the studio whittled down the crime list to one—"Johnny Apollo"—for Tyrone Power.

Now even this has been put aside, and Tyrone's next picture is an innocuous romance entitled "Daytime Wife."

Universal's once-popular Crime Club series is now defunct. Irving Starr, producer of these thrillers, has gone over to Columbia to make a new series of musicals for Tony Martin.

All the other studios are following suit, with Warners receiving the official veto on their one big gangster film planned for next season.

This was "John Dillinger, Outlaw," an autobiography of the notorious gangster planned for Edward G. Robinson.

Warners went as far as having a Chicago newspaperman who had covered most of Dillinger's exploits write the script.

The Hays office signified their general disapproval, and, when the studio attempted to register the title, definitely withheld permission.

And what now? There'll be more musicals, light romances, and domestic comedy-dramas—pleasant light fare, and in tune with these harassed times.

Cook in Glass

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3 LOOKING for rich husband for elder niece Lynne Roberts, Roscoe wards off naive Eric Linden, whom Lynne loves.



4 MEANWHILE Irene scores amazing success in Penguin show at exclusive Florida cafe ice-rink.



5 BUT KARNs has spent family fortune on party to impress Linden's apparently rich rival, G. Meeker.



6 SO FAMILY is upset when father tells them of Linden's wealth.

EVELYN LAYE

Famous Actress and Gaumont-British Star says:

"Nothing gives me so much pleasure as Potter & Moore's Mitcham Lavender. I always carry a flask in my handbag, and I find its adorable fragrance a never ending source of delight. It never fails to charm me as well as to soothe and refresh me."

It's so Refreshing!

For your gifts, choose the world's most fragrant lavender, original Mitcham Lavender by Potter and Moore. Potter and Moore take the freshly gathered lavender blooms direct from the fields to their Mitcham distillery, so that Mitcham Lavender comes to you with all its original lavender fragrance. For two hundred years women have welcomed the delicate sweetness and refreshing charm of this perfume. You'll delight her again this year—with a Mitcham Lavender gift! See the range at stores and chemists everywhere.



L 946: Original Mitcham Lavender in a decorative bottle with glass stopper. With gift box, as illustrated, 5/6. Others 10/6 and 15/6. Other sizes 1/3, 2/3, 3/6 to 12/6.



L 105A: Smoothly silk-sifted Talc, perfumed with Mitcham Lavender. In pastel green, yellow or pink de luxe bottle, with gift box. Price 3/6.



L 895: A novelty table Lamp Container in glass with bakelite shade, filled with Original Mitcham Lavender. Price 2/6.



No. 3: Original Mitcham Lavender and silk-sifted Talcum in a smart Gift Set. Price 5/-. Other Gift Sets 2/6, 4/6, 10/6 to 35/6.

L 897: Here's a cute idea for gifts! Colored Glass Lanterns filled with Original Mitcham Lavender. Price 2/-. Other novelties include Gift Eggs, 1/6; Bath Sticks, 3/6; Bonzo Lucky Dog, 2/6.



POTTER & MOORE

LONDON

THIS YEAR GIVE BRITISH!

Acrobat skates into limelight

IRENE DARE, THE "BABY SONJA HENIE," IS STAR OF NEW FILM

IRENE DARE, that cute little five-year-old who took most of the bows from Bobby Breen for her whirlwind figure-skating in "Breaking the Ice," is now six—and star of her own picture.

In "Everything's On Ice," she plays a barber's daughter, with a talent for skating, which makes the family fortune and creates a furore in a smart New York hotel.

Irene is the youngest figure-skater in the world—with no rivals to come anywhere near her. She's been that since the age of three, when, as a clever young acrobat, she first stepped gingerly onto the ice.

She found her feet instantly, and from that day gave up acrobatics to concentrate on ice. She skated through New York, right down the coast, and into the West—known as the "Baby Sonja Henie" to awestruck audiences who crowded to watch her.

New York ban

IRENE's chance to get into pictures came about in a round-about fashion. She was engaged to give an exhibition at a New York hotel. Pictures and posters to announce her appearance were shown through the city.

But even as she was putting on her skates, and her trim little tartan skirt, indignant civic authorities stepped in, said she was too young to appear, and that was the end of the exhibition.

But the publicity—the pictures and posters—had done its work. Alert film producer Sol Lesser became aware of her existence. So though Irene didn't get her big New York engagement she signed a long-term movie contract instead.

The Davidson family—that's Irene's real name—have now moved to Hollywood, with father, a printer in Los Angeles, coming up for week-ends.

They've leased a huge storehouse and converted it into a super ice-skating rink, and that's where you'll find Irene for one hour night and

morning assiduously practicing those skating steps.

Irene goes to school in Hollywood, gets dramatic tuition from RKO studio—she had never acted before "Breaking the Ice"—and, under the guidance of a skating instructor, continues to evolve new and even more intricate routines on the skates.



★ Lovely Lashes . . . Perfect Eyebrows . . .

Grow Lashes & Brows in 30 Days!

Perfect eyebrows and long, silky eyelashes make all the difference to the allure of the most beautiful eyes. No other feature is so important as the eyes—none is so expressive. **SHEDD YOUR EYES NOW.** Your mirror will show them as they are to-day, yet in thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfectly pencilled eyebrows by applying Le Charme Eye-lash Grower.

Proved by thousands

of women No matter how small your eye-lashes, how indistinct your eyebrows, this Le Charme discovery will positively increase their length and thickness.

Results evident in One Week

Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe, and if, in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-lash Grower will be refunded in full.

If unsatisfactory locally, 2/6, post free, from Le Charme, Box 22361, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme EYELASH GROWER

Permanent HAIR REMOVER

Hair on chin, stomach, legs, etc. **PERMANENTLY REMOVED** and the **ROOTS DESTROYED** FOR GOOD. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. If unsatisfactory locally, 2/6, post free, from Le Charme, Box 22361, G.P.O., Sydney.

★ SHIPYARD SALLY

(Week's Best Release)

Gracie Fields, Sydney Howard.
(Gaumont-British.)

A SLIMMER, more serious, and far brighter-haired Gracie Fields appears in this comedy-drama of the Clydebank shipyards.

She is the robust comedian in just two scenes—one glorious bit of foolery in the disguise of a West End clubman, and another cheerful piece of song, "Wish Me Luck."

For the rest of the film, Gracie takes the burden of the story, and Sydney Howard, in the role of her father, the laughs. It is a poignant story, too. Thousands of men, shown out of work by the shipyards closing, send a petition up to London; Gracie takes it.

Her efforts to present the petition to the right man make the comedy—and the suspense. But Gracie succeeds, the men go back to work, and she sings "Land of Hope and Glory" as a finale.

Gracie herself is sincere and conscientious, but her warm-heartedness is repressed.

This glamorizing of Gracie has gone too far. It is not looks, or elaborate frocks, or clever make-up which have made her so famous. It is her personality. And Fox might give that a chance.—Mayfair; showing.

★ GOLDMINE IN THE SKY

Gene Autry, Smiley Burnette. (Regal.)

ANOTHER bright little musical "Western" for singing Gene Autry and his pal, Smiley Burnette. Gene is engaged on the taming of a shrew—New Yorker Carol Hughes, who inherits a ranch upon her father's death.

He is also involved with a bunch of city gangsters, determined to get rid of him in the only permanent way.

In the film Gene is foreman and sole administrator of Carol's ranch. He refuses to let the girl sell the ranch, consenting to turn it over to her only when she marries a man of whom he approves.

And he definitely does not approve of Craig Reynolds, city crook whom Carol innocently sponsors. So, before the end there are a kidnapping, a cattle raid, and enough shooting and fighting to satisfy the most enthusiastic "Wild West" fan.

Autry's songs are, as usual, haunting, especially the featured tune, "There's a Goldmine in the Sky."—Capitol; showing.

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT

Joel McCrea, Brenda Marshall. (Warners.)

DON'T expect any documentary force here. This film certainly shows factual glimpses of the U.S. Foreign Service Training School.

But apart from that, it is a pure thriller of the fantastic type, with the beautiful girl in distress, the stolen plane, and all.

Highfalutin dialogue and some rather lurid displays of emotion add to the atmosphere of unreality.

Here is Joel McCrea, an American



For CONSTIPATION

Mother! Keep baby's habits regular and bloodstream cool during teething by giving Steedman's Powders. The gentle, safe aperient used by mothers for over 100 years—for children up to 14 years.

Give
STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

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THEATRE ROYAL

From Nov. 25, J. C. Williamson's London Musical Comedy Company in

Under Your Hat

SMART MUSICAL COMEDY.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

—at an auction sale, with everybody talking at once, and Jane, as right through the film, working hard for the limelight. — Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

★ THEY ASKED FOR IT

William Lundigan, Joy Hodges. (Universal.)

SLAP-DASH mystery thriller with a newspaperman for its hero. William Lundigan, editor of a country-town newspaper, and his star reporter, Joy Hodges, investigate the death of an out-of-town farmer, in order to make news.

Faking some clues, and spreading rumors, they make a murder case of it—and get some grand headlines for the paper.

Imagine the shock when the death is proved to be murder after all.

William and Joy's search for a solution is spiced with gay doings on the newspaper, and fairly effective humor.—Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Nurse Edith Cavell. Anna Neagle in deeply-moving drama of British war nurse.—Regent, 2nd week.

★★★ Bachelor Mother. Ginger Rogers, David Niven in delightful and human modern comedy.—Piazza, 6th week.

★★ Stanley and Livingstone. Spencer Tracy, Sir Cedric Hardwicke in fine adventure biography.—Century, 4th week.

★★ The Beachcomber. Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester brilliant in unusual and adult comedy.—State, 3rd week.

★★ Beau Geste. Gary Cooper, Ray Milland in stirring Foreign Legion adventure.—Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ The Women. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell in glittering version of daring stage play.—St. James, 2nd week.

★ The Gang's All Here. Jack Buchanan, Googie Withers in a amusing comedy thriller.—Lyceum, 3rd week.

SCREEN ODDITIES By CHARLES BRUNO

AN AVERAGE OF 18,000 CALLS IS RECEIVED DAILY BY CENTRAL CASTING BUREAU FROM WORK-SEEKING EXTRAS.

LOPE VELEZ HAS HAD ONLY TWO WEEKS' VACATION FROM HER STAGE AND SCREEN WORK IN THE PAST SEVEN YEARS

A BIRTHDAY CAKE PRESENTED TO ROSEMARY LANE ON THE SET HAD TO BE CUT WITH A SAW—IT WAS A GAG PROP OF FROSTED FROD!

From all studios!

By JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

AUSTRALIAN-BORN director Johnny Farrow is joining up with the Canadian Navy.

He has left Hollywood and is now living in Vancouver with his film star wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, and their six-months-old son, Michael Damien.

BETTE DAVIS can have anything that Warner Brothers can buy for her, even when it costs \$20,000—the price of "No Time for Comedy." This is the play that Katherine Cornell is starring in on Broadway with Laurence Olivier.

Bette saw the sophisticated comedy, wired the studio that she would like to bring it to the screen, and they immediately started negotiations.

SPENCER TRACY is off to Honolulu for a three months' holiday.

ORSON WELLES, 24-year-old wonder boy of the American theatre, has announced plans to film Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" as his first movie venture on a four-way contract as actor, writer, producer, and director. Welles will play the role of Kurtz, and has already grown a goatee and side-whiskers.

Welles was the man who scared America with an over-realistic "Invasion from Mars" broadcast.

THE cutest couple in town are Judy Garland and Tommy Farrell, Glenda's 17-year-old son.

MARY PICKFORD flew by plane to her husband, Buddy Rogers, when he was taken ill with flu at Virginia Beach, Virginia. He seemed to recover, then continued on his tour with his orchestra.

He suffered a relapse in Kansas, and again Mary flew to his side.

It is impossible for anyone to give you better Diamond Ring Value than ANGUS & COOTE!



FOR THIS SUMMER'S LUCKY LADIES

Bigger, better Diamonds

Diamonds are illustrated in actual size. You see what you're getting.

Charming New Designs

			
E7/10/- No. W1.—Two brilliant centre Diamonds in safe and secure hexagonal setting. The lovely carved shoulders are set with two more Diamonds.	E12/10/- No. W2.—A fine and fiery centre Diamond and four more in the hand-carved shoulders. 18ct. Gold Ring with setting of Platinum.	E12/10/- No. W3.—Slender, graceful design that so many girls are crazy about. A row of four shoulder Diamonds sets off the fiery centre gem.	E8/10/- No. W4.—A 1 x shoulder Diamond and two large, brilliant centre Diamonds arranged in a simple, good-looking design 18ct. Gold Ring.
			
E12/10/- No. W5.—A pretty Ring in safe, secure hexagonal setting. The centre Diamond and the two shoulder Diamonds are full of fire.	E12/10/- No. W6.—A scintillating Solitaire in the modern manner. What an interesting shoulder treatment this is. Hand-carved shoulders.	E16/10/- No. W7.—"Twinkle." A special Ring featuring two large, centre Diamonds in secure hexagonal setting. New loop shoulders.	E12/10/- No. W8.—Look at this intricate and lovely setting. Here the fiery Solitaire flashes in the centre of four shoulder Diamonds.

All Rings are 18ct. Gold and Platinum set.

Wedding Ring SPECIAL for November Brides



42'-
No. W10.—Faceted and enobased Wedding Ring of 18ct. yellow Gold. A fine Ring at such a keen price.

Rings on Approval

Just mark the Rings which appeal to you and mention the price you wish to pay. Angus & Coote will then make all arrangements to have the Rings sent for inspection at your Bank, or any Bank in your town. This service is free.

Special Lay-by Terms

are given to all Engagement Ring Purchasers. Write for particulars. Cash Orders Freely Accepted

Watch for Xmas



£5 No. W11.—A slender Watch that looks grand on a Lady's wrist. Set. Gold Case with 15-jewelled Swiss Lever movement that's warranted to give 10 years' wear. The Gold-filled band is included.



47/6 No. W12.—The right kind of Christmas gift. But—always useful, always priced. The case and band are of scratch-proof Chromium. The movement is a 15-jewelled Swiss Lever. Warranted for 10 years.

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The most outstanding attraction in the Annals of Australian Variety, the Famous

MILLS BROTHERS

4 BOYS AND A GUITAR. STARS OF THE WORLD.
The World's WILD, GEORGE WALLACE, Lea Solis, Ruby King, Billy Greenley,
The "4" Floreys, Rex and Beale, Martinis, Tio, Eric Bush, Grady Emmerson,
Maurice Barling.
Plan at Faling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli (M6033).



Talcum Powder famous for its incomparable fragrances—unrivalled for its caressing softness.

Price reduced but QUALITY UNCHANGED

Chaminade, French Fern
Gardenia, June Roses
Lily of the Valley

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KNITTERS PATONS & BALDWIN'S

SPECIALTY KNITTING BOOK, No. 105

Authentic Instructions in detail
for Socks, Stockings and Comforts
for Men on Service.

Price Sixpence—at all Stores

WHILE the sergeant had scolded in his heavy, impatient voice, and Charles Hudson stood glowering at her as though she were his enemy instead of his partner in an elopement, she had felt she could not bear it another moment, and when the sergeant had lifted the telephone to place a call to her father in New York, abruptly she had put out her hands, imploring him to let her do it, and after a sharp glance at her the sergeant had permitted her to take the telephone and place the call.

During the brief discussion between the small town operator and the one in New York, Phyllis had wondered just what she would say when her father's voice came upon the wire, and the sergeant had watched her sternly, thinking she seemed very young and somehow expensive, as though she came from one of the families living along the exclusive part of the North Shore.

He hated hit and run drivers, and that was the charge upon which this girl was booked. Without doubt the father would hurry here, and presently an insurance company would take over the job of making an adjustment, and except for some poor devil spending weeks on a bed of pain—if he lived at all—it would all be ironed out quite easily, especially with the girl a beauty.

Looking from Phyllis Kent to Charles Hudson, the sergeant wondered how she came to be mixed up with this sullen young man who unquestionably had a stripe of yellow running along his spine. Just look how he'd said immediately that he hadn't been driving when the accident happened, and hadn't even seen the accident. And when the girl had tried to conceal her identity, it was this young fink who had informed them she was Phyllis Kent of Detroit and to telephone her people to come at once and bail them out.

That was when the girl had urged them to call her father in New York and not worry her mother, and he'd checked her up smartly about that. "You'd oughta thought about your mother sooner. How'd she like you running off to get married to some

guy I'll bet she's never set eyes on?"

It had been a shot in the dark but it had told. The Kent girl's face had tightened and she had put out her hands imploringly as he lifted the phone. When he'd let her place the call, her voice trying to reach her father had tugged at his heart-strings, so that unwillingly, in spite of his feeling that all his sympathy should be for the injured man left lying in the street, the sergeant had been sorry for the slim, proud young thing standing before him.

Phyllis Kent interrupted his thoughts. "My father won't be in until five-thirty," she said unhappily.

The sergeant glanced at the clock upon the wall.

IT was four-fifteen now, only an hour and a quarter to wait, but the way she'd said it, you'd think waiting an hour and a quarter was the end of the world. From which he guessed how anxious she was to hear her father's voice, how close she and her father were and how close her young pride was to breaking.

"That'll be all right," he said gruffly. "An hour and a quarter's only an hour and a quarter. We'll get your father the minute he comes in. Meanwhile—" He looked at the pair doubtfully. He ought to look them up, but he hated to put the girl in a cell.

Immediately she understood his hesitation, turning even paler, if possible. "May I wait here, please?" she begged. "After I've talked to my father, everything will be all right. Then I won't care where you put me!"

Everything would be all right, thought Phyllis vehemently, because everything had always been all right as soon as her father took hold, and the thought of his infallible competence was a wall holding her up.

Being what he was, her father would have some way of shaking the truth from this despicable person she'd thought she loved, and the truth would release her from this

Calling Mr. Kent

Continued from Page 14

place because she hadn't been driving when the accident had happened. It was Charles Hudson who had been driving, exulting in the power and speed of the fine car her father had given her at Christmas time, when the unexpected figure had appeared from between two parked cars.

After the gruesome thud, he had increased his speed, and when she'd begged him to go back had said that they couldn't afford a scandal.

A few minutes later he had stopped the car, insisting she take the wheel because his nerves were shot, and though her own nerves were fluttering she'd slid behind the wheel obediently, and it was just after she had started the car again, heavy of heart and longing to go back and discover what had happened, to offer to do what she could by way of making amends that the motor-cycle policeman had stopped the car, and Charles Hudson had said glibly, "I told her she should go back, officer, but she refused to do so, and it's her car!"

Hearing she had sat staring at him in a stunned and unbelieving silence until the officer had commanded her to drive to the police station.

Nobody had ever spoken to her in quite that tone, but then, never before had she gone outside the precise but pleasant pattern in which her life had been arranged, and probably she deserved this harshness. In a rush of contempt for herself, for Charles Hudson, for the way she had failed in loyalty to her parents, she had suddenly been very sure she deserved what she was getting.

The initial shock of Charles Hudson's perfidy had to a certain extent prepared her for his further treachery in disclosing her identity, and she had only experienced a remote thankfulness that very soon Charles Hudson would be out of her life.

Standing limply before the ser-

For a party



THIS AMETHYST embroidered organdie garden party dress was designed by Molyneux. The wide-brimmed cinoline hat is trimmed with matching organdie.

geant, Phyllis stopped the weary process of thought in her dulled brain as she noticed that he was staring at her with renewed interest.

Another policeman had come in a moment before, accompanied by two men. The three had conferred in low tones with the police sergeant while she and Charles Hudson awaited disposition of themselves. Now the four were silent and looking at her.

"Look him up, boys," said the sergeant, jerking his head toward Charles Hudson. "The young lady may remain in the next room."

Charles Hudson demurred. "You can't hold me—it wasn't my car—"

"Look him up!" snapped the sergeant, and Charles disappeared.

The sergeant smiled at Phyllis then. "You certainly made a bad choice, Miss—if you still feel that way about it," he said. "These men saw the accident, and report that your young man was driving."

"He was," admitted Phyllis. **T**HE sergeant led the way to an adjoining room. "Wait in here," he instructed. "Jones—Schmidt—O'Leary—clear out and let the young lady have this room until we get in touch with her father and he tells us what to do with her." Briefly he hesitated before departing. "Maybe you could get your mother quicker?"

"No, please," said Phyllis in swift denial. Blessedly she was alone. In the solitude which touched her bruised spirit with healing, tears ran down her cheeks and she wiped them away without knowing that she did so.

Perhaps her father would understand what this was all about, and in any event he wouldn't blame her. Somehow he would know she had only been young and foolish and romantic and that something more powerful than her sense of duty had woven a spell around her...

The fourth long-distance call for Robert Kent came in from Detroit at five-fifteen and this call was also a station to station call, placed by a feminine voice so agitated that it trembled perceptibly.

"Mr. Robert Kent at once, please." No asking if Mr. Kent was registered there, so undoubtedly the owner of the voice knew Mr. Kent was registered. Knew as well that it was imperative to reach Mr. Kent without delay, exclaiming in a tiny sound of distress at the information that Mr. Kent would return at five-thirty and saying briefly that she would call again.

"Mr. Kent's certainly popular to-day," reflected the New York hotel operator. "Maybe it's his birthday, and his wife, his daughter, and the other woman called up to congratulate him, with this last call from his mother!"

Please turn to Page 52

DO YOU MEAN THAT A FOOD CAN RELIEVE CONSTIPATION?

How a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal ends constipation naturally—without harsh purges or medicines.

The muscles of the bowels are like any other muscles. When they become weak and flabby from lack of exercise, they cannot do their work properly and we become constipated and feel rotten. We get headaches, feel bilious and slack, look pasty and out of sorts.

It's no use taking harsh purgatives. They move the bowels but they don't strengthen the bowel muscles. In fact they weaken them, so that as time goes on you come to depend on medicines more and more. To strengthen those muscles and get rid of constipation, we must give them something to "take hold of." We need what doctors call "bulk", but bulk is lacking in our modern foods.

It's "bulk" that makes the bowels move.

Our daily staples—meat, fish, eggs, white bread, potatoes and milk—contain little or no bulk. These foods are almost completely absorbed by the system and don't leave enough residue for the bowel muscles to work on.

The best way to get the necessary bulk to make the bowel muscles work normally is to eat two heaped tablespoons of this

crisp, flavoured nut-sweet breakfast food—Kellogg's All-Bran—every morning. Eat it with milk and sugar alone or sprinkle it over your favourite breakfast cereal. Kellogg's All-Bran forms a soft, bulky mass that the bowel muscles find easy to "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively aids elimination. When you eat All-Bran regularly you need no purges or harsh medicines!

Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day. Eat it every day for a week and you'll be simply amazed at the results.

SOLD AT ALL GROCERS

Eat it every day and "never miss a day."



THIS FOOD WILL—AND WHAT'S MORE—IT'S A SAFE WAY!

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**Guaranteed
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FABRICS

No. 1—Chock full of Personality is this ATTRACTIVE TWO PIECE FROCK IN A NOVEL SPOT DESIGN LAVENELLE MATT. Black or Navy. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

No. 2—Head the way in the Fashion Parade in something utterly different and new . . . you can't possibly resist THIS DAINY SWING FROCK IN TULIP DESIGN VALKO CREPE. White grounds, with Violet, Black or Blue Flowers. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

No. 3—The Frock with a future ready to meet any situation with charm and grace. LAVENELLE FROCK IN A GRADUATED SPOT DESIGN. Black or Navy. Size. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

No. 4—You'll enjoy this frock the more you wear it because of the very simplicity of its smartness. FASHIONED IN A DELIGHTFUL PERSIAN DESIGN VALKO. Available in pretty tonings of Rust or Blue. X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

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McDowells Sponsor the World's Greatest Achievement.
FROCKS that WILL NOT SHRINK.

- No more Dry Cleaning Bills.
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- You can wash these Frocks like an overall.
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- We have chosen these four smart styles to satisfy the taste and requirements of smart women.

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TERNS AND COLOURINGS IN THESE
MARVELLOUS UNSHRINKABLE FROCKS
IN OUR SHOWROOM, 1st FLOOR.

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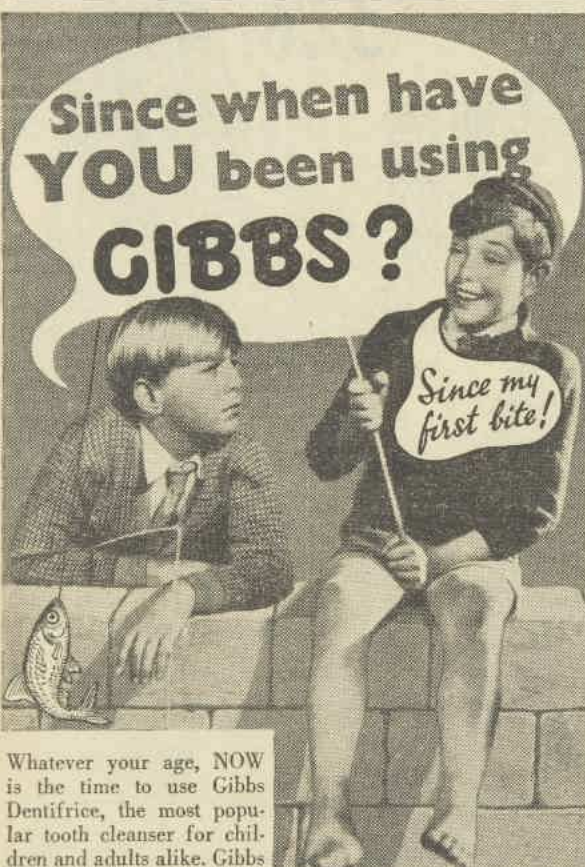


SCALDS happen unexpectedly and they require immediate treatment, otherwise the pain is much intensified and eventual healing delayed. Keep a tin of Rexona Ointment handy. Its rare medications take out instantly the stinging heat, soothe the raw and tender skin, and restore the damaged tissue.

TREATMENT. Do not wet the scald. Smear the ointment on the injured part and bandage lightly. Renew the bandages frequently to prevent sticking to the injured skin.

BUY REXONA AT YOUR CHEMIST'S OR STORE NOW!

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Whatever your age, NOW is the time to use Gibbs Dentifrice, the most popular tooth cleanser for children and adults alike. Gibbs fragrant, antiseptic foam penetrates, searches, cleans, polishes—so gently that there is no risk to delicate enamel. The teeth are left sparkling white, the mouth toned up and refreshed. Gibbs Dentifrice is economical too—lasts twice as long as ordinary tooth-cleaning preparations.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES
DEFEND THEM WITH

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Gibbs Dentifrice

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small tins .. 1/- Large tins .. 1/6
Large refills .. 1/3

Write your
name on your
own tin!



ST.85.55

Calling Mr. Kent

Continued from Page 50

picked up the magazines. She was walking towards the outer door again when she had noticed Mr. Bixby's door gaping open, contrary to custom.

Going meticulously to close the door, she had discovered Mr. Bixby upon the floor of his office, the note in his hand, and realising immediately from the presence of the note that Mr. Bixby's position upon the floor was deliberate rather than accidental, had forced herself to take the note and read it, conquering her repugnance against touching Mr. Bixby.

Instantly her loyalty had reached out to Robert Kent, for whom she had worked more than twenty years. Mr. Kent would know what to do about this. Even if Mr. Bixby had ruined the company, as he said in the note, embellishing securities entrusted to the firm by their clients, perhaps Mr. Kent would be able to do something about it if he knew in time.

Mr. Kent was smart, Mr. Kent was rich, Mr. Kent was pretty close to God in the opinion of the stenographer who had begun work for him as a pink-cheeked girl, and in those earlier, more impetuous days had draped all her girlish dreams about the unheeding Mr. Kent and now had only loyalty left.

When she was told Mr. Kent would not be in until five-thirty, Miss Curry's face contracted sharply at the thought of waiting even fifteen minutes in the deserted offices with Mr. Bixby lying on the floor of the adjoining room, but she didn't consider leaving. She sat with her feet drawn up on the rungs of the chair before Mr. Kent's desk, straining her eyes at intervals upon the clock standing on one corner of the desk, listening to minutes tick audibly away.

After a while it would be five-thirty. Not right away, but after a while, because time had to pass, even when it seemed to stand still. Presently she could talk to Mr. Kent, guardedly of course, and Mr. Kent would tell her what to do.

Trying not to think of Mr. Bixby in the adjoining room, she thought instead of the red-haired hussy to whom Mr. Bixby had been devoting himself recently. It was a wonder Mr. Bixby hadn't been able to see she was strictly on the make, but perhaps his vanity had betrayed him. Influenced by a ridiculous and unbecoming sentimentality, Mr. Bixby had either spent the embellished money on the henna-haired young woman, or had given it to her to keep for him and she'd made a neat getaway.

In the absolute quiet of the office Miss Curry sighed sharply again. Mrs. Bixby was a nice woman, al-

ways so polite and pleasant to everybody, and there were the four children, not quite grown... she did hope Mr. Kent would be able to figure out some way of sparing them a scandal.

Perhaps Mr. Kent could contrive to establish Mr. Bixby's death as natural, since Mr. Bixby hadn't made a messy business of it. He must have taken poison, because there was no blood. If there had been blood, thought Miss Curry, shrinking, she simply couldn't have stayed. Not even for Mr. Kent.

Lights flashed and faded endlessly upon the switchboard of the big New York hotel as Robert Kent walked into the lobby.

He had returned sooner than he had intended, which was a disappointment, because he was strangely reluctant to return to his room.

By this time

Audrey Vail would have called in and been given his message that he would be back at five-thirty. Promptly at five-thirty her call would come in, and he wasn't sure even yet what he hoped her decision would be, though he had very little doubt regarding that decision.

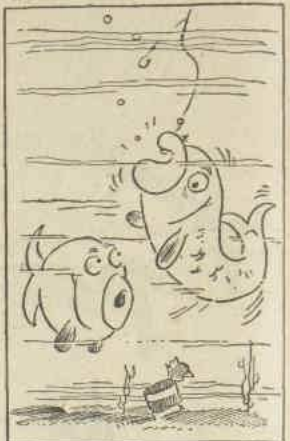
Audrey was so young, so forlorn, so unhappy, so desperately eager to secure the good things of life for herself and her young daughter that her decision was inevitable, and in his heart he did not blame Audrey for her longing for security. Life was grim at best, and the girl's extraordinary beauty placed her in a difficult spot, which was perhaps why his heart had gone out to her. Aided, of course, by his loneliness.

He loved Audrey, but in the innermost corner of his heart where the truth was sifted out and ultimately revealed to him, he knew Audrey could never be to him what Aline had been. Aware that the great emotional experiences of life are not apt to be repeated, suddenly he knew a burning resentment against his wife for permitting the sacred flame of their love to grow less.

It was a woman's job to hold love intact against all challengers, and if Aline had lived up to her job, no other woman could have intruded upon their happiness. Even his daughter had recently seemed far closer to her mother than to himself, though that perhaps was the way life worked, and the boy would have grown closer to him as time passed, but Tommy was dead.

Sighing, Robert Kent stepped disconsolately into the hotel bar for a Scotch and soda, weary of problems

Animal Antics



"SORRY, but the line is busy!"

and wishing Audrey Vail had returned to her boyish young husband before he himself had become fond of her.

After he had finished the Scotch and soda, seeing that it was almost five-thirty, and knowing a man could not for ever evade forces he had set in motion, he rode upstairs in the elevator, took his key from the floor clerk, and went toward his room.

At five-thirty, four lights flashed punctually and simultaneously upon the switchboard of the hotel, and the operator answered them hurriedly, finding all four were for Robert Kent, and saying primly to each to hold the line while she found out if Mr. Kent had returned.

As she plugged in on Room 1415, she said in a swift aside to a page boy standing beside her desk that she'd like to get a look at this Robert Kent because his middle name certainly must be Casanova: right now she had four long distance calls awaiting him, all from women frantic to reach Mr. Kent.

A crisp masculine voice interrupting her, she spoke conciliatingly. "Long distance call for you, Mr. Kent. Go ahead, please!"

For a second her hand hesitated above the switchboard, then made a darting selection. They were all in a great hurry to talk to Mr. Kent, but there had been something about this one voice.

The others would simply have to wait!

(Copyright)

LOOK! THERE'S SKINNY!

HI! SKINNY

PLEASE TEDDY, DARLING, EAT IT UP. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.

WHAT CAN I DO TO BUILD HIM UP?

TO DOCTOR THOMPSON GAVE TEDDY A THOROUGH EXAMINATION

THE KID'S NOT HIMSELF. LOOKS PALE, NERVOUS. YOU'D BETTER TAKE HIM TO DR. THOMPSON

THE REASON WHY TEDDY PICKS AT HIS FOOD AND DOESN'T PUT ON WEIGHT, MRS. GRAHAM, IS REALLY DUE TO HIS SLEEP. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY

SIX WEEKS LATER

YOUNG TEDDY A BIT OF A SLOGGER, EH?

THAT'S ANOTHER FOUR TO TED

HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY, AND NATURALLY IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, THEN CHILDREN GET PINKEY AND LOSE WEIGHT. IT'S REALLY NIGHT—STARVATION. SO GIVE HIM HORLICKS

IF your child is cranky, nervous, losing weight and just picking at his food, then put him on to Horlicks right away. Horlicks soon brings back the appetite and changes paleness and listlessness into radiant, good-tempered vitality. Children love the delicious flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy size, 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/.

HORLICKS
GUARDS CHILDREN AGAINST NIGHT-STARVATION

Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, has left Castle Tieba

with

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, because of his treatment by

PRINCESS NARDA: For whom he risked death to regain

her stolen diamond necklace. Narda follows Mandrake and tells him that she had to return the

priceless necklace to

AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: In order to break off

her engagement. She and Mandrake are planning

their wedding when a mysterious

LADY-IN-BLACK appears, and causes Narda to leave

Mandrake. The mystery woman has been hired

by Narda's brother,

PRINCE SEGRID: Who wishes to prevent Narda's

marriage to Mandrake. She is pursued by Mandrake and Lothar, and overtaken.

NOW READ ON:-



Real Life Stories

A good guess

MILKING had just finished on the dairy farm at Cecil Plains where I was working, and a storm was gathering while I was preparing to separate. I had got up the necessary speed prior to turning on the milk when the boss came in with extra milk.

"Leave the separating," he said. "I think this storm will be rough."

Releasing the separator-handle and closing the dairy door I dashed for the house, and as I reached the verandah steps about fifty yards away there was a blinding flash and the dairy was shattered.

The milk bowl and cream and milk spouts were burnt black while the handle I had been turning was wrenched off.

2/6 to W. F. Devonshire, Tin Can Bay, via Gympie, Qld.

Interlude!

AS we had to catch the Albany Express to Perth, due at Beverley at 5.30 a.m., by brother-in-law borrowed the butcher's cart, a low buck-board, to take us to the station.

The two men sat in front, and my sister, baby niece, and I in the straight board seat at the back.

All at once my sister shouted: "Take Baby quick." I let go my hold and grabbed the baby just as the cart went over a bump.

The result was that I was hurled into the air and landed in the middle of the road in a sitting position, holding Baby up in my arms. Neither of us was hurt and we arrived on the platform as the train pulled in.

2/6 to Miss A. Donegan, Boulder Rd., Kalgoorlie, W.A.

Time bomb left in waste-paper basket

Rioting Arabs barricade girls in laboratory

DURING four years in riot-stricken Palestine I had several hair-raising escapes at the hands of Arab snipers and armed gangs.

I was employed at the Government laboratory in Jaffa, the only totally Arabian city in Palestine. The only British subjects in this town were the Government employees, who were escorted to work by a convoy of British soldiers.

One morning during the peak of the riots we arrived at the laboratory to find that all the Arab workmen, who usually began their duties half an hour earlier, had abandoned the place.

The laboratory was deathly still, and there seemed to be a sinister air about the place. Going into my office I found drawers pulled out, all the files saturated with benzine, and in the waste-paper basket there was a small, ticking, brown paper parcel.

A time bomb! Terrified, I screamed, and we immediately tried to get out of the place, but found that the iron doors had been barricaded from the outside.

At that moment a volley of shots was fired on the building. We were ambushed.

Desperately we tried to connect up with the telephone exchange, but the wires had been cut. Everything had been carefully and viciously planned.

Having disconnected the bomb, our only alternative to escape was to climb out through the back windows, crawl across the tangled undergrowth of the laboratory grounds, rush across the grazing fields, and hide in one of the stables in which we kept cows

and horses for experimental purposes.

There we stayed, cooped up, almost afraid to breathe in the unbearable heat and stifling, filthy odor of the place.

That was our plight for eight agonising hours when a search



"IN THE waste-paper basket was a small, ticking, brown-paper parcel . . . a time-bomb."

party of British troops tracked us to the stables.

They escorted us to their armored cars, and carried us back to peace and security after what seemed an unforgettable nightmare.

11/1/- to Miss Dulcie Lebovitz, Amess St., North Carlton, Melbourne.

Short and Snappy

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

RETURNING home at dusk after a strenuous game of tennis I saw as I thought my brother's car approaching. When I waved the car was pulled up and the door was flung open.

I Hopped in, heaving a thankful sigh. But the collapsible back of the seat was down and I sprawled on to the floor in a very undignified position.

Angrily I cried: "Oh, John, why didn't you tell me the back part of the seat was down?" Then I found I was looking, not at my brother, but at an astonished stranger.

Explanations followed, and he drove me to the next corner where he met the girl friend he had expected to jump into the car. 10/6 to Jessie Plugg, Drake, N.S.W.

GAVE THE SHOW AWAY

WHEN we were married we honeymooned at a quiet guest house in the country, and, not wanting the guests to know we were newlyweds, we undressed on paper and threw the confetti out the window.

In the morning we learned that the confetti had landed on a balcony below and blown into a room occupied by an old maid.

2/6 to Mrs. D. E. Smith, Plymouth St., Geelong West, Vic.

NOT QUITE

WALKING into the local township, which is situated close to the railway line, wearing shorts and sandals, I encountered five "bag-men."

Being scared I thought it wise to pass them in silence. All went well till I came opposite the fifth man, who looked at me and with a grin asked:

"Hullo, Miss, you 'jumping the rattle', too?"

2/6 to Mrs. J. A. Martin, Conroy, North Coast Line, Qld.

SISTER WHO WASN'T

I WAS expecting my sister from Sydney by the Adelaide express. But having heard that the train was late I went for a walk along Rundle Street.

Suddenly I stopped dead. In front of me was my sister. The train, I thought, must have come in earlier than expected, so I hurried to her side, and placed my hands over her eyes.

"Who is it?" I asked. The girl stood still, pulled my hands away, and gave me an awful look. "A lunatic, I should think," she said.

Realising my mistake, I apologised, but the girl hurried away full of indignation.

2/6 to E. M. Foote, Royal Ave., Adelaide.

OUT OF BOUNDS

THE day was perfect. I was spending Christmas holidays in Adelaide.

Leaving North Terrace for a stroll I noticed what appeared to be public gardens. The flowers were beautiful so I decided to sit down and read.

The entrance was imposing, but that did not deter me. After reading for an hour I decided to explore the gardens.

But on turning round I found myself confronted with a notice—"Government House." I broke all records reaching the street.

2/6 to Miss M. Breen, Werribee, Vic.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC. Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

Keep baby COMFIER

in a Bond's
"NEVABIND"
Shirt

Approved by Baby Clinics everywhere.

No more underarm seams to chafe and worry Baby. "Nevabind" sleeves are like this. "Nevabind" is the only baby shirt with this improvement.



No more struggling and squirming to get baby's head into his shirt. "Nevabind" opens right down the front. It's reinforced behind the buttons.

No more bunching up round the middle. Fasten the nappy onto this little tab, and the shirt stays comfy.



Silk and wool with short sleeves, all infants sizes, 2/11. Silk and cotton, short sleeves, 2/6. Sleeveless, 1/11.

Bond's "NEVABIND"
BABY SHIRTS

Sold at all leading Infants' Clothing Stores

Saved by scenery

CROSSING America for the first time, a few years ago, I was so entranced with the spectacle of Lake Superior covered with ice and snow that I stayed on the observation platform for nearly two hours.

Returning to my section I found the porter moving my belongings, the conductor supervising. The latter, when I inquired the reason for the change, replied:

"Oh, we're giving you a drawing-room to-night."

I wondered a little at their generosity and told the conductor it would be quite all right. Then, as an afterthought, I asked why he was moving me.

When he told me the reason I was mighty thankful I had found the scenery so absorbing.

A rock had crashed through the window of my section, shattering the glass to splinters!

2/6 to Miss F. M. Little, Orwell St., Potts Point, N.S.W.

Earned distinction

A CHEAP alarm clock had an irritating habit of asserting itself at the wrong time—fortunately, as things turned out.

After an arduous night's study by the fireside I pushed the coals back in the hearth and went to bed. But I seemed to have barely dozed off when I was jolted into consciousness by the unmusical clatter of the alarm.

Annoyance swiftly gave way to alarm, however, as I realised that the room was filled with smoke and a reflection in a mirror revealed mounting flames through the doorway of the next room.

Springing out of bed I discovered some loose logs in the hearth more than half-consumed, and the wooden kerbing, against which rested a heavy pile carpet, on the point of igniting.

In a few minutes the fire would have assumed serious proportions, but, as it was, I extinguished it without trouble.

That erratic alarm clock is now regarded as a cherished relic.

2/6 to R. D. Brown, Mundulla, S.A.

The Wrong Side

SOON after I arrived from Scotland I stayed with friends on a South Australian farm, and offered to help milk the cows.

The offer accepted, I was told that I need only feed the cows and not tie them up.

After distributing the hay as directed and seizing an old box, I sat down beside the nearest cow. To my surprise she gave me one look and walked on a few paces.

Nothing daunted, I followed and sat down again. Again she gave me a "pitiful" look and moved ahead.

Then I heard loud guffaws, and my host's voice: "Try the other side, Scottie." I hadn't known that there was a right and a wrong side for milking!

2/6 to E. V. Barrett, Brookton, W.A.

In the nick of time

WHEN working at the Morning Star mine at Woods Point in 1936, my job was to shovel broken ore from the floor of the stope, from where the bulk of the gold-bearing quartz was won. It was then sent down at an angle of about 45 degrees to the chutes at the bottom, where it was taken into trucks.

One day I lost my balance and rolled down the stope with the stone, and although I called for help the noise of a drilling machine drowned my voice.

About thirty feet from the bottom I was lying on my face and sliding feet first, when a line of iron piping pinned me across the back, and there I lay helpless while jagged pieces of quartz came rolling down on to me.

Eventually my mate noted my absence, but it took three men hauling on a rope tied under my arms to get me free.

They had just pulled me out when a large piece of quartz broke away from above and crashed on to the pipe which had held me, and split it to pieces.

It was five weeks before I could resume work.

2/6 to A. Wilcox, Woodstock, via Donnybrook, Vic.

Look at the wonderful

VITA-BRITS

FREE GIFTS

that are waiting for you



Come in and choose
from the

300 GIFTS at

SYDNEY: Vita-Brits Gift Showrooms, 283 Castlereagh Street (Opposite Mark Foy's), Sydney.

NEWCASTLE: The Coupon Gift Centre, Hunter Street (Opposite Civic Station), Newcastle.

CESSNOCK: The Coupon Gift Centre, Vincent Street, Cessnock.

MELBOURNE: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 123 Swanston Street, Melbourne (in Basement of Robur Tearooms), Box 21057, G.P.O.

PERTH: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 343 Murray Street, Perth.

HOBART: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 41 Murray Street, Hobart.

LAUNCESTON: Cereal Gift Showrooms, 38 George Street, Launceston.

In appreciation of the wonderful popularity of Vita-Brits, large Showrooms have been opened in every State, where every one of the 300 Free Gifts is clearly marked with its Gift Seal exchange value. At these modern Showrooms you can exchange your gift seals and collect immediately the gift or gifts you desire.

SAVE THE SEALS FROM THE PACKET FLAPS

Printed on the end flap of each packet of Vita-Brits is a Gift Seal. Large packets (24 oz.) carry a large Seal. Small packets (12 oz.) carry a small Seal. In exchange value for gifts, three small Seals equal one large Seal.

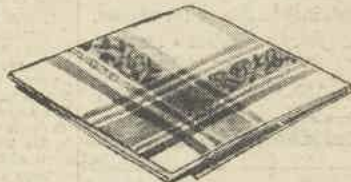
IF YOU LIVE OUT OF TOWN and are unable to call personally, post the necessary number of Gift Seals, together with the postage and package charge, to the address of your nearest Showrooms (above). Your gift will then be forwarded to you immediately.

More and more women are using Vita-Brits—those delicious, golden toasted "biscuits" of whole wheat ... for quick, healthy breakfasts, and for any of the "morning, noon and night" recipes which are advertised regularly in this paper.



KETTLE
3 pint aluminium Kettle with heat-proof grip handle. Save 48 large seals or 144 small; postage and packing 1/6.

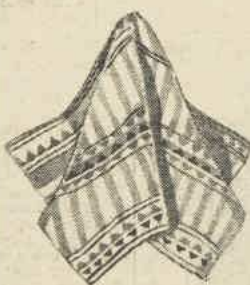
COLANDER
Strong quality aluminium Colander, 9 ins. diameter. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage and packing 1/6.



DAMASK TABLECLOTH
Cotton damask cloth, 63 in. x 63 in. Attractive coloured border and patterned. Save 40 large seals or 180 small; postage and packing 9d.



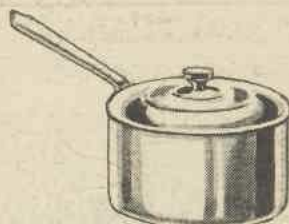
BREAD KNIFE
Stainless steel, serrated edge and strong handle. Save 18 large seals or 54 small; postage and packing 2d.



BATH TOWEL
First grade quality in new range of coloured patterns. Save 12 large seals or 36 small; postage and packing 6d.



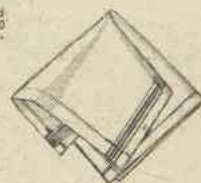
PILLOWSLIP
Plain hand-worked first quality pillowslip. Save 14 large seals or 42 small; postage and packing 6d.



SAUCEPAN
2 1/2 pint strong quality aluminium Saucepan. Save 30 large seals or 90 small; postage and packing 1/2.



LARGE SCISSORS
6 1/2 ins. long, keen-edged, high-grade steel. Save 20 large seals or 60 small; postage and packing 4d.



TEA TOWEL
All Irish Linen Tea Towel, 22 1/2 in. x 34 in. Long wearing. Save 10 large seals or 30 small; postage and packing 3d.





Stops perspiration instantly.
Dries quickly—vanishes completely.
Use before or after shaving.
Keeps underarm dry 1-3 days.
Ends perspiration odour.
Won't irritate skin or rot dresses.
Non-greasy • stainless • soothing.
 1/- and 2/-.

GET ODO-RO-NO CREAM TODAY
 from all good Chemists and Stores.

IF MOSES WILLIAM WILLIAMS, at one time of Cottonvale, Queensland, will communicate with The Union Trustee Company of Australia Limited, Brisbane, he will hear something to his advantage.***

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 14

SINCE there was no way in which she could help him, he found her a little tiresome, but answered with great patience. At last, observing the whiteness of his hands, she exclaimed that that fault at least could be remedied, and promised to make a decoction of walnut leaves and water to stain his skin to a rosy complexion.

When darkness fell, Mr. Wolfe fetched the King out of the barn and took him into the house. Mrs. Wolfe having sent the servants out upon some pretext or another. Supper was laid before Charles, and when he had eaten, Mrs. Wolfe found a pair of long white stirrup-socks to put on over the torn pair he was wearing, and stained his face and hands with walnut juice, telling him he need not fear to wash his skin, for the stain would not soon wear off.

While this was doing, Mr. Wolfe kept watch, obviously, from the starts he gave at every unexpected sound, and his frequent glances towards the clock, dreading lest the servants should return before their time, or some late visitor arrive and discover the King under his roof. As soon as it could be thought safe, he conducted the King out of the house by the back way and took leave of him, and then, hardly waiting until Charles and Richard were out of sight, hurried back to see that no trace of the visit should be left.

If the journey to Madeley, with the prospect of a safe passage into Wales ahead of him, had been hard to accomplish, this backward journey was ten times harder for the King. His swollen and bleeding feet forced him to go slowly, and it was near dawn when Richard paused in his tracks to say that they had come within sight of Boscobel House.

"And I do think, my liege," said Richard, "that maybe I should go on alone to be certain sure there's none but William and his good wife within. It would be a rare foolish thing to bring your honor all this way only to walk into a trap."

"Do as you please," the King said wearily.

"I'll leave your honor in the field alongside the house," said Richard, "and go wake William."

The King sat down, leaning his back against the tree, and closed his eyes. It seemed a long time before he heard in the distance the click of the gate and the sound of a quick footstep. It sounded too quick and too light to belong to Richard, and he struggled to his feet, seized by swift alarm. The moonlight showed him the outline of a man approaching the tree, with two other thicker outlines in his wake. He stood still, his hand clenching the broom-hook, which had served him all the way as a staff.

The foremost figure had reached him, and was holding out hands that gleamed white in the moonlight. "Sire, sire!"

The King let the broom-hook fall. He leaned forward, straining his eyes to see the newcomer's face. He put out his hands, and caught the ones stretched towards him, holding them in a hard grasp. "Charles?" he said incredulously. "Charles?"

"Yes, yes, my liege! Oh, my dear master, what have they done to you?" Major Carlis cried, and dropped to his knees, carrying the King's hands to his lips, and bathing them with the sudden rush of his tears.

The King bent over Carlis, still grasping his hands, himself much moved by this unlooked-for meeting. "Carlis, Carlis, I thought you dead at Worcester! How came you here?"

"Faith, sir, by devious paths!" the Major replied unsteadily. "I still wonder at finding myself alive, since I believe I and some few others were the last men out of Worcester. But there's no killing an old campaigner, as your Majesty knows! He rose from his knees. "Let us take you in, sir; here is my old acquaintance, Will Penderel, come to beg that you will be pleased to honor his house with your presence."

"That is very prettily said," remarked the King, his voice, though

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1.—The city of Sydney was called after
 An officer of the Royal Marines
 —a Secretary of State—Governor Phillip's brother-in-law — an English village.
- 2.—Everyone knows that horses are measured by "hands"; but that is of little value to you unless you know that a "hand" measures
 4 inches—5 inches—6 inches—8 inches.
- 3.—"She is coming, my own, my sweet," says the old song, but which of these was the lass in question?
 Sylvia—Annie Laurie—Celia—Maud—Phyllis.
- 4.—Eau de Cologne was originally made in
 Germany — Austria — France — Switzerland.
- 5.—When Mussolini was a lad, his father began training him to his own calling. This was to make him
 A miller—a lawyer—a woodcutter—a journalist—a blacksmith.
- 6.—The lions around Nelson's monument in Trafalgar Square have been in the limelight recently. They were designed by
 Sir Christopher Wren—Jaigo Jones—Sir Edwin Landseer—Michelangelo.
- 7.—The world's record cricket Test score was made by
 Bradman—Pontford—Hammond—Hutton—Hobbs.
- 8.—Is there a telephone service between Australia and New Zealand?
 Yes—no.
- 9.—You've doubtless heard of the science of numismatics. It is concerned with
 Planets—coins and medals—stamps—correct diet.
- 10.—Mohair comes from
 Angora goats—a tropical palm—a marine growth—Barbary sheep.

Answers on Page 58

weak with fatigue, betraying a flicker of humor.

"Oh, I have often thought of turning courtier, sir," the Major said, leading him towards the house, one hand still clapping his, and the other strong arm passed sustainably about his waist. "Run on, Will, and see if your good wife is up yet, for I think we shall have need of her."

William returned no answer, but forged ahead with long strides, while Richard brought up the rear of the little procession.

Carlis brought the King immediately into the kitchen, which was a big low-pitched room, lit by a few tallow candles, and a lamp hanging from one of the massive oak beams.

The good wife, who was a neat, comely woman, with the ruddy cheeks and calm eyes of the country-dweller, bobbed a curtsy, at first a little shy of such an exalted guest; but when she dared to look up at Charles she saw how young he was, how wet, and muddled, and how haggard, and forgot that he was a King, and whisked about to pull a chair up to the fire, saying over her shoulder: "Bring the poor lad to the fire, sir. Willam, do you close that door, and see that the shutters be bolted tight! My sakes, did that feckless Richard lead you through a midden, sir? There, now, never fear! You are safe here."

"YOU see, sir, that you are come amongst friends," Carlis said, a gay note in his voice oddly at variance with the look of shocked pity in his keen eyes.

The King sank down into the chair, smiling with an effort upon his hosts. "I thank you, I thank you," he murmured.

"I will make a posset," said Dame Joan, running an experienced eye over the King. "I don't doubt you will have taken a chill, sir, as wet as you are. But a posset will drive it out, never fear! Willam, don't you be standing gaping, but fetch a jug of small beer to me straight!"

"Where is my Lord Willmot?" the King asked anxiously.

"He's safe enough, my liege, in a very honest Catholic gentleman's house. Mr. Whitgreave, over to Moseley. Willam will be fain to tell you about him presently. Do you draw close up to the fire, now, and warm yourself!"

The King obeyed her, watching her as she moved about the kitchen, first setting a place for him at the table, then peeping into her cauldron, or snuffing a candle that had begun to gutter. She smiled comfortably at him when she chanced to meet his eyes, and when Major Carlis and Richard brought in provender from the larder, bade them place all upon the table, and pull off his Majesty's wet shoes and stockings. It was Carlis who performed this office for him. When he saw the condition of the King's feet he stayed for a moment, looking down at them, his mouth rather grim under his neatly curled moustachios.

Dame Joan came up with a basin of warm water, and told him to get

up from the floor, for she wished to bathe his Majesty's feet. The Major rose, saying with determined cheerfulness: "We must find a dry pair of shoes for you, sir."

This, however, was easier said than done, there being none in the house to fit the King. In the end, having washed away the mud and the bloodstains, and cut the blisters, Dame Joan was forced to put hot embers into the old shoes to dry them.

Please turn to Page 57



"HARD-WORKING" HANDS TO "GLAMOUR-GIRL" HANDS IN 30 SECONDS—WITH SOLVOL! THE PENETRATING LATHER EASES GRIME FROM THE PORES, BANISHES STAINS—LEAVES HANDS SOFT AND WHITE. AS GENTLE TO THE SKIN AS FINE TOILET SOAP.

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Seventeen Rouge

Royal Escape

MEANWHILE, the King made a hearty meal, washing down the bread and cheese with a pint of thin milk mixed with small beer. At his request, William Penderel sat down on a joint-stool and told him as much as he knew of Lord Wilmot's movements. He spoke slowly, and at first seemed to hesitate a good deal, but when he found that the King only laughed at certain freedoms of speech, he grew more at ease, and recounted how he had conducted my lord to Mr. Whitgreave at Moseley.

"Where is my lord now?" Charles asked eagerly.

"Maybe he's with Mr. Whitgreave still, my liege. John came home to White-Ladies yesterday, at cock-crow, my lord being wishful to get news of your honor. Which we told John you were gone with Richard to cross Severn into Wales, whereupon John goes back to Moseley, to carry the tidings to my lord. He'll be home to-day, if he was not returned last night, which I couldn't say."

"To-day?" the King said, frowning with an effort of memory. "What is to-day?"

"It's Saturday now, my liege, the sixth day of September, so please you."

"Only Saturday!" the King exclaimed. He pressed his hands across his eyes for an instant. "Is it possible?" he said, half to himself, his voice so mournful that William regarded him with a good deal of dismay.

Major Carlis, who had been standing behind the King's chair while William told his tale, stepped forward, and with a little jerk of his head signed to William to draw back. He himself knelt on one knee before the fire, and picked up the King's stockings, which had been spread in the hearth to dry, and tested them with his hand. After a moment he said: "It behoves us, sir, to think where we may bestow you this day."

The King's hand dropped to his knee. "Like a bale of merchandise," he said.

Carlis smiled. "Very precious merchandise, sir."

Dame Penderel paused in her work of clearing away the remains of the

meal upon the table, to say in a low voice: "You know we have two very safe hiding places in the house, sir. His Majesty might lie in either, sure!"

"If his Majesty will be guided by me, he will lie in neither," said Carlis, looking at the King. "There is danger here, sir, for these good people are much suspected, being Catholics, and very loyal to your Majesty. There have been some of Cromwell's soldiers searching diligently in the neighborhood already, nor do I think we have seen the last of them."

"My Lord Derby commended the secret place," Dame Penderel said, unconvinced.

"My Lord Derby's sojourn with you likes me not at all, dame," responded Carlis, lifting one of the King's feet on to his knee, and beginning to coax the stocking on to it. "We do not know how many may have learned of it, and of your secret place to boot. Trust me, sir, I am not new to this game of hide-and-seek."

"Where will you have me go?" asked the King, wincing a little as his foot was put into the shoe. "Into the wood, again, belike?"

"Nay, I have a better plan in my head than that, sir. You and I will go up into a very thick tree I know of, and there lie as safe as two mice in a cheese till evening, while William and Richard keep watch."

A SMILE crept into the King's eyes. "So now I must spend my day perched in a tree! Oddfish, my life has become so rich in experience I begin to lose all knowledge of myself. I like it very well, Carlis. But I will have John Penderel brought here to me, to go once more with a message from me to my Lord Wilmot."

"That shall be done, sir, and at evening you may speak with him here."

As soon as the Major had made some small arrangements with the Penderels, the whole party escorted the King out of the house, Richard going ahead to spy out the land, and

William bringing up the rear with a wooden ladder, by which means the King, who said, though gaily, that his feet were in no case to go a-climbing, was to ascend into the tree.

Carlis went up first, and finding a suitable branch, parted the leaves which hid him from the ground, and called to the King to join him. Charles mounted the ladder as nimbly as his hurt feet would permit, and no sooner saw the leafy cave where Carlis was than he declared that he would defy all the rebel forces in England to discover him there.

A cushion, provided by Dame Penderel's thoughtfulness, was handed up on the end of a long hook, and placed on a broad branch for the King to sit upon. The Penderels, fearing that some farm-laborer might be already abroad, then went away, promising to keep a strict watch, and to take word to John, at White-Ladies, of the King's return.

"I never knew such poor men to be so honest," the King remarked, disposing himself more comfortably among the branches.

Carlis smiled a little. "How should you indeed, sir? You have not known poor men. Yet I dare swear you might find a hundred and more as honest as these."

There was a derisive gleam in the King's eyes. "I should get great good from my adventures, then, for I am learning some things I knew not before."

Carlis said pitifully: "Alas, that so sweet a prince should have learnt so grievous a lesson!"

The King laughed. "So sweet a prince! I warrant, they thought me one! Carlis, here is a lesson from my book: give honey for gall, keep your counsel, and trust no man farther than his own interest!" He heaved a sigh, and leaned his head against the tree-trunk.

"Put your head in my lap," Carlis said, not as subject to monarch, but as a man to a boy. "Come, do you think that is not a burden I would give my life to bear? Can you be comfortable so?"

Charles, yielding to the other's will, disposed himself along the branch, sustained by Carlis' strong arm holding him. "Very comfortable," he said drowsily.

He lay silent for a time, until Carlis, wondering whether he had indeed fallen asleep, bent over him to look into his face. But the King's eyes were open, and he said: "I wish I knew if Hamilton were alive. He was wounded badly, I think. They told me he was carried into the Commandery."

He sounded unhappy; Carlis replied: "That was true, but what afterwards became of him I know not."

"He was my friend," Charles said. "Argyll removed him, but he advised me to consent to his banishment, since in Argyll he thought all my hopes lay. I know now that there was never any hope for me with that party. None but Argyll must be great in Scotland. And then they had another fast-day."

"Why?" asked Carlis.

"Because of the army's self-confidence and profaneness," replied Charles, in a voice drugged with sleep.

"My child, I think you are dreaming," said Carlis softly.

THEY sent away the chiefest of my advisers," the King went on, in a voice thickened by drowsiness. "And those whom I most loved, of course. It seems a long time ago. I remember I was very lonely, and repented me in good earnest that ever I had set foot in that bleak, unfriendly country." His eyelids were dropping, a smile played round his mouth; he said, so softly that Carlis had to bend over him to catch the words: "They crowned me, at Scone, and that not even Argyll can undo."

He did not speak again, nor did Carlis return any answer. Presently he knew by the King's deeper breathing that he slept. He sat very still, leaning his shoulders against the tree-trunk, one arm keeping the King from falling, and his attention divided between the dark head on his knee and the view of the surrounding country to be obtained through the thick foliage.

As the morning wore on, there was enough movement to be observed to keep him on the alert. The rough lane that ran from the highway from Tong to Brewood, past Boscobel House to White-Ladies, was visible from where he sat, and several people passed down it. He saw Richard plodding along, shouldering his wood-bill as though going about his rightful business;

Continued from Page 56

and a little while later caught a glimpse of Humphrey, the miller. Nearer at hand, Dame Joan was to all appearances busy with a nut-hook, collecting sticks for kindling, with William not far away upon the same errand. Then a troop of horse came into sight from the direction of Brewood. They did not check, but rode on towards White-Ladies.

Some time elapsed; the Major's right arm was aching from shoulder to wrist, and he eased it away as well as he could, but cautiously, for fear of waking Charles, who was sunk in heavy sleep. He watched William Penderel work towards the edge of Spring Coppice, and presently disappear into it.

William came back presently with a load of faggots, walking with a leisurely gait, and passed under the pollarded oak. He did not look up, but he said clearly: "Soldiers searching in the wood." Before long, Carlis caught sight of a red-coat amongst the tree trunks. Shortly afterwards, one or two soldiers appeared, skirting the coppice.

They saw William and hailed him, and after gaping stupidly for a minute he shuffled over to them. They were too far off for Carlis to hear what passed between them, but he saw William scratch his head as though puzzled, and then point towards Boscobel; and smiled to himself. Apparently the soldiers were satisfied, for William soon left them, and went on gathering his bundles of wood, roping them together and carrying them across the field to the house.

By this time, Carlis' arms had ceased to ache, but a dangerous numbness was stealing down them, making it impossible for him to hold the King much longer. The soldiers, straying over the field in the indeterminate manner of men at a loss to know where to look for their quarry, were some of them close enough to the big oak tree to cause him a good deal of anxiety. He bent over the King, and softly spoke his name, but Charles did not stir.

Please turn to Page 58



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FINDING him too sound asleep to be wakened by such gentle means, Carlis slid a hand over his mouth and with the little power remaining in the fingers of his right hand pinched him shrewdly.

The King woke with a start, and a half-dreaming exclamation, stifled by the hand clamped across his mouth. Carlis whispered: "Quiet! There are soldiers near."

The King's eyes, filmy with sleep, looked up at him, a little dazed. He blinked once or twice, and then raised his hand to Carlis', and pulled it away from his mouth, and struggled up, holding fast to a stout branch. Having peeped through the leaves at his enemies, and ascertained that they were not close enough to overhear him, he said with a twinkle: "Pie, what a way to use me! I thought Noll Cromwell himself had me in his grip."

"I cry pardon, sir! I dared not

speak loud enough to waken you, and so was forced to take the liberty of pinching your Majesty," said Carlis, rubbing his benumbed arm back to life.

"I think that is less majesty," remarked the King, cautiously parting the branches a little, to enable him to watch the movements of the red-coats on the outskirts of the copse.

"I fear it, I fear it! But to have let your sacred person fall out of the tree, as I promise you I was in danger of doing, would have been a worse crime!"

"Oh, that would have been treason," said the King. He made himself as comfortable as he could on his branch, and added: "You should have wakened me before. Now if we had something to eat, how well housed we should be!"

"But we have, sir," said Carlis,

Royal Escape

Continued from Page 57

thrusting a hand into the pocket of his leather coat. "Your Majesty forgets that I am an old soldier!"

"Carlis, I swear you shall be knighted for this!" the King exclaimed, watching him produce from his pocket some slices of bread and cheese, wrapped up in a clean cloth.

"When your Majesty comes into your own, I shall petition for the right to bear a coat-of-arms," said Carlis, holding out the bread and cheese to him.

"It shall be granted to you," promised the King. He took some of the food and waved the rest away. "Eat it yourself—nay, that is a command, my friend! What will you have upon the shield?"

"An oak proper," replied Carlis promptly. "In a field—in a field or."

"With a fesse gules charged with three regal crowns! And your crest?"

"Nay, your Majesty shall decide." The King took a large bite out of his bread. "A garland, of course. An oaken garland with two swords—no, a sword and a sceptre, crossed through it saltirewise. And your name shall be changed from Carlis to Carlos, signifying Charles."

"I am very willing. And my motto, sir?"

The King shook his head. "Alas, I am no scholar. It should be in Latin. How like you Servant and Saviour?"

"What, with bread and cheese, sir?"

The King laughed, but said: "I believe I was in despair when you came to me last night, Carlis, for it seemed that all my friends were lost to me."

"Ay, you are partaking of adventures which I think no King of England partook of before you, sir," agreed Carlis.

"I was reared as I'll swear no King was before me," said Charles, with his mouth full. "Did you ever hear how my brother James and I saw the battle of Edgehill when we were mere lads? We were in the custody of Dr. Harvey at that time, James being nine years old and myself something over twelve. He withdrew with us under a hedge, being warned to have most strict care of us, as you may suppose; but, poor man, he was more interested in the cutting up of frogs and toads than in warfare, and soon pulled out a book from his pocket, and buried his nose in it!"

"It was not till a cannon-shot came near to blowing us all to perdition that he remembered his charge, and where he stood. I leave it to you to imagine how swiftly we were whisked off then, the good doctor's hair verily standing on end with his horror!" He chuckled at the memory.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, soldiers being occasionally seen, but never near enough to the tree to cause the two in it any great anxiety. The worst the King had to bear were the discomforts of a hard perch, a rough shirt, and limbs aching from being for so many hours in a variety of cramped positions. He was very patient, making no complaint, but beguiling the time with cheerful conversation, and some-

The answer is—

1. A Secretary of State, Viscount Sydney.
2. Four inches.
3. Maud (in "Come into the Garden, Maud").
4. Germany.
5. A blacksmith.
6. Sir Edwin Landseer.
7. Hutton.
8. Yes.
9. Coins and medals.
10. Angora goats.

Questions on Page 56

times dozing, with Carlis' arm round him.

When he slept, the lines of his face were softened; he looked younger, and strangely defenceless. Carlis watched him trying sometimes to see a likeness to the little stately King, his father; at others, wondering what the future held for him.

It was not until the daylight had quite gone that William Penderel came with his ladder to the tree, and told the King that it was at last safe for him to come into the house.

Being arrived at the house, he was escorted immediately to the parlor, where Joan Penderel had by this time spread supper upon the table.

"Roast chicken, as I live!" the King said, sniffing the air. "My Dame Joan, I warrant you, I think William a lucky man!"

"Oh, my liege," she said, smiling and blushing, "it is all I have to offer your Majesty, and little enough, alas!"

He sat down in the chair at the head of the table, telling her that it was a very ample supper, though he would engage to leave nothing of it but the bones; and picking up the carving-knife commanded Carlis to sit down with him and fall to.

"I will wait first on your Majesty," Carlis replied.

"Sit down, man, sit down!" said the King. "Oddsblood, have you perched all day on the same tree-branch with me only to stand upon ceremony now?"

"Please your Majesty, I will wait upon you," said William.

"Where is my Trusty Dick?" said the King.

"Dick and George do both be on guard, watching the highway," replied William. "And Humphrey has been to Shifnal for to get news."

"Why, it seems I have a body-guard!" said the King, digging his teeth into the flesh of the drumstick.

"It's best some of us should be on the watch," William said.

He presently went out, to return with Humphrey, the miller; but one glance at the two men's faces told the King that they brought bad tidings.

"What is it?" he demanded. "Come man—speak up."

Humphrey grinned awkwardly at the King. "I don't know whether to be glad or sorry to see your honor again," he confessed. "That was a rare misfortunate journey you had, and us thinking you safe into Wales! Ay, and there's a mort of news hereabouts. Serious, I fear."

"Tell me, then!" The King was growing really anxious now.

To be continued

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THE BRIDE'S COLUMN

By Mary Sheraton

These days, more than ever, young couples must observe the staid principles of economy. A wrong construction of that word, however, can quite easily lead to a misunderstanding. By economy we mean cutting down budget expenditure as much as possible, yet still retaining the comforts and pleasures of normal times. It may sound difficult, but really it is quite simple for two to live at the cost of one.

Newlyweds may be inclined to be sceptical when confronted with such a problem as furnishing their homes, but even there it is easily overcome. We at Bebarfide aim to create good-will wherever we can, and newly-married couples invariably afford us the opportunity to do so. There are two publications we have recently prepared. One is entitled *The Bride's Book*—a complete compendium regarding the wedding. It has authoritative chapters on every topic an engaged girl should be conversant with. The other we called "How to Get Your Money's Worth When Furnishing," because that is the very task it fulfils. It takes you through a modern furniture store, and tells you everything you want to know about construction, styles, and prices. If you cannot call and see me, fill in the coupon below, and I will send you the literature by return mail.



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Engine trouble no trouble now

AS a part of their training, members of the Red Cross Emergency Transport Service in South Australia attend lectures in mechanics, so that each driver is capable of recognising every kind of car trouble in addition to being able to make minor adjustments herself.

The adjutant, Mrs. J. T. Sandow, devotes practically every weekday to the work of administration at headquarters.

A complete check is kept on all cars in the service, their make, horsepower, and seating capacity.

Mrs. Sandow stated that drivers are classed as A, B, or C, according to their ability, and she praised the competent way in which the women volunteers are carrying out their various jobs.

They not only give their time to the Emergency Transport Service,

Directs war efforts of 17,000 women

DIRECTED by the President (Mrs. O. A. Hicken), the Country Women's Association of Victoria is carrying out a "stocktaking" of its woman power for national service. Questionnaires were sent from the association head office to all of the 311 branches which are scattered far and wide in the State.

Members of the branches were asked to notify head office if they were trained or were training in first aid and home nursing.

They also were asked how many of them could take children who might have to be evacuated from the cities.

Recently Mrs. Hicken urged country women to practise economy in every possible way and to make use of resources as the association had taught them, to save in case of need.

It is estimated that most of the 17,000 members of the Country Women's Association are training for national emergency, and also are sewing, knitting, and raising money for the soldiers.

Returned army nurse helps first-aid classes

SINCE war broke out, Miss S. C. Macdonald, president of the Sisters' Sub-Branch of the Queensland R.S.S.I.L.A., has been helping with first-aid and home-nursing classes, giving voluntary lectures to members of the Australian Army Medical Corps, and working for the Cameron Highlanders' Comforts Fund.

She has been superintendent of nursing for the first voluntary aid detachment of the Red Cross Link since its inception several years ago.

Miss Macdonald served with the A.I.P. throughout the 1914-18 war.

Supervises uniform repairs for Comforts Fund

ONE of the honorary officers in charge of the Queensland Comforts Fund workroom Miss Pauline Elliott, of Brisbane, is doing the same work now that she did in the last war.

Some months before the present war, the military authorities in Queensland requested the committee of the Comforts Fund to reorganise, and many of the women working to-day side by side worked together under similar conditions in the last war.

In the workroom where Miss Elliott supervises with Mrs. E. J. D. Stanley, bands of workers are sewing on buttons, or repairing any military uniforms.

A timetable has been made out so that the work is equally divided, but members are on duty every day.



ENGINE TROUBLE being investigated by Mrs. J. T. Sandow, adjutant of the South Australian Red Cross Women's Emergency Transport Service.

but provide their own cars and petrol.

Before she was appointed adjutant Mrs. Sandow acted as commandant of the No. 6 detachment in the Red Cross Emergency Transport Service.

Collects old collars for war bandages

A "COLLAR" hunt is now in progress among the members and friends of Mrs. G. D. Bowcher's Victorian Red Cross Emergency Unit. Mrs. Bowcher discovered when she was collecting old linen or cotton suitable for bandages that men's old, stiff, white collars were excellent for the purpose.

From the need for help during one national emergency—the 1939 bush fires—has come the present auxiliary



MRS. G. D. BOWCHER
—Brooklyn.

of workers pledged to work for any other national emergency.

Headed by Mrs. Bowcher, a number of women associates of Albert Park Golf Club are now a Red Cross emergency company.

Groups have already passed their first-aid, home-nursing, anti-gas work and mass cooking, and they are now doing transport work.

When the cupboards are held knitting and linen have been filled, Mrs. Bowcher will decide where the articles will be sent.

Arranging exhibition for Red Cross Funds

MANY novel ideas have been suggested by which money can be raised for the Red Cross and Comforts Funds in Australia.

Miss Mary Harris, of Adelaide, is using her expert knowledge of art for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Miss Harris, who is a lecturer in art, has designed furniture and hand-blocked fabrics, as well as painting many pictures.

Under her guidance, her class of appreciation of Art at the South Australian School of Arts and Crafts is holding Testament of Beauty exhibition this month.

There is a big variety of work at the exhibition, including a display of Red Cross posters, which will be presented to the Red Cross when the exhibition closes.

Proceeds from some of the sales of pictures will be given to aid Red Cross funds.

Has eleven children—finds time for war work

TYPICAL of the women of Australia and their splendid spirit is Mrs. T. Hall, of Melbourne.

Although the mother of eleven children, she finds time to do war work as a member of the Brunswick Red Cross Emergency Service Company.

She is a group leader, and in addition to having completed her junior first-aid course she is now tackling the more difficult senior course.

Two of her daughters are also doing war work. Her eldest one, Mrs. J. Birch, 20, and her second daughter, Daphne, 15, are attending first-aid classes with her.

All the Hall children, including the eldest daughter down to the baby of 18 months, are at home. There are six sons and five daughters.

The Brunswick Emergency Service Company has a very "family" atmosphere altogether. In addition to several mothers and daughters working together, three generations of one family are represented—the grandmother, Mrs. Hitchcock; daughter, Mrs. Faulkner; and granddaughter, Mrs. Faulkner.

This very keen band of suburban workers intends to complete home nursing as well as first aid. However, service has not been limited to first aid and home nursing. There have been seventy volunteers for blood transfusion and three girls are doing transport driving.

Leading these Brunswick women workers is the superintendent, Mrs. B. J. Warr, honorary secretary and treasurer Miss L. Tabatnick, and assistant superintendent Mrs. S. McKee. Mrs. M. Stout is the demonstrator.

Worker for Home Mission also helps soldiers

LONG lists of clothing requirements for soldiers have started to arrive at the Ladies' Home Mission Union from clergymen in parishes from where men have enlisted.

Miss Evelyn Stokes, who was recently appointed secretary to the union, is arranging for parcels to be sent out, so that unemployed men who enlist will not be deprived of the necessary equipment when they go into camp.

At the same time, the union is concentrating on its usual help for women and children, and from its fifty-eight branches among the Church of England parishes in New South Wales voluntary workers are busy raising funds for the mission work.

Miss Stokes, who trained for mission work at Deaconess House, Sydney, organised a large party on November 4 for wives and mothers who entered a series of simple competitions for handicraft work.

At the end of the party each woman was given a large bunch of flowers, and the wife of a man in camp said that since she had come from the country to live in Sydney she had missed her flower garden more than anything else as she had been unable to afford to buy any flowers.

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Let us send you a magnificent All-British "Cheerio" Banjo-Mandolin. We are giving a limited number of these handsome instruments FREE to advertise our New Learning-at-home lessons. A smart, sturdy case and full equipment is included with each instrument. All you have to pay is a very low fee for a full course of new easy to learn Banjo-Mandolin lessons—the Banjo-Mandolin is FREE.

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Coverspot remains pliant, does not clog pores and cannot be felt after application. Grateful users from all over Australia praise Coverspot. Four shades: Pure size 1/6, Economy jar 4/6. Get some to-day from your chemist or store—or write The British Harold F. Ritchie Co. Ltd., 55 York St., Sydney.

Coverspot
CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Luxuries are only makeshifts. A more novel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, purgating in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/6.

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OVERWHELMING DEMAND FOR THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH LEAVES THOUSANDS WITHOUT A COPY...

WHEN we printed an extra large edition of the first Sunday Telegraph last Sunday, we thought we had adequately covered the initial demand. We were wrong. Thousands went to their newsagents, only to be told that the Sunday Telegraph was completely sold out. Make *sure* this week. Order your next Sunday Telegraph *in advance*.

The big 16-page laugh-making supplement, "Color Comics," was an instant success with every youngster from 4 to 44! The 30-minute radio reading of "Color Comics" by Charlie Chuckle every Sunday (or Monday in some country districts) from your favorite Station adds a still greater thrill!

Next Sunday, and every Sunday, "Color Comics" will be given free with the Sunday Telegraph . . . the only comic which can be **HEARD** as well as seen!

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FOR NEXT SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26

All the News That's Fit to Print

THE HOMEMAKER

November 25, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

WALKING on WINGS...

By
JANETTE

PAMPER your feet to keep them flexible and comfortable and you'll walk with a youthful spring. For if you walk old you'll look old.

HAVE you ever tried to guess a woman's age from the way she walks? Try it sometime. You'd be surprised how the way she walks reveals a woman's years.

Youth walks with a spring and a light step. Age walks with jerkier movements and a heavier tread.

Just the other day I met a former neighbor. She's 35 or so. Five years ago when she moved away she seemed almost girlish; but the other day she struck me as quite suddenly middle-aged.

Her skin was bright, eyes clear and happy, hair as dark and shiny as ever, hands nice, clothes smart. But she walked old. Somehow she placed her feet heavily, stiffly.

Instead of winging along on toes and balls of the feet, scarcely brushing the pavement, as young girls seem to do, she settled at every step, her heels and ankles plodding with the weight of her. And yet she was slim as ever.

Foot exercise

SO pamper your feet and keep yourself young. Do this exercise every day.

Stand on the edge of a step—the very edge—with your arches and heels hanging over, your weight resting on the balls of your feet, and your toes gripping the tread.

Do this exercise in stockinged feet, or in soft-soled flexible house slippers.

At first you'll want to hold on to the banister rail, to steady yourself, till you gain confidence in your ankles and toes.

Standing thus, on the very edge of a step, lower your heels as far as you can, letting your weight down, down, down, while you grip the step with balls and toes of your feet to keep you from sliding off.

When your heels are as far down



REMEMBER to walk with feet parallel and toes straight ahead.
Beenda Joyce, Fox player, above.

Now for another good exercise. When you sit down to change shoes and stockings, cross your knees, then take hold of the foot which hangs free in the air. Clasp your hand firmly around the toes, and twist your foot round and round. Make your toes describe a circle in the air, while you rotate the ankle joint.

Press with the hand to force the foot down, pull with the hand to force the foot up, so as to make your ankle stretch all the while. After ten circles in one direction, reverse direction and repeat.

Then cross your knees the other way, grab the other foot, and force it round and round.

For tired feet

THE third exercise you can do in bed, while you're courting sleep. Lie flat on your back, legs straight, toes up. Stretch your feet down, arching them and pointing your toes towards the footboard.

Stretch them hard, till you practically feel them growing longer. Then stretch them forward, toes pointing towards your chin.

When your feet are tired and swollen, especially if they are the clammy, perspiring kind, bathe them in warm salted water.

After rinsing and drying them, rub and pat them with a chilled foot lotion or with eau de Cologne or the astringent or freshener type of face lotion. And dust with talcum before you put on stockings.

After bathing, if your feet are tender and dry-skinned, flaky or papery in texture, rub them with a foot cream.



MASSAGING the feet and ankles with a good foot cream or lotion, as shown here, will relieve tiredness and help to keep your feet flexible.



THE VOGUE for sandal shoes, like these, is one of the most sensible yet for the feet. But don't wear spike heels for housework or long walks. Keep them for dress-up occasions.

in space as you can push them, start rising up. Raise your heels and your weight till you are standing on your toes.

Do that twenty times, every time you go up and down stairs. Do it in the kitchen ladder when you climb up to put things on high shelves. Do it on the back porch steps when you hang up the dish towels to dry.

Do you get cramps in your toes and arches from occasional dancing? Do the cords in the back of your

legs ache when you shift from low heels to high, or from high to low?

When you take off your shoes at night, do your toes curl up in a cramp that hurts till you push the toes down where they belong?

Then that exercise on the edge of a step is what you need, for it uses and stretches and limbers up all the complicated interlocking bones and tendons and muscles that reach from the tips of your toes to your hips.



"DAMP-SET" This Hair Style

Hold it Perfect — Natural — without "Nets," says Hollywood

DO you favour this most attractive of modern hair styles . . . then you know that its whole success absolutely depends upon a soft — natural — look!

Every hair strand must be in place, yet it is fatal to have it look "struck down" or stiff. It's a shame, too, to bunch it under a hair net! . . .

"Damp-set" it! . . . The secret of those perfect "long bobs" and always-neat "page boy" styles you see in the latest films, is "damp-setting"!

Yes—that's the answer—"damp-set" your hair with Velmol. It's the discovery of a famous beauty chemist, and works perfectly on any hair — of any texture—takes but 4 minutes! Gives hair new silky sparkle.

So simple! Run a wet comb through your hair. Then brush a little Velmol through . . . and then, with fingers and comb, just arrange your hair exactly the way it looks most lovely.

"Damp-set" your hair with Velmol this easy way — and it stays perfect all day, and all evening. Get a 2/- bottle of VELMOL to-day — from your Chemist or Store.



HUGE REPEAT ORDER ARRIVES FROM ENGLAND! All stores now stocked!



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*They wash
as easily as cottons!*

You might have vowed that you'd never buy another crepe frock. You might have cried to the high heavens that you'd seen your last silk frock shrink in the wash! . . . And go uneven at the hemline or tight in the bodice after washing. But forget all that! Now you can go into any store. Buy frocks or piece materials of "Grafton Anti-Shrink" and receive an unconditional guarantee of replacement if they should shrink by the width of a thread when washed according to the easy "Lux" directions.

GRAFTON ANTI-SHRINK IS ALSO FEATURED IN LATEST "EXOTIC" AND PASTEL COLORS FOR SPORTSWEAR. ASK FOR "VALKO" — IT'S BEAUTIFUL.

Obtainable at all stores or write direct to Box 624 FF, G.P.O., Sydney.



Business girls can wash their silk frocks overnight! Grafton Anti-Shrink dries three times as fast as ordinary silk. Ironing is unnecessary.



No more dry-cleaning bills when you wear Grafton Anti-Shrink Frocks. They retain their full strength of colour after washing. Become silkier.



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GRAFTON ANTI-SHRINK—GUARANTEED NOT TO SHRINK BY ALL STORES

Feasts of color In these glimpses of lovely gardens . . . Masses of blooms and a crazy path . . . A formal sunken garden . . . A romantic rose-covered arch over a cottage gate.



ABOVE: Flower beds riotous with multi-colored phlox drummondii on either side of a crazy pathway beautify the garden of this home and, with the other beds set in green lawns and profuse with blooms, provide brilliant contrast with the cream walls.

LEFT: A formal sunken garden in English style gaily blooming with antirrhinums and other flowers. Here the precision of the garden against a background of green trees achieves interest and surprise.

DAHLIAS Will BEAUTIFY the AUTUMN GARDEN . .

GROWN in an open position where they will get plenty of sunshine, there are few gardens in which these luxurious blooms cannot be cultivated with great success.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

NATURE has permitted many hardy plants to give themselves a rest-cure by forming tubers, bulbs or corms, and prominent among them is the colorful dahlia.

While most dahlia experts do not plant their tubers until November or even December in the warmer parts of Australia, this is not advisable unless exhibition flowers are being grown.

In the temperate zones of the world, where the dahlia has been bred and hybridised for a hundred years, the plant is regarded as a true autumn-flowering type.

In Australia, however, the dahlia flowers from late November if sown early.

I have found in recent years, however, that prolonged delay in planting the tubers has resulted in loss of weight and vigor.

It stands to reason that if the roots of a plant are ready to plunge themselves into moist soil the tubers should be underground.

The tubers give early indication of their impatience by sprouting freely from the base of last year's old stem.

They can be deterred from making too much precocious growth by storing in a dry, dark place, but even then they will grow if the atmosphere is moist and warm.

For bright display

If your tubers are making healthy sprouts, you should take nature's broad hint and give them decent burial at once.

Gardeners who desire a bright display of dahlias in January-February may set to work now if the tubers are sprouting.

Division of the clumps requires a sharp, narrow-bladed knife, a strong wrist, and a little patience, for if the tubers are hastily separated many good plants may be lost.

Each tuber must carry a shoot or two, or a plump eye. Tubers that are pulled off without even a heel of last year's old wood are certain

to be "blind," and rarely develop into plants.

Some clumps are so closely crowded round the stem that they are difficult to remove, and in this case it is best to cut the weaklings away in order to save the plumpest and best-formed tubers.

The sacrifice of a few on the outside, which are usually the smallest, is often necessary where twenty-five or thirty tubers are massed together.

Having divided the tubers, plant them in well-prepared ground, after placing the stakes in position. It is a mistake to put the stakes in after you have buried the tubers.

DAHLIAS like plenty of elbow room. Therefore they should be planted at least 3ft. to 3ft. apart in the rows, and, if planting double rows, allow at least 3ft. between the rows.

The soil should be rich, as dahlias are gross feeders, and never yield quality flowers if the food supply is poor.

Tubers that have been spiked with the fork or damaged in any way should be discarded, as gangrene and other diseases develop in such wounds.

Bury the tubers completely, allowing four or five inches of soil over the top in every case.

If this is not done the plants will not anchor themselves in the soil, and will blow over very easily when the summer southerlies spring up.

If you have not prepared your soil, leave the clumps alone for a week or two and make the soil as fertile as possible by digging in well-rotted manure, leaf mould, some bonedust and a little superphosphate.

If your soil is sandy and light the addition of old cow manure will be advantageous, for the soil must be made as moisture retentive as possible when it is light.

Heavy soil that cakes badly when wetted should be made more friable

by adding sand, lime, or peat moss, for dahlias detest wet feet, a condition caused by water-logging.

Gardeners who like dahlias for home decoration purposes should fall back on the charm varieties, as the flowers are smaller, borne on stiff stems, and are more easily arranged than those with big heavy heads.

Pompon dahlia, the old show dahlia, the singles, and the more modern hybrid or garden cactus are also very useful for filling vases.

Bi-colored flowers, known as Parisians, the pretty aster and orchid dahlias, and the collarettes are also very colorful, and take up less room than the decoratives and paeonies.

In the hybrid cactus section, Ballego's Surprise (pure white) is one of the loveliest, and can be well recommended.

Good collection

FRAU O'BRACTH (a good yellow) and Paul Pfitzner (cream and pink), Tannenber (blood-red) and Golden Age should also be included in any hybrid cactus collection.

Dahlias can also be sown from seed, although it is a bit late to start this now. Seedlings obtained from nurserymen will develop into big, strong, healthy plants that will flower next autumn if set out in rich soil.

Seedling dahlias are always a gamble, for no seedsman will guarantee just what you are likely to get from them.

They may be singles, doubles, charms, cactus or some rubbishy hybrid that nobody wants, but there is also the element of surprise, for you may obtain some lovely new type that will really please and delight you.

The seedling plants need more than ordinary care, as they are a bit spindly, and fair game for all the slugs and snails in creation.

When they are about 14 or 15 inches tall pinch out the top to make them shrubby and sturdy. Lateral growths will develop from the leaf axils and these in time will carry good bloom.



A ROMANTIC SETTING for a lovely girl, Anne Shirley, RKO star. Here an arch over a little wooden gate is covered with a creeper profuse with sweet night-scenting flowers.

Economy is a factor!!
Modess is economical—but more important it is softer, and safer.
Modess alone features a moisture proof backing.

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BOX OF 12 **16** SANITARY NAPKINS.
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**CAMP PIE**

When you come home hot and tired, try feed Camp Pie with crisp, cool lettuce, tomatoes, green peas and potato salad.

**Delightful Ways to Serve "Imperial" Good Foods . . .**

Here are three delicious Salads prepared from "Imperial" flavour-sealed Good Foods—Camp Pie—Sheep or Lamb Tongues and Corned Beef. Each one a delicious Summer dish, appetising and healthful.

Every member of the family will enjoy these fresh Summer dishes and you will appreciate their real convenience and easiness to serve.

Make every day a cooking holiday by using "Imperial" Foods.

Salad

WIZARDRY

**SHEEP TONGUES**

If you are one of that select few who delight in the unusual, serve your Tongues with green peas, papaw and sliced bananas.

**CORNE BEEF**

Substantial, yet appetising is compressed Corned Beef with pineapple, chopped carrot and cool, crisp lettuce.

The "Imperial" range includes "Hot Meals" in the following varieties:

- * Steak and Kidney Pudding
- * Irish Stew
- * Beef Steak Pudding
- * Lamb and Green Peas
- * Sausages and Tomato
- * Steak and Tomato
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And the following cold meals:

- * "Imperial" Camp Pie
- * Corned Beef Loaf
- * Lamb Tongues
- * Sheep Tongues
- * Corned Beef
- * Mango and Papaw Chutney
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Ask your grocer for "Imperial" in the Red, White, and Blue cans.

FREE Set of Beautiful Art Blotters and Ruler. You will receive a beautiful set of four specially printed art blotters—a ruler—and a pencil by pasting the coupon below and one label from any "Imperial" Product.

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Please post me the stationery outfit, including Blotters, Ruler, and Pencil to

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Imperial Good Foods



FLAVOUR SEALED! Ready to Serve! ASK YOUR GROCER!

It's easy to make ICE-CREAM this way . . .

● Everybody loves home-made ice-cream, and nowadays, instead of being a difficult dessert to make, it is one of the easiest.

FOR, by using a special ice-cream mixture, which you can obtain from any grocer, you can have this delicious sweet ready for freezing in three minutes.

If you have a refrigerator it does the rest of the work. If you have a hand-freezer you can also make delicious ice-cream by using the same mixture with a little less cream.

This ice-cream mix comes in various flavors and opens up dozens of different possibilities—for you can add fruits, nuts, and candies in all sorts of ways.

First, here are the basic recipes:

For Automatic Refrigerator: First set cold control for fast freezing.

Whip 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) cold whipping cream in a bowl until it holds its shape—no more. Add a package of ice-cream mix to 1 cup cold milk. Beat with egg-beater until smooth. Mix thoroughly with whipped cream without beating. Pour into freezing-tray.

To Freeze: After you have set control for fast freezing, place tray in freezing compartment. When ice-cream is frozen, set cold control back. Ice-cream is best when not too hard. If too hard before serving, soften in refrigerator just below freezing compartment.

For Hand Freezer: Beat with egg-beater until smooth 1½ cups cold milk, ½ cup heavy or whipping cream (or 1 cup cold milk and 1 cup light cream) and package ice-cream mix. Pour into freezer can, and freeze with 4 parts of ice to 1 part ice-cream salt. Turn freezer about 10 minutes.

Now try these recipes:—

FROZEN NESSELRODE PUDDING

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 cup mixed crystallized fruit, 10 maraschino cherries, 2 tablespoons maraschino cherry juice, 1 tablespoon rum.

Follow directions above for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Then add the crystallized fruit, mixed and cut up, maraschino cherries, maraschino cherry juice, and rum. Mix well and freeze.

STRAWBERRY LAYER ICE-CREAM

One package strawberry ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 box strawberries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons lemon juice if desired.

Chop strawberries with sugar, add lemon juice and let stand in refrigerator for half an hour. Mash berries finely. Line freezing tray with waxed paper. Make one-half of the recipe for strawberry ice-cream, following the directions above. Pour into tray and let freeze until quite firm. Pour one half of the berry mixture on top of ice-cream. Let freeze until firm. Top strawberry layer with one-half recipe for strawberry ice-cream. Let freeze until firm. When ready to serve, unmould. Cut in slices and garnish with remaining crushed strawberries.

VANILLA ICE-CREAM WITH MARSHMALLOW COCOA SAUCE

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream.

Follow directions above for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Serve with marshmallow cocoa sauce, made as follows:

Blend 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons cocoa, and 3 tablespoons milk in a saucepan. Cook until thick over a low flame, stirring constantly. Add 5 marshmallows, cut in eighths, and beat until melted. Remove from heat, cook, and stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla and 5 tablespoons milk.

By
MARY FORBES

Cookery
Expert to
The
Australian
Women's
Weekly.



DOZENS of variations can be obtained from the two basic ice-cream recipes given on this page. The meringue basket, filled with ice-cream and decorated with strawberries, is an attractive suggestion.

FRESH STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM WITH MERINGUE BASKET

One package strawberry ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, meringue basket, whipped cream, strawberries, angelica for handle.

Follow directions above for making automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Heap strawberry ice-cream in meringue basket. Add several heaped spoonfuls of whipped cream. Decorate plentifully with ripe, large, fresh strawberries, and make handle of green angelica.

APRICOT OR PINEAPPLE ALMOND ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 cup apricot or pineapple conserve, 1 cup chopped almonds, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Follow directions above for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Add conserve, almonds and lemon juice. Mix well and freeze.

PINEAPPLE MINT ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 cup crushed Scotch mints, 1 cup crushed, drained, tinned pineapple.

Follow directions above for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Add pineapple and crushed mints. Mix well and freeze.

VANILLA PEPPERMINT ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, peppermint essence, whipped cream, cochineal.

Follow directions above for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Add 1 teaspoon peppermint flavoring and a few drops cochineal. Top with whipped cream.

ORANGE ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 cup orange juice, grated rind 1 orange, 4 teaspoons lemon juice.

Follow directions. When partly frozen, and while beating, add orange juice, grated rind, and 4 teaspoons lemon juice. Finish freezing.

LEMON ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, grated rind 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Follow directions for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. When partly frozen, and while beating, add the grated rind of lemon, and lemon juice and sugar. Finish freezing.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT ICE-CREAM

One package chocolate ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Follow directions for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Then add chopped walnuts. Mix well and freeze.

PINEAPPLE ICE-CREAM

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream, 1 cup crushed, drained, tinned pineapple, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Follow directions for automatic refrigerator ice-cream. When partly frozen, and while beating, add pineapple and lemon juice. Finish freezing.

VANILLA ICE-CREAM WITH PINEAPPLE MINT SAUCE

One package vanilla ice-cream mix, 1 cup cold milk, 1 cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ pint) heavy cream.

Follow directions for making automatic refrigerator ice-cream. Serve with pineapple mint sauce made thus:

One cup crushed tinned pineapple, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 6 drops peppermint essence.

Put pineapple in saucepan with sugar, add water and simmer 10 minutes. Cool, and add peppermint essence.

UNUSUAL ICE-CREAMS

Have you ever tried rolling slices of ice-cream or ice-cream balls in coconut or crushed biscuit crumbs? They're delicious.

Crushed hard candy is good when added to plain vanilla ice-cream. Try making marbled ice-cream. Make a tray of vanilla ice-cream, and a tray of strawberry. Freeze to a hard mush. Fill another tray with the frozen ice-cream, alternating a spoonful of strawberry and a spoonful of vanilla. Return tray of marbled ice-cream to freezing compartment. Freeze until firm.

To make unusual combinations, fill individual cardboard or paper cups with partly frozen ice-cream mixtures with either one, two or three layers of different kinds of ice-cream. Many attractive variations may be made by placing nuts, small candies, sliced or diced fruits either in the bottom or between the layers. When frozen very hard ice-cream can easily be removed from cups by loosening edges with a knife and pushing on the bottom of the cup. After unmoulding, wrap in wax paper and return immediately to freezing unit until serving time.

Make brick ice-cream by lining tray with wax paper, adding ice-cream mixture in thin layer, freezing and adding another layer.



The Kraft way to make golden-smooth Cheddar Sauce

Take 4 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar, 1 cup milk. Shred cheese into saucepan with 1 tablespoon milk. Heat and stir till melted smooth. Stir in rest of milk slowly over fire till smooth . . . and there's your luscious cheese sauce, all ready to pour over vegetables, salmon or spaghetti . . . gives them an exciting new flavour, and all these important food elements: proteins, energy units, vitamin A, and the bone and tooth building milk minerals, calcium and phosphorus. It takes a gallon of milk to make a single pound of Kraft!



More Kraft Favourites

OLD ENGLISH—tasty, fully-matured cheese.

KRAFT CELERY—cheddar with a fresh celery flavour.

WELSH RAREBIT—all ready to melt on toast.

KRAFT GRUYERE—with a nut-sweet, delicate flavour.

RECIPES *you'll surely want to try*

THEY have been sent in by our readers and have been awarded cash prizes in our weekly best recipe competition. Now enter this fascinating contest.

EVERY week prizes are awarded for the best recipes sent in by our readers. The first prize is £1 for the most interesting recipe for the week, while consolation prizes of 2/6 each are awarded for every other recipe published.

All you have to do is write out your favorite recipe, attach name and address and send in to this office.

Could anything be easier? Write on one side of the paper only.

Now try some of these prize-winning recipes:

THREE DIFFERENT WAYS WITH VEGETABLE MARROW

Spiced Marrow: Peel and cut 4lb vegetable marrow in pieces 2 inches square, sprinkle with salt and leave overnight. Drain away moisture and put in saucepan with 1 pint vinegar, 1lb. sugar, and 1 tablespoon salt. Boil 1 hour, chop fine a few sour cooking-apples and add to marrow with 1 teaspoon each of mustard, ginger, cloves, and peppercorns well pounded. Boil another 1 hour and



STEAMED PUDDINGS like this are always family favorites. They are nourishing, too, because they usually contain ingredients rich in food values. On this page is a reader's recipe for a steamed caramel sponge that is worth trying.

set pan away till mixture is quite cold. When all moisture is absorbed, put into jars and seal. Keeps well and is delicious with cold meats.

Mock Preserved Ginger: Take 3lb. vegetable marrow, 3lb. sugar, 1oz. ground ginger, rind and juice of 2 lemons. Peel and take out seeds



ASPARAGUS is good for you, says Sonja Henie, Fox star, who uses this vegetable for making all sorts of dishes. See recipe on this page for an asparagus salad, which our cookery expert tried and found delicious.

JOHN CHAUNCEY agrees with EXPERT WINE TASTER!



ORDINARY FLAVOUR

LEO BURING SAYS:

"THAT'S RIGHT JOHN! KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES HAVE A MUCH RICHER FLAVOUR—CRISPER TOO!"



Leo Buring, expert wine taster, champion cooks, leading chefs, expert tea tasters, and 403 men, women and children all made the sensational Kellogg's blindfold test. All tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes against other breakfast cereals. And everyone of them said: "Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste twice as good." To-morrow, give your whole family a real treat—serve delicious, crunchy, golden Corn Flakes—the 30 second breakfast! No cooking—you save time, trouble, and money on fuel.

GEE! THESE
KELLOGG'S CORN
FLAKES TASTE
MILES BETTER!

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

Recent analysis made at the Sydney University showed that one plateful of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives you as much energy as two eggs and one pork chop. "Kellogg's Corn Flakes keep you going till lunch time."

Listen to "Heavenly Wing," A SAGA OF AVIATION, every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday night at 7.30 p.m. over Stations 2CH, 2KO, 4BE-AR; at 6.45 p.m. over Stations 2CE, 2LN, 2TH, 2HS-LE, 2SR, 2TR, 2AD-MU-LE, 2IX-WB; at 7.45 p.m. over Station 7HT—also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 8 a.m. over Station 7HT.

and cut marrow in pieces about 1 inch thick and 2 inches long. Strain lemon juice and cut rind finely and boil all together for about an hour till clear.

Vegetable Marrow Chutney: Peel a marrow and cut into small pieces, removing seeds, sprinkle with salt, leave for 24 hours, then drain in a colander. To 3lb. of prepared marrow, allow 1 quart vinegar, 1oz. mustard, 1oz. turmeric, 1lb. sugar, 1 or 2 onions, 6 cloves and 1oz. whole ginger. Mix mustard and turmeric to smooth paste with a little vinegar and put remainder of vinegar into pan with sugar, finely-shredded onions, and cloves and ginger tied in a muslin bag.

Bring to boil, boil quickly for 10 minutes, add marrow and cook till soft and thick. Take out spice, stir in mustard and turmeric and cook till thoroughly blended. Chopped apple and raisins may be added.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. M. Caulfield, 9 Albion Terrace, East Brunswick, Vic.

HOME-MADE FISH PASTE

Three red herrings put through mincer, 1lb. butter, 1 egg.

Put ingredients in saucepan on slow fire and warm through. Do not boil. Bottle and seal with a little melted butter.

This is very easily made and is economical.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Williams, 99 Nicholson Pde., Cronulla, N.S.W.

PINEAPPLE SPONGE

One tin pineapple or 1 large pine stewed till soft, 1 pint milk, 3 eggs, 1 pint jelly crystals (pine flavor), 4 tablespoons sugar.

Pour juice from pineapple, heat sufficiently to melt crystals, make up to a pint with water, put to cool. Make custard with 3 egg-yolks and pint of milk. Sweeten to taste, allow to cool. Cut pineapple up finely, put into dish and whip egg-whites. Add custard and jelly together when cool, but not set, stirring in pineapple and whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Set away to freeze. Serve with whipped cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Tomlinson, 12 Edna Rd., Nedlands, W.A.

ASPARAGUS SALAD

Asparagus tips, 1 cup cream, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup tomato pulp, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Stir tomato, salt and lemon juice lightly into cream. Arrange asparagus tips, allowing about eight for each serving, on individual plates

lined with hearts of lettuce leaves. Pour dressing over cold cooked tips and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Beth Haywood, Strathleven, Park Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

STEAMED CARAMEL PUDDING

Quarter pound stale cake crumbs, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup milk, 3oz. loaf sugar.

Put loaf sugar into a small saucepan, add 1 tablespoon water and boil slowly until it turns brown, being careful not to let it burn. Add milk to this and keep over gentle heat until well blended. Then pour over the cake crumbs. Separate yolks and whites of eggs, beat yolks with sugar, add vanilla, and pour into crumb mixture. Butter a mould well, sprinkle with sugar, pour in mixture and steam 11 hours.

Serve with following: Cherry Cream: To 1 cup cream, add 3 tablespoons icing sugar and 2 egg-whites. Mix together, then add 1 cup chopped crystallised cherries. Whip until thick and frothy.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Ulbrich, Burnie, Tas.

MOCK STRAWBERRY JAM

Large bunch rhubarb, wash, and cut into half-inch pieces, put into a pan, add one small tin of crushed pineapple, 3lb. of sugar, 4 cup of cold water. Cook fairly quickly. Bottle while hot. This jam will keep for years.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Potter, Chaffey, via Renmark, S.A.

CHRISTMAS JAM

This jam is something like mince-meat. Yes, being cooked, it is ready for filling pastry cases, tarts or cracknels. It is a most useful preserve to have in the larder at Christmas.

To every 2lb. good cooking apples allow 1lb. sultanas, 1 grapefruit, 1lb. sugar, pinch of nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of essence of ratafia, 1 quart of water, 1lb. shredded lemon peel, 1 teaspoonful ground ginger.

Peel and core apples, and put into a pan with water, lemon peel, sultanas, juice and rind of grapefruit, ginger and nutmeg. Boil gently until apples are tender, add sugar and stir until it dissolves. Then boil quickly for 1 hour, stirring constantly. Just before taking up, add ratafia essence. This jam should be of a clear golden color. Keeps well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. Maudsley, St. Georges Rd., Nth Fitzroy, Vic.

Make the *best* ICE CREAM at home—*half price!* Use **HANSEN'S MIX!**

For the soldier . . . a SNUG PULLOVER

MEN who are going overseas to do their part in the war will be in need of many woollen comforts — not only socks, but mufflers, pullovers . . .

HERE are directions for knitting a useful pullover for the soldier. It can be done in three different sizes and made with or without long sleeves.

From now on, weather on the other side of the hemisphere will be cold for several months, and woollen comforts of all kinds will be greatly appreciated.

Materials: Paton's "Zinnia" knitting wool or Paton's "Totem" knitting wool.

"Zinnia"—Khaki (shade 1292)—With sleeves (A) 16oz., (B) 16oz., (C) 18oz.

Without sleeves, (A) 10oz., (B) 12oz., (C) 12oz.

"Beehive" knitting needles—1 pair each Nos. 6 and 10.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 22in., or length desired; width all round at under-arm, (A) 38in., (B) 40in., (C) 42in.; length of sleeve from under-arm, 19in., or length desired.

Abbreviations: K., knit plain; p., purl; tog., together; w/fwd., wool forward; p.s.s.o., pass slip-stitch over; w.o.n., wool over needle; w.r.n., wool round needle; t.b.l., through the back of the loops; slst., slip stitch; sp., space.

Tension: To get these measurements it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 5 stitches to the inch.

The instructions are written for the smallest size (A).

The instructions for the two larger sizes, (B) and (C), are written in parentheses, thus (B—, C—).

THE FRONT

Using the No. 10 needles, cast on 56 (B—62) (C—68) stitches.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row twenty-five times.

(A) 27th Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, * (p 1, k 1) three times, p 1, increase once in the next stitch, repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, p 1, k 1 (96 stitches).

(B) 27th Row: K 2, * (p 1, k 1) four times, increase once in the next stitch, (k 1, p 1) four times, increase once in the next stitch, repeat from * to the end of the row (102 stitches).

(C) 27th Row: K 2, p 1, k 1, * (p 1, k 1) four times, increase once in the next stitch, (k 1, p 1) four times, increase once in the next stitch, repeat from * to the last 4 stitches, (p 1, k 1) twice (108 stitches).

Using the No. 6 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: Knit plain.

2nd Row: K 1, purl to the last stitch, k 1.

Repeat the 1st and 2nd rows until the work measures 14 inches from

the commencement, or length desired, ending with a purl row.

In the next row, cast off 9 stitches, K 39 (B—42) (C—45), turn.

Work on these 39 (B—42) (C—45) stitches as follows:—

Decrease once at the arm-hole edge in every alternate row, six times, whilst at the same time decreasing once at the neck edge in every alternate row twice, and then decrease once at the neck edge in every 4th row eleven times (20 (B—23) (C—26) stitches).

Work 2 rows without shaping.

Shape for the shoulder as follows:—

1st Row: K 1, purl to the last 6 (B—7) (C—8) stitches, turn.

2nd Row: Knit plain.

3rd Row: K 1, purl to the last 12 (B—14) (C—16) stitches, turn.

4th Row: Knit plain. Cast off.

Join in the wool at the neck edge and work the other side to correspond.

THE BACK

Work exactly as given for the front until the arm-hole is reached, ending with a purl row.

Proceed as follows:—

Cast off 9 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows. Decrease once at the beginning and end of the needle in every alternate row six times.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric until the back arm-hole measures the same as the front arm-hole, ending with a purl row.

Shape for the shoulders as follows:—

1st and 2nd Rows: Work to the last 6 (B—7) (C—8) stitches, turn.

2nd and 4th Rows: Work to the last 12 (B—14) (C—16) stitches, turn.

5th and 6th Rows: Work to the last 20 (B—23) (C—26) stitches, turn.

7th Row: Work to the end of the row. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Using the No. 6 needles, cast on 20 stitches.

Work in plain, smooth fabric, casting on 2 stitches at the end of every row, until there are 66 stitches on the needle.

Continue in plain, smooth fabric, decreasing once at the beginning and end of the needle in every 8th row, until 52 stitches remain.

Continue without shaping until the work measures 18 inches from the commencement, or length desired, ending with a purl row.

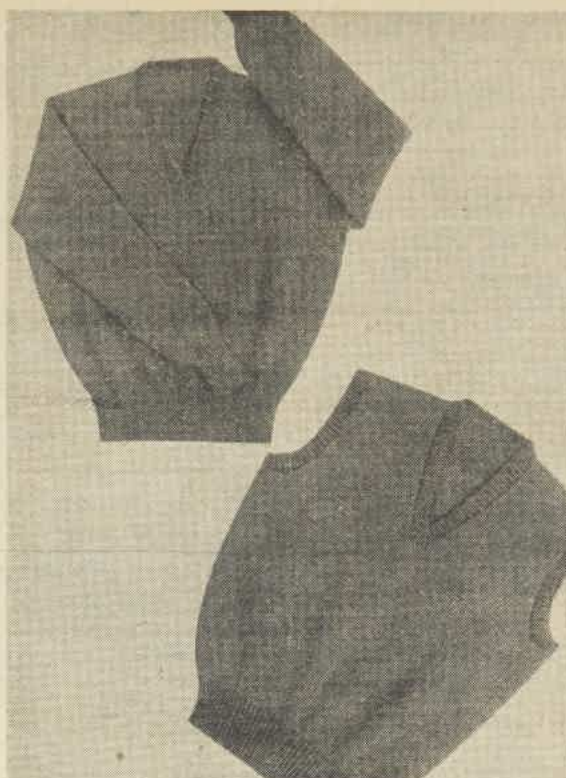
In the next row, * k 3, k 2 tog., repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, k 2.

Using the No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:—

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row for 3 inches. Cast off.

Work another sleeve in the same manner.



YOU CAN KNIT this man's pullover with or without sleeves and in three different sizes. Instructions for the three sizes are given on this page.

THE NECK BAND

Sew up the right shoulder seam, using the No. 10 needles, and with the right side of the work facing, knit up 49 stitches along the left side of the neck, knit up 49 stitches along the right side of the neck and 26 stitches across the back of the neck (124 stitches).

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) thirty-six times, k 2 tog., p 1, k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) twenty-two times, k 2.

2nd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twenty-two times, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) thirty-five times, k 2.

3rd Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) thirty-five times, k 2 tog., p 1, k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) twenty-one times, k 2.

4th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twenty-one times, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) thirty-four times, k 2.

5th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) thirty-four times, k 2 tog., p 1, k 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) twenty times, k 2.

6th Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) twenty times, p 2 tog., k 1, p 2 tog. (k 1, p 1) thirty-three times, k 2. Cast off.

THE ARM BANDS

Sew up the left shoulder seam. Using the No. 10 needles, and with the right side of the work facing, knit up 114 stitches evenly round the arm-holes.

1st Row: K 2, * p 1, k 1, repeat from * to the end of the row.

Repeat this row five times. Cast off.

Work another arm band in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP THE PULLOVER

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in the sleeves, placing seam to seam.

SHE'S NEVER CAMERA SHY



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

There are no flaws in her complexion to spoil the picture—she regularly uses Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

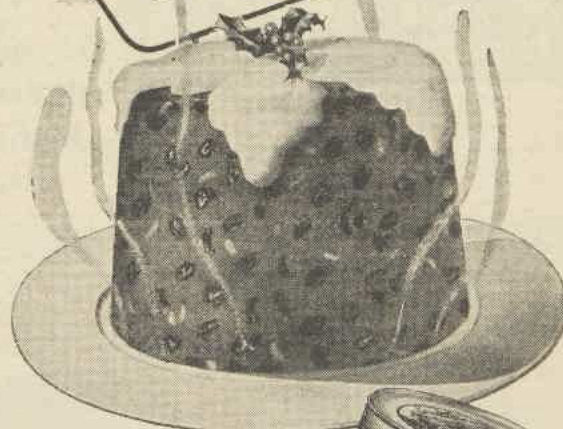
Wright's is the perfect complexion soap. Its deep-cleansing antiseptic lather really purifies the pores—protects the skin against dirt and danger—acts like a tonic on tired tissues. Wright's is the only soap containing "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing skin medication used and recommended by leading skin specialists.

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

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Luxury eating for everyone costs so little with rich, spicy Swallow & Ariell Plum Pudding. Full-flavoured . . . top-full of the finest ingredients . . . and hermetically sealed in tins of exact quantities.

SWALLOW & ARIELL PLUM PUDDING

* Allow for "extra" helpings. 1/2 lb. 2 serves; 1 lb. 6 serves; 1 1/2 lb. 9 serves; 2 lb. 12 serves; 2 1/2 lb. 15 serves.

SWALLOW & ARIELL LTD.

The Uneda Bakers

HEALTHY, HAPPY CHILDHOOD thanks to ENO



To be really happy and enjoy life to the full, children even more than adults, depend on complete and punctual elimination of the body's waste. A sparkling glass of Eno's "Fruit Salt" will ensure that all poisonous waste is

dismissed from their systems, gently, naturally, and thoroughly. Eno contains nothing harsh—that is why it is as good for children as for adults. Always keep a bottle of this famous corrective in the house.

Eno costs 2/3 and double quantity 3/9.

Listen to the "ENO CRIME CLUES"

Thrilling detective mysteries featuring Spencer Dean and his assistant Dan Cassidy. Each episode complete in two half hours over Station 2CH at 9 o'clock every Monday and Wednesday evening.

ENO IS DIFFERENT because

Eno contains no Epsom, Glauber or other harsh purgative mineral salts. Eno contains no sugar to overheat the blood. Eno is non-irritant and non-habit forming. Eno is pleasant to taste, safe, mild yet thorough in action. Eno being highly concentrated is far more economical.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

40 133

NERVES . . . play strange tricks

DOCTOR, you have certainly relieved my mind. I really thought I had some horrible complaint like shingles.

You have nothing whatever like that, Mrs. Parker. The pain you have had round the ribs in the last few days is simply slight muscular strain. I'd say you've been pushing that lawn-mower again with too much enthusiasm.

Yes, I have, doctor, but I've never felt any pain after it before. It worried me because I remember my mother suffering from shingles, and she seemed to have it for years. Just what is the disease, doctor?

Well, Mrs. Parker, firstly shingles is a comparatively rare complaint which is of much more interest to the medical profession than it is to the patient. The medical profession has learned a great deal

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . . By A Doctor

from the study of shingles about nerve distribution in the skin.

Nerves, doctor? I thought shingles started with severe pain.

It does, Mrs. Parker. Shingles usually presents itself first as an excruciating pain.

This pain is usually around the ribs or the waist, although shingles can occur anywhere that nerves go in the skin.

That is where I made my mistake, Doctor. My mother felt the pain first round her waist and ribs, which made me think I was headed for the same complaint, although the pains I have felt haven't been what you'd call excruciating.

Well, Mrs. Parker, there's a second favorite spot for shingles—on the forehead or face. In fact, I have seen shingles running down the legs. How long does the pain last, Doctor?

Three or four days, without any external signs, and nobody can account for it. It comes mysteriously—or appears to—and can be indescribable in its intensity.

A doctor friend of mine who had shingles on his forehead said that for a few days he had a headache that he thought was meant for a horse.

Are there any other symptoms, Doctor?

Yes, certainly, Mrs. Parker. Finally an eruption on the skin breaks out. It is a cluster of blisters surrounded by an angry red area.

And although the pain does not abate much, it is a relief when the eruption comes out because the cause

HOW TO BEHAVE

Posed by the
Dionne "Quins"



MOTHER'S CALLERS admire children who are polite. Here Yvonne and Emilie were playing when visitors arrived. Yvonne was first to rise and make a nice curtsy, just to show you how pretty it looks to be polite.

YOUR BABY NEEDS the 3 Vital Vitamins

B₁ B₂ and P.P.

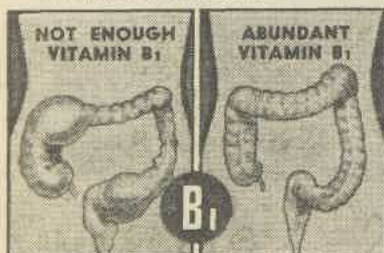
(ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

for normal development and good health

Vegemite, the YEAST EXTRACT, rich in these three vitamins is recommended by Baby Health Centres all over Australia.

B₂ POOR GROWTH TOO LITTLE VITAMIN B₂

When children are fretful, weak, undernourished, it probably means they're not getting enough Vitamin B₂—the GROWTH VITAMIN necessary to ensure proper development of body tissues. Vegemite supplies this vitamin. Every growing child needs some Vegemite daily for normal development and good health.



Poor digestion—too little Vitamin B₁

A fallen stomach, digestive trouble, weakened intestines (pictured above on the left) and many obscure nerve disorders can result from deficiency in Vitamin B₁, the NERVE VITAMIN.

Your body needs plenty of vitamin B₁ to keep your stomach and intestinal tract normal and healthy (picture above), and your nerves steady. Vegemite is very rich in Vitamin B₁.

VEGEMITE, the delicious highly-concentrated Extract of YEAST

Yeast is the richest known food source of the three vital vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P. (anti-Pellagic factor). VEGEMITE is an extract of yeast, deliciously flavoured with pure vegetable juices, and concentrated at a specially low temperature. That's why it contains intact all these essential food elements of the yeast plant in their highest possible degree of concentration. Even though modern over-refined foods are lacking in the Vitamin B complex, you needn't let



Skin Eruptions—too little vitamin P.P. (anti-Pellagic factor)

When pimples break out (that may be a sign that your diet lacks the essential vitamin P.P.). Help to keep skin clear and healthy. Eat Vegemite—rich in Vitamin P.P., the anti-Pellagic factor.



the concentrated extract of YEAST

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Baby's weight is not a complete guide to nutrition

Too much importance is often attached by the average mother to mere weight in the assessment of her baby's nutrition.

While steady gains in weight are undoubtedly a guide as to baby's progress, other factors for good nutrition have to be taken into consideration.

Hereditary and racial characteristics have to be allowed for, and in some cases the "growth impulse" has been greater before birth, and is therefore slowed down for a time after baby is born.

In other cases where this impulse has been slower before birth, larger weekly gains are likely to occur at first.

A leaflet dealing with weight in regard to good nutrition has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau.

Any reader interested in this subject can obtain this leaflet free of cost by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4299 YV, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."

been so useful in medicine. It has taught us the sensory areas of the skin.

I see, Doctor.

And that is also why shingles is so painful. It is a pure nerve pain. Its scientific name is herpes zoster. The scientific name for the fever blister is herpes labialis.

The reason a fever blister hurts so is because it, too, is a nerve pain, its nature probably being similar to herpes zoster.

And, Doctor, is shingles caused by a germ or is it just a matter of nerve trouble?

Shingles, Mrs. Parker, is probably an infection. Certainly one attack seems to protect from any others. That is about the only comforting thing that can be said about it. Once you have had it you won't have it again.

I see. And can anybody get shingles, Doctor?

Well, the curious feature about it, Mrs. Parker, is that it affects mostly old people. How old was your mother when she had the complaint?

About 65, if I remember rightly. That would be right, Mrs. Parker. Shingles usually affects those over 60 and 70, and seldom worries those under 40.

Why would my mother have had it for some time, doctor?

Well, Mrs. Parker, after the eruption subsides there is a scar left and the chance that pain will persist for a long time—often a year or more.

This is the most annoying stage of all because, while the last stage pain is not so severe as at the beginning, the skin is tender and sensitive.

What about treatment?

Unfortunately, Mrs. Parker, not much can be done. The pain can be eased. And local dressings to the eruptions are protective.

In the last stages infra-red light or X-ray therapy helps more than anything else.

But don't you worry over it any more. You are in excellent health and I'm sure you'll never be worried with this unpleasant complaint.

always **DEPENDABLE**

in QUARTS & PINTS

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Pure Malt **VINEGAR**

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A DEBUTANTE pounding out a novel on a typewriter...

Remember . . . it's GLAZO nail polish for longer wear!

The nail polish miracle of 1939—that's Glazo! A new secret formula gives you nail polish perfection . . . yet Glazo costs only 2/.

This polish covers nails smoothly, easily, hardens to jewel-like beauty; and wears amazingly—like part of the nail.

Glazo's new shades—TARA, EMERALD and KUMBA—add delightful harmony to this season's fuchsias, magentas, reds, violet, pinks, blues, new greens, and golden yellows . . . or accent to black, beige and navy. Also see CONGO, TROPIC, CARANA, and other flattering Glazo shades.

Guard Nails WITH NAIL-COTE

Ask at your chemist or store, too, for Glazo's NAIL-COTE, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote guards nails against splitting, cracking and breaking; gives your manicure a super wear and brilliance!



GLAZO
Polish Wears Longer.

Glances are SPOTLIGHTS



...and men approve the natural beauty Tangee gives

When glances are cast your way, do your lips reflect a harsh artificial coarseness or true loveliness? You'll never need to fear—if you use Tangee. Its magic Color Change Principle assures youthful, natural color. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you. Try Tangee today. He will approve.

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Now you can have a . . .

SLIM SILHOUETTE

Do these exercises by Prunella Stack (Lady Douglas Hamilton), head of the world-wide Women's League of Health and Beauty, and you'll gain that much-wanted slenderness over the hips.

FASHION to-day, more than ever before, demands a shapely silhouette and slenderness over the hips.

The fundamental positions and exercises already practised in this series which have appeared from week to week will have helped towards this by developing poise, control,

and free movement for the whole body.

The following sequence is concentrated particularly on the hip region, and therefore is especially valuable as a figure improver.

To reduce your "seat": Remember when doing these exercises to keep ribs lifted and body well poised throughout. Music: foxtrot.



EXERCISE 1

1. Sitting, hands at sides, push left hand off floor and roll to right side. Repeat to



left. Put as little weight as possible on hands, and keep knees straight. 16 times.



EXERCISE 2

2. Sitting, left knee bent, heel on floor, hands at sides, body rolled a little way over to right, bounce 4 times on the

right, then change to left. 4 times alternately, then repeat same exercise in lying position, arms out at side.



EXERCISE 3

3. Hands on shoulders, walk forward on floor, keeping knees straight, and pushing legs forward from hip. 8 for-

ward, 8 back. Repeat, holding toes or ankles at first, and tucking "tummy" well in.

Little Miss Precious Minutes

● She is a most willing little helper round the house, and her aim is to save you time. She says:—

FRUIT stains on the fingers can be removed by rubbing with oatmeal moistened with vinegar or lemon juice before applying soap.

DON'T open the oven to cool it when it becomes overheated. Place a basin of cold water inside. This will reduce the heat and help with the cooking.

Backache Banished

★ Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Starved of this nourishment, your kidneys lose power. Crippling backache results. Dietitians suggest COLOSEPTIC to end this condition. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the system by removing poisons from the colon; then feeds your blood-stream with vitalising minerals which tone up the kidneys. COLOSEPTIC, 2/6 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d stamp to Box 3415H, G.P.O., Sydney.

IF you are using Chinese lanterns for decorating at Christmas this year, sprinkle salt round the wick and the lanterns won't burst into flames if they should happen to swing about.

TO relieve the irritation of mosquito-bites, rub the spot with a cake of wet soap.

TO clean a white enamel picture frame, wash in warm, soapy water, using a brush lightly to remove dust in crevices. Rinse and dry and finish polishing with a dry duster.

HOLLAND blinds can be cleaned by first dusting well and then rubbing any soiled patches with stale dry bread. If the blinds are very soiled they will have to be laundered or dry-cleaned professionally.

HEAT-MARKS on polished wood can often be removed by rubbing first with metal-polish, then with a duster sprinkled with raw linseed oil. Polish with a dry, clean duster.



Awaken Love with Loveliness

You will . . . if yours is the love-

liness of his dreams—the loveliness of smooth, soft skin breathing elusive fragrance, inviting caresses . . . Lovely women the world over enhance their beauty with Richard Hudnut's glamorous Three Flowers face powder.

Why not test for yourself—today—the outstanding qualities that make Three Flowers a peer among face powders . . . its smooth, fine texture . . . its marvellous adherence . . . its subtle transparency, yet discreet tactfulness in concealing imperfections . . . its delicate fragrance of flowers surrounding you with an aura of romance! In 6 smart daytime and evening shades—in two sizes—2/6 and 3/9.

Three Flowers Vanishing Cream. For that perfect powder base—a smooth, lovely skin devoid of shine and roughness—try Three Flowers Vanishing Cream and see how evenly, how softly and lastingly, your powder will adhere! Jars 2/6—tubes 1/6.

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"Ovaltine" Cold is much more than a refreshing summer drink. In addition to its delightful flavour, a glass of "Ovaltine" makes even the lightest summer meal complete in health-giving nourishment.

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The Australian Women's Weekly

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OC5-B-35

Put New Life Into Your Carpets

NOTHING shows up the shabbiness of carpets like summer days.

To freshen their appearance try these hints:

To lay the dust before you sweep, to bring up colors, and keep away moths, sprinkle with kitchen salt. This is better than sprinkling with tea-leaves.

If moths have already moved in, wring out a flannel in strong ammonia water, spread over the suspected area, and iron through the wet cloth with a very hot iron. This will kill both moths and larvae, and the ammonia acts like magic in bringing up faded colors.

Next time the carpet goes into the garden for a sweeping, lay it face downwards on the grass for a time. Then turn it over and sweep in the usual way. The grass draws out the dirt and freshens the carpet.

Always finish sweeping by brushing the right way of the pile. Never leave a carpet with the pile ruffled.

When washing a carpet, wring out a cloth in soapuds and ammonia, rub thoroughly in large patches, then rub with a cloth dipped in clean water, and finish by rubbing with a dry cloth.



1 Press the eiderdown right under the water with both hands. Never rub it but squeeze gently and continuously—giving a few special squeezes to any stains or spots. Use three waters for rinsing. To the last water add salt or vinegar to prevent the colors fading. Mix one tablespoon of salt or vinegar to each gallon of water. Now fold the eiderdown over once—put it in a sheet and pass it through the wringer. Be sure that the wringer is not screwed down too tightly—if it is you will give the filling more crushing than is good.

Here is the proper way to WASH AN EIDERDOWN

● Before you store away your eiderdowns for the summer, take advantage of the present warmer weather and rejuvenate them with a wash.

FIRST of all, make quite sure what is inside your eiderdown! If it is filled with feathers or down that is all right—but if it is filled with vegetable down (kapok, which is inclined to pack together) then it must not be washed but should go to the cleaners.

Now go over the eiderdown carefully inch by inch and make sure there are no holes in the cover, which, remember, must be of a

washable material. For instance, don't wash an eiderdown covered with satin or glazed chintz.

Choose a day when there is a warm breeze. Now get ready to wash the eiderdown in a big bowl or bathtub—or the sink.

Prepare enough warm soapy water so that the eiderdown can be covered entirely. Use plenty of soapflakes.



2 Peg up the eiderdown by the long side, placing the pegs at regular intervals of about six inches. Every now and again, shake the eiderdown up while it is still on the line. This fluffs up and redistributes the filling as it dries, and will make the eiderdown fluffy and cosy again.

+ + +

3 When quite dry, spread the eiderdown out flat and press out any creases lightly with a hot iron. Don't iron all over, but only where it is necessary. Don't press too heavily. The idea is to smooth out any creases which may have formed in the washing only and not to iron the quilt all over. This last finishing touch must be done specially carefully, but it is worth taking pains if you want your quilt to look like new again.



MOTHER—don't let her go to bed



The morning rush! The hurried lunch! The day's work! The evening out! The week-end sport! This whirl of modern life brings tired digestion and under-nourishment.

She will sleep well if you give her a quickly made cup of Benger's Food before she goes to bed. Benger's is more than comforting—it differs from all other foods in its ability to give complete nourishment while the tired digestion rests.

This is because Benger's Food, and Benger's Food only, contains in itself the enzymes of natural digestion. When you add the hot milk to Benger's Food, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk *before* you take it. This is why the system is able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment of Benger's Food without digestive strain. The good work of Benger's Food begins with the very first cup.

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MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

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Bon Ami

is pure, white and
odourless



"hasn't scratched yet!"

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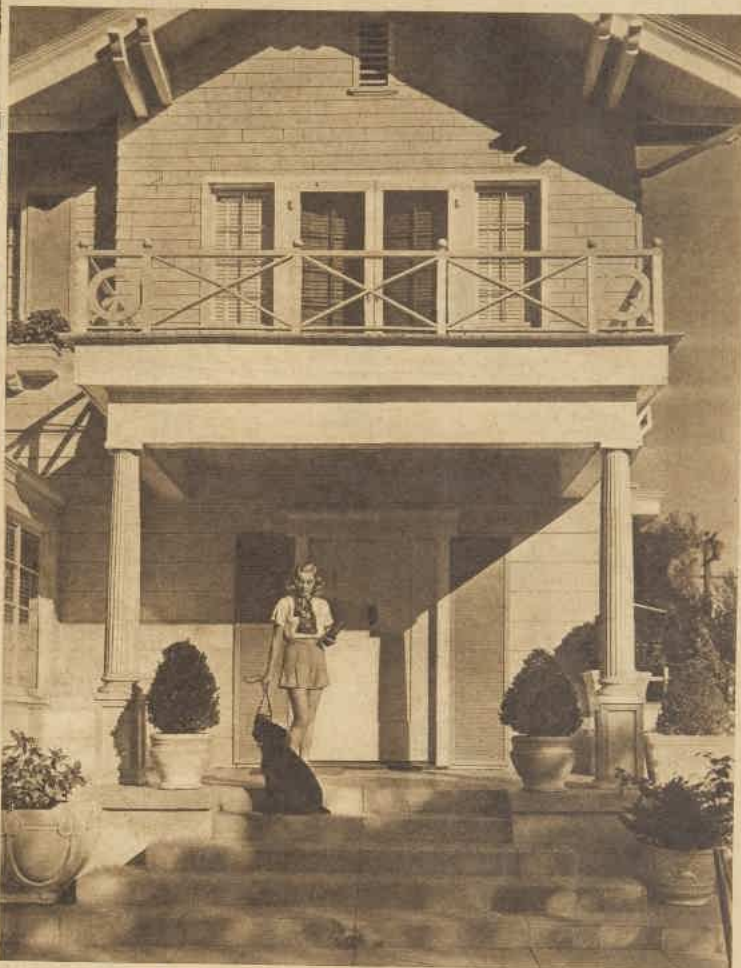
By OUR HOME DECORATOR



● A BEAUTIFUL Australian home in modified Georgian style. Here the formal front entrance is set beneath a balcony finished with wrought-iron railings and supported by two pillars. Lamps in old iron flank the door on either side.



● HERE IS a very unusual type of entrance in which a white door is in accord with other architectural features—an entrance path, a sun-porch of black glass, and stone and brass door standards and brackets for holding plants. Notice the hooded effect over the door.



● AN AMERICAN HOME in Early Colonial style. Mock shutters run the full length of either side of the wide white door and match the genuine shutters on the balcony windows above.



● WIDE shallow stone steps lead to the entrance porch and doorway of this Spanish style house owned by Don Ameche, Fox player, in Hollywood.



ABOVE: Modern simplicity in green panelled doorway finished with circular grille and chromium door handle.

RIGHT: A simple doorway in large style flanked on either side with a white rose-covered door. Home of Penny Singleton, Columbia player.



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PART 2

Murder in Switzerland

Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, November 25, 1939



SUPPLEMENT—
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY

By... **EDMUND SNELL**

Murder in Switzerland

PART 2

By EDMUND SNELL

THE STORY SO FAR:



JAMES JANYON, a lively young man-about-town, has just come to the end of his resources, and is discussing his plight with attractive PAM HOLTON, when, through an old friend of his father, he receives an appointment in the Secret Service, and promptly finds himself in the heat of action.

He is sent that night to keep watch at a reception at which PROFESSOR DUTOIT, a Swiss scientist, is to demonstrate a patent fog he has invented; but despite his efforts, together with those of REGIE PAULKNER and HELEN FOTHERGILL, other young members of the Service, the Professor is kidnapped, and RAGGETT, who had enlisted Janyon in the Service, is murdered. This turns out to be the work of OSCAR LEVERSON, a clever criminal, who is trying to steal the formula for making the fog, and is one of an organisation led by "The Spider."

It is feared that Leverson will then attempt to kidnap FRANCOISE DUTOIT, the Professor's daughter, and PASCHOUD, his assistant, so Janyon is sent to shadow them on their return to Switzerland; and as they reach Paris Francoise is attacked, while Janyon is surrounded, and the situation is saved only by the intervention of MONSIEUR GABEYRON, a quaint, elderly member of the Service.

Following a clue, M. Gabeyron takes Janyon to a flat occupied by SIMONE BERCHER, one of Leverson's accomplices, and after a fight with Leverson, in which Janyon is slightly wounded and Leverson and his assistant only escape by throwing a fog bomb, they find Professor Dutoit in a cellar, murdered.

The next day Janyon is at his hotel in Paris, pondering over the whole affair as he awaits further instructions.

NOW READ ON:

"Bonjour, mon ami."

Janyon came to his feet with a start.

M. Gabeyron had entered so silently that he had not heard the handle turn.

He was wearing that preposterous shawl; bangles jangled at his wrists. He brought with him the mingled odors of black cigar and haunting perfume.

"And so the face is feeling better?"

Gabeyron drew up a chair, sat down and crossed his legs. He seemed, as he always seemed, perfectly at his ease.

"A bit sore, thanks."

The other nodded sympathetically.

"Just sore. Well, that is some consolation. The very excellent physician I took you to last night assured me it will be better

in a week. Quite better, you understand. You will be well enough to travel."

Janyon smiled.

"For that matter, I'm well enough to travel now."

"Not now, my friend." Gabeyron shook his head decidedly. "Travelling is fatiguing—our sort of travelling. Besides, a bandage attracts attention, and you and I never wish to do that. Monsieur Leverson will be feeling a trifle out of sorts, too."

"I've been thinking of that."

Gabeyron raised his hand.

"We shook him up last night. We forced him to run, and Oscar Leverson doesn't like defeat. He may try to look on it as a strategic retirement, but he ran all the same. That body, by the way, is no longer in the cellar. Probably by this time poor Dutoit is in the Seine." Before Janyon could comment on this he checked him with another movement of his eloquent hands. "What is far more serious to us is that his daughter has disappeared too."

"Francoise? I thought—"

"You thought, as I did, she was being carefully guarded. But then, you see, mon ami, an agent cannot be everywhere. He cannot, for example, protect somebody who has made up her mind not to be protected."

"You mean she ran away?"

"Yes."

"But when?"

Gabeyron puffed for some moments at his cigar.

"I cannot tell you at exactly what time. Her going upstairs to lie down after dinner was a pretext. When her room was opened the bed had not been used and one of her bags was gone."

Janyon's head moved slowly up and down. "Only one of her bags? That looks as if she meant to come back." He came to his feet again. "Don't you see, Gabeyron? She knew you were planning for her to go at once. She didn't intend to leave until she knew what happened to her father. She—"

"And what, please, has happened?"

Both men turned.

Francoise Dutoit and the missing bag were in the doorway. Janyon had the impression she had been out there for some time. Closing the door softly behind her, she walked slowly towards them.

GABEYRON was the first to recover.

Stepping back with a polite bow he offered Francoise a chair. "You have caused my friend and myself a great deal of anxiety, mademoiselle," he declared gravely. "We have searched Paris for you."

Francoise sat down.

"I am so very sorry," she returned. "You must forgive me. Since my mother died I have been accustomed to think and act for myself." She bent forward anxiously. "And what has happened to my father?"

Janyon opened his mouth, saw Gabeyron glaring at him from behind Francoise's

chair and promptly subsided. Gabeyron taking the responsibility upon himself came as a great relief. He had not the least desire to tell her anything.

Nor, as it swiftly transpired, had Gabeyron.

"To be frank, mademoiselle, nothing is certain, except that he is no longer in Paris."

She turned slowly.

"Then—then you think he has been taken somewhere else?"

"More than probably," Gabeyron's hands were behind him, fidgeting with the fringed ends of his shawl. His gaze seemed to be concentrated on a patch of damp over the fireplace.

"I have communicated with the Chief of Police. It appears his men have made a very comprehensive search, and unfortunately have discovered no trace. It is thought likely, since these people who have taken him are interested in his invention, he has been removed to Switzerland, possibly by aeroplane."

"To Switzerland?"

Janyon, watching her covertly, saw her bite her lip. Her face had gone white as death. Suddenly she buried it in her hands and began sobbing.

He surveyed her helplessly. At the back of his mind lurked a strong suspicion all this subterfuge was a mistake. She would have to learn the truth some time, why not now? The most terrible truth was sometimes better than gnawing uncertainty.

Gabeyron bent over her, patting her shoulders with his yellow fingers.

She raised her head.

"I am sorry. You do not understand. I have been lying awake all night, frightened for him, frightened a little of you. All this has been on my mind for days. I know you have done your best for me, but—"

"And we shall continue to do our best, mademoiselle. You can count absolutely on that."

With a sudden movement she came to her feet and went to the big mirror over the mantelpiece. A small gilt compact lay open between her fingers, revealing the tiny glass underneath.

"You are hurt?" she said, glancing at Janyon.

"It's nothing much. A slight accident last night."

She turned with the box still open.

"You know that is not the truth. You received that injury at that terrible place while you were looking for my father. They tried to kill you."

"As a matter of fact—" Janyon was beginning lamely when Gabeyron chimed in: "A slight accident at a street-crossing, mademoiselle. It might have been a great deal worse. That terrible place, as you call it, was not quite so terrible after all."

It was the apartment of a lady of-fashion, a great friend, so we discovered, of the ringleader of the gang responsible for Monsieur Dutoll's disappearance. There seems no doubt the lady is implicated. But this much we are certain; your father had never been in her apartment, and this lady was to assist in decoying you."

Françoise inclined her head.

"She has been arrested, of course?"

"Not yet, mademoiselle. The police have their own methods. They probably hope, through leaving her at liberty, to trace the ringleader and, by that means, solve the mystery of your father's present hiding place."

Gabeyron looked at his watch, snapped it shut again and rang the bell. "A bottle of wine, Antoine," he said to the waiter who answered it. "Some of that Margaux, I think, we had the other night." Picking up a menu card from the table he sat down by the window and began writing.

Antoine returned and Gabeyron locked the door after him. "Now," he resumed, pouring wine into three glasses, "supposing we put our heads together and decide what to do next. We leave for Switzerland to-night, you, mademoiselle, in a sleeper; Monsieur Janyon and I in the best places we can find. We travel separately merely to throw anybody who may be watching off the scent."

"Mademoiselle will wire to someone to meet her at Vevey. Monsieur Janyon descends there too. I shall proceed to Montreux. Good! We shall, I hope, arrive without incident. Before embarking you will leave your address with us, together with a short note to Monsieur Paschoud assuring him that we are friends and acting in your interests."

Gabeyron's machine seemed to have suddenly run down. He reached for the holder with the toothpicks.

Françoise drummed on the table with her finger-nails.

"Who are you gentlemen?" she demanded suddenly.

"I thought Sir Geoffrey Greatham had explained that already," put in Janyon quickly. "My Government is gravely concerned at the situation that has arisen, and I am instructed to ensure your safe arrival in Switzerland."

"And you, monsieur?" She looked at Gabeyron, who by this time had assembled his toothpicks into the form of a five-pointed star.

"I was once in the British consular service, mademoiselle. As you see, I am no longer young. Being retired and resident in Paris, knowing it perhaps better than most people, I am called upon from time to time to assist the British Government in sundry small matters." He swung round in his chair. "You must understand, mademoiselle, that the position is delicate, and the people we have to deal with members of a powerful syndicate determined not to buy your father's invention, but to destroy it. The British, on the other hand, are honest purchasers. They cannot treat with somebody they cannot find—"

"My father."

"Exactly! I trust I may have succeeded in expelling any further doubts from your mind. We are instructed to trace Professor Dutoll at all costs, to watch over M. Paschoud, to watch over yourself. Well, then! I have already told you more than I am allowed. I need hardly add it is in strictest confidence."

"If you had only told me this before!"

Gabeyron smiled.

"For my reticence I apologise. You see, I

had not realised up till now the type of woman we had to deal with."

She received this last statement in silence. Presently she opened the small case she had brought in with her and began rummaging inside. Gabeyron had turned back to his patterns. Janyon leaned and watched her, wondering what was at the back of her mind. Gabeyron had been frank, more outspoken indeed than Janyon had anticipated when Françoise had rapped out her unexpected challenge. And Gabeyron's subtle compliment had not been entirely unmerited. Françoise was unusual—unusual, that is, from an Anglo-Saxon point of view—attractive, temperamental, but at the same time businesslike. It was evident too she had a will of her own. They had treated her rather as a chattel—a parcel to be despatched wilfully to Vevey, labelled "very fragile" and adequately insured. Her immediate reaction had been to give them the slip very cleverly and take up her quarters at another hotel.

During the long wait, while she produced papers from her bag and studied them with her back turned, Janyon idly compared her with the other women in this strange and complicated adventure—Pam Holton, the Fothergill woman, Simone Bercher—all, barring Miss Fothergill, extraordinarily attractive, each in her own way.

More rustling of paper attracted his attention. Françoise had turned and was facing them. Gabeyron's eyes were still on the tablecloth and the toothpicks, and only Janyon realised she was holding two copies of the "State."

She passed them to him in silence.

Having an inkling of what was coming, he perused both front pages calmly—the typescript promising some surprising revelations at Lady Coldwaltham's party and the black headlines Reggie had shown him at his flat:

EXTRAORDINARY SCENES AT SOCIETY FUNCTION!

Scientist Decamps!

No Truth in Fog Claim!

"Explain that for me," she demanded, folding her arms.

Janyon rubbed his chin. It wasn't perhaps quite so simple as it looked.

Françoise stamped her foot, and the sudden contact of a high heel with parquet awoke Gabeyron from an all-absorbing occupation.

"You cannot explain, hein?" she challenged, hoarse with emotion. "Of course you cannot. There is nothing to be said. Your Government are honest purchasers! Oh, no. Thieves! You discredit my father. Look, here it is in black and white. He runs away! He is a fraud! His fog is no good! I have friends in London, thank you. They want me what to believe and what not to believe. Shall I tell you not what I believe, but what I know? You are Government agents, perhaps, but of what a Government! A Government which tricks... ewindles! You know where my father is. You lie to me just now. You think I do not know." Still, panning with the fury that consumed her, she snatched up her bag and unlocked the door. "Bon-jour, messieurs. I shall return home when I choose. I shall talk to the police myself. I shall tell them everything, you understand, everything."

The door slammed, the key turned outside, and she was gone.

There was a brief but ominous silence in the room.

"That's torn it!" said Janyon presently.

"What do we do now?"

Gabeyron rose, scattered his toothpicks

with the flat of one hand, pushed Janyon gently aside and rang the bell.

Antoine tapped, turned the key and came in.

Gabeyron began speaking rapidly in French, too rapidly for Janyon to follow the import. Antoine replied with equal velocity. Their shoulders shrugged, their hands waved. Gabeyron's bangles sounded a fairy carillon.

Two minutes and Antoine was gone again. He had left the door wide open, giving a clear view of the reception-desk, a dusty palm in a green tub—and Antoine and the unshaven son of the house bearing into the elevator a figure in a light mackintosh that kicked and emitted the same queer noises Simone had made when Gabeyron had gagged her.

Janyon crimsoned and started forward impulsively.

In an instant Gabeyron's wiry arms had grabbed him and thrown him backwards into a chair. Gabeyron crouched. His gun was out. Stepping slowly backwards, he brought the key inside, inserted and turned it.

Janyon glared and stumbled to his feet. His brain worked feverishly, running back to the time when he had first seen Gabeyron in the grey train, to the scuffle with Mr. I. Salmon and colleagues at the Gare St. Lazare, to the mysterious reappearance of Gabeyron in that very room. Ages ago it seemed, and yet it was less than twenty-four hours.

He had come into the picture without explanations, without asking any. There were all those glib lies he had told Françoise, his easy, nonchalant attitude throughout, his astounding frankness with regard to his and Janyon's position. Uneasy questions presented themselves. Was Gabeyron acting for Oscar Leverson? Had all that crazy adventuring at the flat and in the courtyard been cunningly prearranged? He had been entirely in Gabeyron's hands there. Yet the knocking out of the valet had been astonishingly convincing, and it was inconceivable that once he had been betrayed into the Spider's clutches he should be allowed to get away with only a scratch.

There must be some other explanation, some fresh development he had failed to grasp.

Gabeyron stood stock still, listening intently to muffled creakings and bumpings going on in the room above.

The noises ceased.

He pocketed his gun, sat down and began pouring wine into Janyon's glass and his own.

"Rather taken with that temperamental young lady, eh, Janyon?"

Janyon grunted. The question contained too much truth to allow an answer. He bent over the table with blazing eyes. "What's the big idea, Gabeyron? That's what I want to know."

The other smiled blandly.

"Of course. And I, my friend, am going to tell you. If Mlle. Dutoll, charming girl though she may be, goes to the police with all the information in her possession, your goose, and mine, Janyon, will be definitely cooked."

"Well?"

M. Gabeyron drew a small leather case from a pocket and opened it, displaying a small hypodermic and a tube of white tablets.

"The secret agent's vade-mecum, mon ami, to be used with great discretion and at times of direst emergency. Françoise's nerves are out of order; she needs rest. She will sleep peacefully all the afternoon, and

Right on, we hope, until the night express leaves. Between ten and eleven a closed car will leave here, containing among other things a very sick woman. She will be conveyed on a stretcher to her sleeper."

"Mlle. Françoise?"

"Yes."

Janyon frowned.

"But how about afterwards? Won't she come to and give the alarm at Val-lorbe?"

Gabeyron emptied his glass and made towards the door.

"I am arranging for a double sleeping-berth. It's between seasons and I anticipate no difficulty in that. I shall send a wire from the station asking for a woman to be sent over by air to accompany her."

"And when she gets to her destination? How about that? Won't she go straight to the police there and give us away?"

Gabeyron came back.

"She will reach her home in charge of a capable nurse. Dr. Morez who attended your injury so cleverly will also be travelling and will hand over to the local physician. Mlle. Dutoit is suffering from severe neurasthenia, brought on, of course, by the mysterious disappearance of her father. She harbours certain strange delusions."

He clapped on his hat, bowed half-humorously to Janyon and departed, jangling his bangles.

Janyon finished his wine and lit another cigarette.

The resourcefulness of M. Gabeyron astounded him. What had looked like a serious impasse had arisen and been dismissed inside five minutes. The drug business seemed pretty high-handed all the same. He didn't altogether like it.

He crossed the hall on his way to lunch to find the old man back again, and bowing obsequiously. The fact that the son had suddenly decided to shave gave him a pleasant shock. Both these and Antoine moved about their affairs as if nothing at all unusual had happened.

The day passed slowly enough, with nothing to do but cool his heels and await events. In the late evening a tall woman in nurse's uniform descended from a taxi and went upstairs. From the basket-chair in the private room Janyon saw her cross the hall and stared after her in amused astonishment.

Gabeyron's "capable nurse" was none other than Miss Fothergill!

"BEHOLD! Our caravan-serai!"

Gabeyron's plans had worked out to the last detail and Janyon had arrived in Switzerland, to be met and whisked off in a taxi by none other than Reggie Faulkner—who had just facetiously addressed him.

Reggie pointed with the stem of his pipe.

They were climbing a steep incline bordered with low stone walls, with gaps at frequent intervals blocked by red-painted iron gates leading into vineyards. Just ahead on the right, where the road forked, an enormous rambling chalet lay almost eclipsed by a mass of fruit trees in full bloom. To the left Janyon saw an old wide-fronted house of three stories, projecting glassed-in balconies, a stone-pillared verandah, and the great gnarled stems of ancient wistaria.

The house stood in a terraced garden. He noticed enormous freak pines, one with as many as seven branches, all rising close together; a towering poplar with a dark nest high up—probably a magpie's; an old stone gateway flanking the road, cheek by jowl with an ancient round tower.

The taxi skirted the north side of the hotel and backed into a wide opening facing a side entrance. Reggie hopped out and waited for Janyon to follow.

At a small office inside, Janyon filled in a police-form and made the acquaintance of Petit, the hotel clerk. A shock-headed youth in a green baize apron left off swabbing a small chequered hall with painted steel pillars to bring in his bag. In a long, ancient dining-room, recently redecorated and furnished with sliding glass doors, a neat red-haired maid flitted between tables.

Reggie led the way up wide granite stairs to a large corner room on the second floor.

"We kip in here," he explained in his usual off-hand manner. "Beds pretty good, charming balcony-drawing-room, no h. and c., and a perfectly marvellous view of the lake."

"Who in the dickens discovered this place?" asked Janyon, mystified.

"Old Raggett, I believe." Reggie perched himself on the sill. "It's a cross between a home for the aged spinster and a sanatorium, with one or two outstanding exceptions—one being a Bulgarian ballerina, who receives. Oscar can plough through visitors' lists until he's cross-eyed; you and I don't feature in things of that sort. It's the very last place on earth to look for us—and Raggett realized it."

DURING lunch Janyon had ample opportunity of studying the habits and table manners of Reggie's "menagerie" from a table set in a corner to the right of the sliding doors.

He counted seven guests, not including themselves—a grey-haired dyspeptic American and his very thin wife, an anaemic Frenchwoman with some nervous affliction, a strange family of three—father, mother and son—all afflicted in some way and hailing from Geneva, and a lame old lady who walked with the assistance of a rubber-ferruled stick.

Monsieur Ripotot, their youthful and entertaining host, his charming wife and the red-haired maid Janyon had noticed earlier served the meal, which was excellent.

Immediately after lunch, Reggie went out, leaving Janyon to carry out Morez' orders and rest.

Janyon settled himself on the settee with a book and some cushions, intending to read for a couple of hours and then take a stroll in the garden. His face still pained him.

Morez had reduced the lint and strapping to reasonably modest proportions, and had promised to look in on him again in the morning. The air drifting in from the garden was soft and pleasant. Janyon yawned and tried to concentrate on the opening chapters. If he were compelled to rest, he thought, he had certainly come to the ideal spot.

He dropped off, still thinking, and awoke with a start.

He raised his head slowly.

His feet were towards the french doors and the doors he had closed himself before settling down. Someone appeared to be moving stealthily in that inner room. Reggie, he supposed, returned from his mysterious errand and not wishing to wake him.

He glanced at his watch. It was past six. He must have been asleep for four hours . . .

The furtive movements went on.

A vague suspicion, gradually creeping over him, made him raise himself slowly. He slid into a sitting position, and his jaw fell.

The sun had moved round to the west corner of the house, and the light in that south-east room was poor. He had seen enough however to tell him the furtive movements were not Reggie's. The intruder, whoever he was, was below average height and of slight build. He wore a dark suit and black gloves; but that was by no means all. When he raised his head and turned sharply towards the balcony Janyon saw it was completely swathed in white bandage—a ghouliah, unnerving spectacle—surmounted by large, very dark glasses.

Janyon had the impression he had been in the room for some time; just how long his drowsy condition made it impossible to decide. He was on the point of rising and asking him his business when the other saved him the trouble. Pulling open the french doors he advanced a step on to the balcony, recoiled, and burst into a sudden stream of crisp, apologetic sentences.

"Monsieur. A thousand pardons . . . I assure you . . . Almost blind . . ."

He turned precipitately and began groping his way towards the passage, like a man almost completely blind.

The door closed. Footsteps sounded on the stone floor outside.

Janyon stood for some moments, rubbing the base of his skull. He was convinced his visitor had not been anything like so blind when he had first noticed him; he was equally convinced he had seen him somewhere before.

He tried to think where. The build was certainly familiar; there was something in the timbre of the voice that should have provided a clue. He was still half-asleep and for the moment it eluded him. Half an hour later, when he had examined his possessions and found nothing apparently disturbed, he stumbled across a glimmering of truth. He believed it was the man he had seen in the courtyard on the night Dutoit had died!

MOST of the week slipped away with no news of Gabeyron. Janyon could only surmise that he was busy at the nearby Dutoit home and laboratory.

Dr. Morez attended Janyon daily, discussed with his patient—and Reggie, if he happened to be on hand—the characteristics and symptoms of lesser-known forms of poisoning, expressed himself satisfied with the progress the injury was making, and eventually departed, bowing, and smelling of ether.

Morez, as Janyon was not long in discovering, was not an easy man to pump, becoming astonishingly valuable on any question concerning his own profession, but retreating like a tortoise into his shell upon the slightest hint of cross-examination.

And Janyon's suspicions concerning the bandaged man seemed to be exploded. He was a Monsieur Vallieres. He had arrived at the Hotel Beaunois the day before Faulkner and occupied the corresponding room on the floor below. According to Ripotot, the proprietor, he was suffering from an acute form of skin trouble that had affected the eyes. Being of a highly sensitive nature he kept to his room, only venturing very occasionally into the garden when few people were about.

It must have been on one of these occasions that he had mounted a flight too many and found his way along the wrong corridor.

Reggie had received the information without emotion. It had been his opinion all along that a mistake had been made. Janyon, on the other hand, was vaguely disappointed.

Oscar Leverson's men were bound to be moving somewhere in the district. It would have been a relief to have nailed down one of them at the outset.

Meantime, everything appeared at a standstill.

There were times even when Janyon wondered if Dr. Morez hadn't been bribed to protract his convalescence. And yet, if that were the case, Morez would never have treated him so skilfully.

Towards the end of the week he discovered something tangible which tended to increase his suspicion of M. Vallieres.

At the extreme westerly end of the garden there was a rough summer-house standing on a square, railed promontory jutting towards the lake. The drop into the vineyards was steep here and tucked in a corner to the left, a narrow flight of stone steps connected with the lower ground. Janyon was loitering in the summer-house in one of those rare spells of warm sunshine when he became aware of somebody ascending those steps, walking with a stick. The soft tap-tapping drew nearer, and presently the bandaged head and blue glasses of M. Vallieres came into view. An open envelope and the letter it had contained were both gripped tightly in his right hand, which was still gloved; the other hand was clasped over the handle of his stick.

M. Vallieres turned abruptly before reaching the summer-house, and therefore omitted to notice it was tenanted.

He held the letter fully a foot from his face and appeared to be reading it without effort! The envelope fell and he pounced on it instantly, moving with it, still reading, out of sight.

Janyon smiled.

M. Vallieres was not so extraordinarily blind after all!

The envelope had fallen plain side uppermost and close enough to where Janyon was sitting to allow him to see there was no stamp. Presumably then it had been delivered by hand. In that case the messenger should not be very far away.

Rising swiftly, he crossed to the rail and peered over.

A few yards down the slope three peasants, armed with heavy cultivating implements, wedged between the vines. To the left there was nothing of interest. Looking to the right, Janyon discerned a little, shabby, hump-backed man, hurrying along the edge of the adjoining plot, apparently taking some short cut towards the village.

The short cut was unorthodox; later, when the vines were in full growth, there was a penalty for trespassing levied on unauthorised persons. The steps Vallieres had come up were never used and probably dated from the time when all the lower ground had belonged to the hotel.

It was obvious M. Vallieres had wished to receive a message without attracting attention.

Janyon retraced his steps to the hotel still more disturbed in mind. If his original suspicions were justified the message might be from Oscar Leverson. Leverson might well be in the neighborhood already. In any case, the future movements of M. Vallieres should be well worth watching.

PAULKNER was on the balcony when Janyon arrived from the garden on the heels of that one illuminating insight into the habits of M. Vallieres. A map was spread out on the table. Furnished with dividers, notebook and pencil, Janyon's freckled-faced colleague was apparently engaged in important calculations.

He looked up as the other crossed the bedroom.

"Hello!" he said. "Had a good sleep?"

Janyon threw himself on to the settee.

"On the contrary," he retorted. "I've been uncommonly wide awake. Perhaps it's just as well I was. I've been watching our old friend Vallieres."

"Oh, him!" Reggie picked up the dividers and began measuring again. His tone suggested the other might have been better occupied.

As Janyon's narrative proceeded, however, he gave up poring over the map and leaned by the windows, evidently absorbed. Occasionally a soft whistle escaped his lips, his sandy eyebrows lifted and his fingers moved to and fro, ruffling his unruly hair.

"Phew!" he emitted presently. "So you think all that bandage is camouflage?"

Janyon nodded gravely.

"I'm morally certain of it," he averred. "He can see as well as you can, what's more. Where do you imagine Gabeyron's hiding himself? He ought to be told about this."

Reggie fell on to the settee beside him.

"That's just what I've been asking myself for days. This afternoon I spent a good hour browsing round outside the Dutoits' place, hoping to have a word with our Helen. Don't think I've suddenly gone off my rocker and fallen for her. I merely hoped she might be able to elucidate the Gabeyron mystery. For all you or I know he may have walked right into Leverson's net."

"Did you see anybody?"

"Not a single living soul. All the shutters were fastened downstairs and the windows closed everywhere else. Anybody who didn't know would have thought the place was empty."

Janyon started.

"It isn't, I suppose?"

"How could it be? Francoise isn't in a fit state to be moved. Besides, if there were any such scheme in the offing, Morez would have told us this morning. But the chatty little soul went away saying nothing; the obvious inference being things are just as they were."

"You don't think the scheme is to make Leverson and Co. think the house is deserted?"

Reggie shook his head.

"Leverson's people aren't likely to be deceived by outward appearances. Their line of action would be to go in and find out; and that's precisely what we'll have to do if Gabeyron doesn't show up soon. Morez should be leaving for Paris by to-morrow at latest, and there, for what it's worth, will go our last link."

Janyon concurred.

Reggie and he discussed the problem of M. Vallieres at some length. He would have to be watched. That was obvious. In the absence of Gabeyron it was decided that they would act on their own initiative, arranging to take their meals at different hours so that there should be no chance of that gentleman slipping away.

Ascertaining from a chambermaid that M. Vallieres had not gone out since Janyon had last seen him returning towards the building, they installed themselves at different points of the garden, each keeping one of the two exits in view.

Nothing, however, happened before dinner. Janyon dined first, leaving Reggie patrolling in the shrubbery. Both watches passed without further signs of M. Vallieres. On the stroke of eleven, when the prospect of dividing the hours of darkness was under

discussion, the side door nearest the road opened furtively and the man they were looking for stepped out.

Reggie gripped his companion's arm and pressed it hard.

M. Vallieres wore a dark felt hat and a heavy cloak with an immense, upturned collar—the cloak Janyon was prepared to swear he had seen in the courtyard at the back of Simone Bercher's flat! The pale light over the doorway illuminated not white bandages this time, but black!

The effect was as horrible as it was unexpected—unwise too, unless their wearer had good reasons for maintaining a strict incognito. Apart from the risk of scaring out of their wits any stray villagers returning home on foot, in emerging so late at night Vallieres had clearly shown he was no invalid.

By this time Faulkner was thoroughly impressed. Lurking with Janyon where the bushes were thickest, he saw Vallieres pause, look cautiously round and pass swiftly into the roadway, taking roughly the direction his mysterious messenger had followed that afternoon.

Emerging after a discreet interval, they were in time to see the cloaked figure steal past the lighted entrance to the funicular and emerge into the darkness beyond.

Keeping well to the left, they followed in single file past the cemetery with its white stones and crosses, its view between conventional cypresses of the spreading display of lights by the lake-side, and presently down a sharp incline to the left again, where a rough track dropped between vineyards and more walls.

"The Black Spider!"

Reggie jumped.

Behind him, Janyon seemed to be thinking aloud.

"Who?" he demanded softly. "What?"

"That black get-up! Vallieres! I'm certain now. He was with Leverson in Paris."

"But . . . you don't think he's the Spider?"

"I don't know. It's just an idea."

They relapsed again into silence.

The track now followed the open line of the funicular, very steep and rough to the feet. Some distance in front Vallieres plodded—no longer a doddering wreck with a stick, but a man with tireless energy and a definite purpose—just that dark hat and the top of his cloak bobbing against the night.

A cluster of buildings showed below.

Quite suddenly their quarry appeared to merge into shadow and disappear.

Both men quickened their pace.

"What's happened?" panted Janyon. "Did you see?"

"Look out!"

Reggie grabbed at the other, pulling him down with him.

They had reached some iron pailings, beginning where the vineyards left off. Behind these stretched a wild garden, and beyond again a moderate-sized house with a turret. On the left of the track they had followed rose a wooden shack, indicating a station. The words had scarcely left Faulkner's lips when Vallieres reappeared and seemed to be scanning the track in either direction, his felt hat moving from side to side with swift, jerky, nervous movements, reminding Janyon of some evil bird.

Unconsciously he had rendered them a service, for when he vanished for the second time it was established beyond doubt that the house with the untended garden was his objective—an empty building to all appearances, with a large agent's board poking above some bushes near the gate.

"How about here?" muttered Janyon presently.

Without waiting for Reggie to agree, he swung himself up and over. The other followed noiselessly. Crouching on the far side in the rank growth produced by long neglect, they watched Vallieres' outline ascending a short flight of steps towards the porch.

They crept nearer and paused again. Vallieres had opened the door with a key and was again looking round, as if some sixth sense told him all was not well.

There was a light in there which didn't come from the hall, but was rather a reflection from some inner room, a mere suggestion of light that served to increase the weirdness of Vallieres' ghostly presence on the threshold.

The door closed again.

For quite a minute neither Janyon nor Faulkner spoke; and then it was the latter who broke the silence.

"We seem to be on the track of something at last, thanks to you, old son." His tone conveyed an apology and no little admiration.

"A rendezvous?" suggested Janyon, unmoved.

"Probably. That's what that note meant. I inquired about this place once. It's been empty for ages."

A clump of bushes within a dozen feet of the doorway suggested a better vantage-point. They approached this separately, Janyon leading. For the first time in all that extraordinary adventure he was unconsciously taking the lead.

More cautious footsteps sounded on the track. A shadow hovered above the low gateway. The gate creaked and closed to again.

Reggie dug an elbow into Janyon.

The newcomer was Oscar Leverson; they saw him against the milky halo thrown by the illuminations of the town, against the white peaks of the mountains. His great artist's hat, his enormous shoulders, his habit of wearing his overcoat with the sleeves hanging identified him indisputably. Even the cigar was there—a round of red—without visible contact with his mouth, preceding him as he strode up the path and mounted the steps, betraying, however, none of the fears Vallieres had displayed.

He rapped with his knuckles—twice, then once, then thrice, each crisp, staccato sound distinctly audible to the two men pressed against the foliage.

Apparently his signal had not been heard from inside, for it was presently repeated, this time with something solid and metallic, a coin or perhaps a key.

And all this time Janyon was thinking hard.

Only Vallieres possessed a key. Then this man, Leverson, was not the leader, this moving spirit on the other side. The message that had come to Vallieres in the vineyard was an answer to another he had already sent, not an order from Oscar Leverson. The thought took him back to Paris. The fog grenade (to coin a word for the want of something better) had not been thrown into the courtyard until Vallieres had arrived—the man for whom Leverson had been impatiently waiting.

What did it all mean? And under what extraordinary set of circumstances had Oscar Leverson been persuaded to play second fiddle.

Assuming all that had been attributed to Leverson to be justified, there seemed almost an implied insult in this necessity for knocking for admittance twice.

Even then there was an appreciable delay

between the second signal and the reappearance of that dim apology for a light.

Leverson's broad back was towards the door. His cigar, projecting beyond the masonry, looked like a strange and sullen constellation. At the sound of the door opening he turned sharply, said something in an undertone to somebody he temporarily blotted out, then swept on into the building.

Reggie emitted a smothered exclamation and gesticulated wildly at Janyon, whose head jutted forward queerly and whose heart was giving strange little thumps.

The light vanished, and he was still staring, not daring to believe his eyes.

Reggie swerved and sat down heavily in a clump of iris.

"Did you see what I saw?" he gulped.

Janyon nodded but said nothing. He had given up theorising. The whole thing was utterly beyond him.

"Sister Ambrose!" Reggie was hurrying, rocking softly to and fro. "Our Helen! Oh, good lord! Ask me something easier."

THE moon came from behind a cloud, reflecting in the lake, picking out the mountains, throwing dark shadows in the garden. In the strange silence that hung everywhere a clock in a church tower chimed the quarter—a quarter to midnight. Another chimed and then another, with a reckless lack of synchronisation or sameness of note, as if time and tone were of little importance. The little lighted boxes of the last funicular rumbled down and up, crossed, paused to exchange conductors and went on; rumbling into distance.

Janyon watched the rising car until it vanished into the tunnel under Beaumoulin. Presently it reappeared, climbing the steep ascent to Mont Pelerin. Here and there lights twinkled high up in the hills, here and there motor headlights flashed like searchlights on lonely roads.

He was still thinking of Helen Fothergill and the possible significance of her presence in that lonely house with Oscar Leverson and the Spider.

Reggie, squatting morosely in a tangle of bushes, screened a match with his fingers and lit a pipe. It gurgled ominously and he plucked a fat grass stalk and thrust it into the stem. He was immersed in thought. The bottom appeared to have fallen out of everything. Helen Fothergill, cold, grimly efficient, the woman whose word carried weight with the Department, with Sir Geoffrey Greatham, with Raggett when he had been alive, in league with those other two!

It was unthinkable. There must be some other explanation. If there were not, the entire scheme was wrecked. They would have to set to work to piece together another. In any case, they must find Gabeyron and tell him.

The moon went in again. Janyon stared at the heavens, moved from behind the screen of foliage, and presently came back. He signed to Reggie, who thrust the warm pipe into a pocket and scrambled to his feet.

"Well? What is it?"

"We must find out why they're here."

Faulkner frowned heavily.

"Why Helen's here, you mean. You don't think she's vamped Oscar on purpose—pretended to be in with them so as to double-cross 'em later on?"

Janyon shook his head. Somebody had been playing a double game for a very long time. He was convinced now it was Miss Fothergill. He was like a man who has groped for half an hour on hands and

knees looking for the one elusive piece to complete a complicated puzzle. The picture wasn't pleasant to look at, but the piece fitted. It showed the Fothergill as the person mainly responsible for a number of unpleasant murders—Hayes, Raggett, and even Dutoit! Other people's lives hung very much in the balance—Gabeyron's certainly, their own, possibly Dr. Morex' and Paschoud's . . . certainly Françoise's.

He felt himself going cold all over.

Perhaps the strange appearance of the Dutoit house had some significance after all! The Spider might have struck already! At all costs they must find out.

The garden was no longer still. The Vaudaire, the bad wind from the other side had begun blowing, almost imperceptibly at first, then more strongly, swaying the trees all round them. Great dark banks crept up with it.

The water below looked leaden, then patchy as if polluted with oil, then suddenly agitated, flecked with "white horses." It was the season of swift changes. Tomorrow most probably it would rain all day, but to-morrow was still some way off. It was to-night that mattered—and the darkness of the approaching storm was all in their favor.

They approached the house, picking their way carefully, holding on to rough cement ledges, raising themselves to peer upwards into louver shutters, hoping by this means to trace the source of the pale illumination that had invaded the hall.

A wide stone terrace on the south side brought the windows within easy reach. Here, too, the shutters were securely fixed.

Janyon crouched and looked up. Suddenly he reached out and touched his companion, who crouched too. Their heads almost touched. Janyon straightened. There was no need to risk cramp. He had traced the light at last. The casements, as in most Swiss houses, opened inwards; apparently these had been opened behind the shutters for ventilation.

Someone was talking in there—in English. It sounded like Leverson.

"To-morrow, then, after the train leaves."

"Somewhere about this time." (That was definitely the Fothergill!) "I'll have everything ready."

Janyon waited for Vallieres to chime in, but here he was disappointed. Either the bandaged man was in some other part of the building or had elected to hold his tongue.

A great gust from the southward whistled through the clustering hamlet below, snapping twigs, howling, snatching up dust from the vineyards and hurling it about in a miniature sandstorm. It lulled and came up again, bringing rain with it in a soaking torrent.

Janyon's right ear pressed tight against a shutter. He was straining to hear more about those plans for the following night.

The storm, however, was against them. He could hear stealthy movement but no talking. Apparently the conference had broken up and the three people concerned were preparing to evacuate and go home.

He turned his collar up over his ears; pulled down the cap he had selected in preference to a hat when Reggie and he had joined company after dinner to watch Vallieres. He could feel the driving rain penetrating his unprotected trouser-legs and running down his calves.

"Raining like the devil." Janyon jumped and crouched lower.

MURDER IN SWITZERLAND

7

The voice was Levenson's again; it seemed to be speaking straight into his ear.

The shutters opened noisily, bringing with them the glow and fragrance of a good cigar; but Faulkner and Janyon had acted promptly and were nowhere within sight. The shutters closed again, and there followed rasping sounds of hooks being thrust into staples.

The opening of the front door took Janyon to the south-east corner. He saw Helen Potbergill descend the steps, struggle with an umbrella and presently hurry down the path to the gate.

"That's one gone!" murmured Reggie behind him. "Good lord, what a night! I'm swamped!"

Janyon said nothing. He was momentarily expecting one of those other two to appear.

Some time elapsed however before anything further happened, and then it was the sound of a door at the back of the house opening. Vallieres and Levenson were talking in low voices from somewhere in the garden. The wind was in the wrong direction. It was impossible from where Faulkner and Janyon lurked to overhear anything, or, indeed, decide which way they were moving. There was nothing for it but to approach the other end of the terrace and discover what was to be seen from there.

Realising the risk of running into their enemies face to face, Janyon took the lead. Half-way along he forsook the stone-work altogether, vaulting lightly into the garden below and picking his way once more through bushes.

The sound of footsteps grew nearer. Presently, at a point where two paths crossed, they sighted Levenson with a long-handled Swiss shovel over one shoulder. He was trudging towards the foot of the slope, with Vallieres some distance behind.

Halt! by a high mound of earth, the former stopped, waiting for Vallieres to come up to him.

A brief argument ensued, Levenson's gruff voice insisting it was too wet for something; Vallieres contradicting. The shovel had been discarded and remained with the iron in the mound and the long, irregular handle perpendicular, like a mast. The two moved off again, directing their steps towards a small shack, a sort of crazy sentry-box flanked by a stone wall and overgrown with climbing plants.

Presently there was the jangle of keys as Vallieres groped under his cloak.

Higher up the path Reggie tripped and fell sprawling, and the sound of his fall brought the bandaged man's head turning sharply in his direction. Levenson had turned, too. Instinctively Janyon felt for his gun, believing they were discovered. But the moment of tension passed, Vallieres grappled once again with the padlock and Levenson, evidently satisfied all was well, crouched and lit a fresh cigar.

The door lurching open, held on a single hinge. Vallieres propped it at a drunken angle, fumbled again under his cloak and produced an electric torch. Its bright beam invaded the shack. Still carrying it, the bandaged man began retreating slowly, as if the horror the closed door had hidden was greater than even he could stomach.

A pause and Levenson's harsh laugh invaded the garden.

"Cold feet, eh? Well, it was your order."

Janyon was feeling limp; what Reggie's reaction was he didn't know. A lump rose in his throat and he swallowed. At

last he knew the meaning of that dark mound and the long patch of shovel . . . They were burying Monsieur Gabeyron!

OSCAR LEVERSON had stripped his coat and was toiling in the pouring rain, shovelling in earth while Vallieres held the light. Janyon could see it flickering between trees as he climbed out where they had come in. Reggie followed, sucking an empty pipe. Together they hurried up the track with the rain driving after them in angry gusts and a small torrent couraging down to meet them.

For a long while neither spoke. They had sought for days an explanation for Gabeyron's non-appearance at the Beausoleil, and now it had come.

At the entrance to the garden of Beausoleil, Janyon kept straight on towards the promontory and the old summer-house. Reggie followed dutifully. They disposed themselves on folding chairs, Reggie in one corner and Janyon in the other, with the wide front, open to the south, providing no shelter at all. The former filled and lit his pipe, Janyon a cigarette. They were soaked, depressed, and not a little tired. Each knew, however, that sleep was out of the question; that a great deal more was required of them before they could relax.

Suddenly Reggie snapped his fingers.

"I've got it."

"Got what?"

"What's to be done next." He came over and took a chair next to Janyon. "Helen's gone back on us and Gabeyron's dead. Apparently Françoise is still at her house, but she won't be by this time tomorrow night."

"I know. We must get her away now, before it's light. I've realised that already. The question is, how are we going to get about it? More is there and possibly those two aunts. We may have a job getting in. When and if we do, it'll be your word and mine against Helen's."

Reggie nodded.

"That's just what I'm driving at. There's only one man can help us."

"Paschoud?"

"Yes. It's a tidy climb to his place now the fencible's not running, but I know the way almost as well as I know myself."

Janyon frowned.

"How about those dogs you said he keeps?"

"The dog," corrected Reggie. "He's a nasty brute, but he's met me once or twice and I may be able to propitiate him. Failing that, we shall have to pitch rocks at one of Paschoud's windows and wake him. He's got to be got out somehow and persuaded to go with us to Françoise's."

"How about moving her?"

"I'm just coming to that. Françoise is bound to have friends or relatives at some other place—Fribourg, the Valais, Neuchâtel . . . all these people have; and there's a car in Dutoit's garage. Paschoud or I can drive it. After that incident with Gabeyron in Paris you'd better not let Françoise see you. You can sit tight here and keep an eye on Vallieres. If we pull this off it should be amusing."

Janyon agreed. It was roughly the plan he had worked out himself.

Suddenly Faulkner left his seat and peered round the edge of the shelter.

"Footsteps," he announced quietly. "That'll be Vallieres coming back."

Janyon joined him outside.

The wind had lulled somewhat; they could distinguish the soft footsteps from the constant dripping from trees. Vallieres had turned to the left on enter-

ing and was now following the line of shrubs bordering the fence.

"How will he get in?" Reggie whispered. "Key?"

Janyon shrugged. There seemed no other means of obtaining admission unless Vallieres chose to arouse the proprietor and startle him with that ghastly bandaging.

He calculated Vallieres had reached the side door and expected him to stop. The former pressed on, however, keeping the terrace facing the lake, walking on earth, not on the cement floor of the verandah where the only other door lay. Here the footfalls petered out altogether.

Janyon moved slowly in the same direction. Faulkner moved, too. The bare oblong of earth, the Swiss substitute for the English croquet-lawn, lay hard on their left. Presently they arrived at a point where the shrubs finished and the open terrace began.

Both men stared.

Vallieres was not there. Either he had gone straight on through the gateway by the tower into the main road or he had some servant inside the building, bribed to sit up and let him in. But the footfalls had stopped abruptly, and it was an impossibility for that heavy old door to be opened without making some sound . . .

Why come into the grounds if he intended to go out again? Janyon was just remembering a third door, used only by the proprietor and his family, when something made him raise his eyes.

He gripped Faulkner and pointed upwards.

"Help!" said Reggie in an undertone. "The wistaria!"

A great gnarled stem rose against the front of the house, straight for some feet against a stone pillar and then almost at right angles, running to the extreme end of the building, across the half-open window of Vallieres' balcony and up again towards the roof . . . Vallieres was up there now, climbing steadily with gloved fingers, stopping, finding some foothold on a ledge, forging ahead like some strange species of ape.

Janyon watched his progress with breathless interest. It was a thing so utterly unexpected; under normal circumstances no very formidable task; with the rain soaking in all along the front quite another matter. At any moment the climber might lose his grip and fall . . .

M. Vallieres however did not fall; nor did he halt at his own window, but clambered on with a determination nothing short of desperate, making quite obviously for theirs!

The same thought must have occurred to Reggie, for his lips moved.

"Strophanthin!" they framed softly. "The Spider isn't wasting time; but he's unlucky. I thought to fasten that window before coming out."

Evidently Vallieres had discovered this, and was coming down again, hand over hand, his small feet groping for footholds. He came slowly towards his own window, hesitated and flung one leg in over the sill. His whole body squirmed through, and presently the window closed softly.

A light was switched on in the room behind.

"Good-night, everybody, g-o-o-d night!" murmured Reggie, grinning. "And I hope your blasted balcony's swamped!"

THE rain had stopped, but a high wind was still blowing, sweeping through the copse behind Paschoud's chalet with a noise like the sea. Away to the southwards across Lac Lemman the white mountain-

tops were lost in dark banks of cloud, and the water was still troubled, angry.

Janyon had stripped his raincoat and carried it over one arm; Reggie had done the same. Both were hot and breathless with climbing, muddled and bedraggled. To their left the cutting of the funicular swept upwards and down, with rain gleaming on wires and always the constant gurgle of running water: a short hundred yards to the right they could see their first objective, a newish, heavy-roofed, brown-stained chalet standing alone, high up against a dark background of trees. To the right again, a fair distance down the slope, the tiled roof of the Dutolts' cement-built residence loomed conveniently near.

Reggie plodded on and took the lead along a soggy rain-soaked path fringed with lank grass and weeds. He stopped midway along some diamond-mesh wire supported on iron uprights.

"That's odd," he murmured half to himself. Bending over the wire he began whistling, softly at first, then louder. His head came round and his eyes met Janyon's. "No dog!"

"Been taken indoors," the other suggested. "It's a wild night."

Reggie appeared to digest this for some time.

"It's not likely," he asserted at length. "They're humane people, the Swiss, but they don't spoon-feed their beasts. Max has a pretty good barrel to crawl into."

He moved on again, whistling at intervals. Another twenty yards brought them almost in line with the house. Reggie gripped a gate of steel palings and rattled it vigorously, then felt for the latch and went in.

Janyon followed. The path zig-zagged to make easier going; here and there were short flights of rustic steps, all running up to the higher level where the chalet stood, isolated, shuttered, strangely silent.

Reggie reached the stairs, stood surveying them gloomily, then nudged off towards the back. He stopped again, peered from the angle of the house cautiously and turned left, following another wall. His third halt was unpremeditated and sudden, for Janyon, following a good yard behind, walked right into him.

Reggie pointed with his gun. "Max," he announced quietly. "Poor devil! I thought something was wrong." Drawing level with him, Janyon made out the enormous, stretched-out body of a wolfhound. He bent down and touched it with his hand.

"Poisoned," he diagnosed presently. "Been like this for some time."

Reggie nodded. "He was all right this afternoon." His eyes sought Janyon's. "Oscar Leverson!"

"Probably, or somebody acting for him. We know the Spider hasn't been here."

Reggie straightened and stared up at the house.

"Wonder if Paschoud's all right?" Janyon had been wondering too. There was the odd chance some neighbor had poisoned the beast, knowing him to be fierce; but that was unlikely. As far as could be seen Paschoud had no very close neighbors.

Reggie was talking again.

"We'll have to look into this. The man who killed Max meant to act quickly. No use giving Paschoud time to get one of the other dogs up from the laboratory."

They made for the stairs together. Arriving at a closed door slightly ahead

of his colleague, Janyon saw the white of a bell-push and pressed. He could hear the bell ringing from outside. Keeping the switch depressed, he waited for sounds of somebody stirring.

"Nothing," said Reggie presently. "Not a creak. Try the handle."

The door was unlocked.

As Janyon felt along woodwork for the switch, an eerie, moaning cry drifted from somewhere at the back.

"Paschoud!" Reggie breathed down Janyon's neck.

Light flooded the narrow hall, with its coat-stand, its chamol's head on a polished shield, its heavy-patterned parquet leading past stairs on the left to an ancient coffer at the far end. To the left of the coffer an opening led under the stairs.

The sound seemed to come from that direction.

Janyon approached, looking for more switches. A short passage ran under the stairs, culminating in a closed door. Opening this, he found himself in a living-room, with a second door leading out on the other side.

He stopped, staring about him.

Paschoud had evidently been working late. Books were spread open on a dining-table. One of these looked like a journal or ledger. A fountain-pen still lay on it, with the gold nib exposed. To his right a chair had been knocked over; an oil-painting on the back wall hung at an absurd angle.

He moved on and stopped again, listening for a repetition of the sound. Reggie had stopped under the stairs and appeared to be filling his pipe. Janyon saw him start and swing round on his heel. The next moment pipe and pouch had disappeared. Reggie was darting back into the hall. He disappeared entirely. Janyon could hear his footfalls as far as the front door and back again.

"Lord!" he muttered aloud. "I could have sworn—"

Lurching forward suddenly he raised the lid of the coffer, throwing it back against the wall.

"Good heavens!"

"What is it? Paschoud?"

Janyon hurried over.

He was in time to help Reggie lift the limp, half-clad form of an old woman from the depths of the great chest.

"Madame Lebroc," Reggie panted. "Paschoud's housekeeper. I'd forgotten she lived in."

They carried her on to a couch in the back room. She was unconscious, but still warm. Reggie dived through the other door and came back carrying a jug. "These old dears are husky. We'll bring her round somehow and find out what happened."

Janyon threw his raincoat on the table and made his way upstairs to look for Paschoud.

HE explored three bedrooms of varying sizes, a tiled bathroom, several cupboards, without finding any trace of the little Swiss chemist. He had not been to bed that night; that was morally certain, for the bed in one of the larger rooms was undisturbed. A man's hastily discarded outer clothes lay distributed carelessly—the trousers over a chair, coat and vest on the coverlet, a soiled shoe under a dressing-table, the other half under the bed. There was still dirty water in a basin where Paschoud had washed.

The adjoining room was a spare room, with the bed shrouded in an immense white cloth, and obviously unmade. The third,

and smallest room of the three, was the housekeeper's. Here the bed had been slept in.

With a final glance into Paschoud's room Janyon went back to help Reggie. He had been up there possibly three minutes, certainly not more; but he had seen enough to set his fears increasing with regard to Paschoud.

The state of the household before Leverson's agents had broken in seemed pretty clear: Madame Lebroc had been in bed and the chemist working at his accounts in the living-room. The old lady must have heard suspicious sounds and come down to see what was happening. Somebody lurking at the foot of the stairs had tapped her with a gun or bludgeon and bundled her into the chest where Reggie had found her.

But what was the reason for Paschoud's hurried change from one suit to another?—and where was he now? The question seem to answer itself. Either he had been murdered and the body removed and hidden, like Gabeyron's, or he had been kidnapped.

Janyon adhered to the latter theory, believing, if the Spider's orders had been to kill, Paschoud would have been discovered collapsed over his books.

He noticed a telephone on a bracket set in an angle by the front door. The wires dangled as they had dangled on that night at his own flat in London. They had been cut, of course. Leverson's men would never have overlooked that.

Janyon reached the kitchen to find Madame Lebroc recovered and sitting up. There was water about, testifying to Reggie's method of reviving her: he had found some material from somewhere and roughly bandaged her wound.

"A friend of mine," he explained as Janyon came in.

The startled light vanished from the old woman's eyes. Between them they got her upstairs and to bed. By this time she was fully conscious and intensely grateful.

Reggie's manner was jocular and vaguely mysterious. He joked with the old lady in her own tongue, tucked her in as if putting old women to bed had been his occupation for years, left the light burning and presently led Janyon downstairs.

"Things are a lot better than we thought," he confided as they reached the track. "As luck would have it, Paschoud had an unexpected phone call from his sister at Lausanne. His father had been taken ill and was asking for him. He changed and went out in time to catch the last funicular down to Vevey. It seemed genuine enough. I got the old lady to give me the address."

He plodded on, still talking, with Janyon bringing up the rear.

"Now, mon ami, we know roughly what to do. What was a tough bit of luck for Leverson and Co. has given us the excuse we were looking for. Our yarn to the Dutolt household is roughly this: we had some business with Paschoud and got hung up in the storm. Consequently we tried to ring him up and found we couldn't get on. Naturally disturbed at this, we came up to see—on foot, of course; hence the mess we're in. We discovered—well, we know what we discovered. Poor old Madame Lebroc needs a doctor badly—"

"Morex," inserted Janyon, suddenly seeing what the other was driving at. "That gets Morex out of the way."

"Exactly. Some female should go with him. It's too much to hope Helen won't smell a rat. Probably she's known of the

scheme to raid Paschoud's all along. But there may be some other female knocking around, and she'll go with Morez. Right! Now, what do we do? One of us will have to accompany the relief party as far as the door, then beat it back and break into Dutoit's garage; get the drive gates open and make sure there's some juice in the tank. That, I think, should be you. Meanwhile, I'll attend to Helen. As soon as you see the front door standing open and the light on inside, come right up. I'll be needing you."

Janyon nodded acquiescence. By this time they had left the track and were descending a well-made road that zig-zagged down towards the main thoroughfare. A short cut through grass brought them to the eastern confines of Dutoit's garden.

The Dutoit residence had the same appearance of being shut up and deserted as that of Paschoud. Janyon read the name *Les Mesangeres* on the gatepost. The double gates were oak and close-boarded. A wide, tarred drive ran in almost a semi-circle up a gentle gradient towards a square, yellow-fronted house of some pretensions; the garage standing slightly apart from the main building, on the left.

Faulkner mounted the steps and rang. Remaining on the drive, Janyon scanned the facade.

A light flashed up suddenly in one of the front rooms. Presently he heard casements being opened and became aware of a shadowy head and shoulders peering out. "Who's there?"

Janyon's heart leaped. It was Dr. Morez; not the Fothergill, as he had feared. He seemed to be wearing some sort of night-cap.

"Don't make a noise. Somebody's ill." "Who's there?" demanded Morez again, still not quite certain.

"Janyon."

"Bon. I descend immediately."

Reggie joined Janyon on the drive. Soon a light was turned on in the hall and they heard the sound of bolts being drawn.

DR. MOREZ scrutinised them carefully, heaved a sigh of evident relief and presently admitted them to a comfortably furnished drawing-room. He had discarded his headpiece and drawn on a brown silk dressing-wrap of rather an elaborate pattern. He seemed to be wearing an embroidered nightshirt and trousers beneath.

At first the suggestion of attending Madame Lebruc met with a distinctly cold reception. Evidently Morez was not too happy at being dragged from a warm bed; and the prospect of negotiating a steep slope in the rain appealed to him very little. "Why not communicate with Monsieur Paschoud's regular physician?" he suggested. "I am here, as you know, on a special case."

"The telephone's out," Reggie explained, "and we don't know the name of his physician. It's no use getting all hot and bothered. You've got to turn out. Common decency demands it. The poor old dear's brutally knocked about and entirely alone."

"Oh, well, I suppose there is nothing else to do," Morez shrugged and assumed an expression of martyrdom. "If you will excuse me I will go upstairs and dress." Janyon stopped him at the door. "Just a second. Who exactly is in the house with you?" Morez blinked.

"There is Nurse Ambrose, of course, and myself. Mlle. Dutoit, our patient, and Jeanette, the Dutoit's maid." He counted on his fingers. "That is the whole number. Raoul, the man-servant, sleeps in the village."

Janyon saw Reggie winking at him, and winked back. Matters were progressing more favorably than they had dared to hope. The only question now was just how far they could take Morez into their confidence.

He embarked on a daring experiment. "Listen, Morez," he said, taking his arm, "there's a lot more in this business at Paschoud's than meets the eye. For one thing, he's not at his house, and we're afraid he's fallen into the clutches of the other side."

"Leverson?" Morez's eyebrows lifted. "Yes. The old lady may know something. Gabeyron wants you and Nurse Ambrose there. If she comes to, the sight of one of us would frighten her. It wants a woman; better still, a nurse."

Morez gripped both lapels of Janyon's sodden raincoat. He seemed genuinely moved.

"You have found Monsieur Gabeyron? You have seen him?"

Reggie nodded confirmation. "Yes, to-night; but don't spill that to Sister Helen. Gabeyron was most emphatic about that. And not a word about having seen us. If she heard us ring, just explain a peasant rolled along with the sad news. Say two peasants if you like."

"I understand," Morez moistened his lips. "And how did you find my dear friend, Monsieur Gabeyron?"

"As ever!" Reggie gave a non-committal shrug.

Downstairs, the shutters were all closed. Before leaving, Morez turned on an electric radiator and switched off the light. Reggie locked the door after him. Standing in a grateful zone of heat, with the wet steaming from their clothes in a faint mist, they listened to the doctor's footsteps mounting swiftly to his room. Presently they heard voices from an upper floor—Morez and Miss Fothergill's. There were sounds of doors opening and shutting, a constant moving to and fro overhead.

"A great wheeze of yours," commented Reggie approvingly. "Jeanette shouldn't give us much trouble. It's a great mercy Raoul sleeps out. Couldn't be better, in fact."

Noises began again. Another door closed and somebody came downstairs. A pause, and nails drummed softly on the door. Reggie opened it a bare inch.

"Everything is arranged," came Morez's whisper. "Sh. She comes down now."

Reggie turned the key and waited. Janyon listened from the fireplace. The front door opened and there was more talking. Apparently the Fothergill had forgotten something and had to return upstairs. Two minutes later she was down again. They heard the door close softly and hurried footsteps along the tarred drive.

Reggie let himself out, returning a few moments later to report that Morez and Helen had left the garden and were on their way to Paschoud's. He went up alone, leaving Janyon in the hall. Here the latter hit upon a balise-covered board with hooks and a selection of labelled keys. With the chemist's attention to detail, Dutoit had kept everything in his house in order.

Janyon selected two linked together,

marked "garage," shot a bolt to prevent the door shutting, and ran into the garden. He propped open the gates and presently the garage doors. The wind rattled them, but nothing seemed to matter now. Satisfied he understood the controls and the tank was half full, he returned to the house to find Reggie already on the steps, with a limp Françoise in his arms.

She was in night attire, over which Faulkner had thoughtfully superimposed a blanket, and so frail and white that for a moment Janyon thought she was dead. He touched an arm that hung listlessly and felt it warm.

"Doped her before leaving," Reggie muttered. "We might have known Helen wouldn't omit that. Get her in while I slip back for some clothes. It's a hundred to one I forget something vital!"

"Bring a bag if you can find one," counselled Janyon. "We may need it."

Taking Françoise from Reggie, he hurried with her to the car. He had to steady her with one foot on the running board while he opened the door. The light from a brightening sky illuminated her face, and he thought how lovely she was in her drugged sleep.

There were other rugs in the car. He wrapped them round her, climbed into the driving-seat and pressed the starter. Once outside he locked the doors and pocketed the keys. It would be as well not to reveal to the returning Morez or Helen that the car had gone. The engine turned quietly, smoothly. He drew up by the front entrance and picked up Reggie, loaded with a strange miscellany of feminine attire and a large yellow suitcase of poignant memories.

The case and clothes were dumped in beside Françoise; Reggie climbed in at the front, and drove off in triumph.

"GOSH!" remarked Reggie suddenly. "This is the goods!"

Janyon stirred and grunted acquiescence.

They lay on their backs on a hillside where the green of the grass was lost in a multitude of spring flowers, white and pink, with here and there the deep blue of gentians. The sky overhead was clear, the sun hot, the winding track they had plodded up from Martigny dry and dusty as if there had never been rain. Around them the glory of the mountain panorama was unfolded, irregular, varying and constantly pleasing to the eye. Cattle browsed, silhouetted on a distant slope. A gentle wind brought the tinkling music of cow-bells.

Their baggage was scattered negligently around them; on a rug spread over two raincoats Françoise was still sleeping.

It was two in the afternoon. For Françoise the day had started at five; for the others it had spread over so many weary hours that Janyon, for one, had lost all count. At intervals he raised himself and looked anxiously across at her, less pale now and slumbering peacefully. To him her recovery and fortitude had been nothing short of a miracle.

They had climbed for two hours, through pine forests up incredible slopes, up countless steps fashioned from logs and earth.

There had been compulsory stops, for breath, for the easing of tired muscles. On the long ridge above they had struck deep snow, hampering their movements, and had to don goggles and suitable climbing attire. At long last they had reached the funicular and presently *Les Avants*.

Here they had breakfasted according to

plan and the men had been able to shave. An early train landed them by the lake again, at Montreux. After a long wait they had entrained once more for Martigny and had lunch. Eventually a tram had brought them to the foot of the road leading up to Chemin.

There had been talk of taking a taxi on this final stage, but this had been vetoed on the grounds of prudence.

Janyon sat up and groped for a cigarette. The loud gurgling of a pipe and a sudden exclamation of disgust proclaimed the fact that Faulkner was sitting up, too. Janyon turned to find him prodding moodily in the stem with a pipe-cleaner.

"What's up?"
"Mouthful of nicotine." Reggie looked anxiously towards Francoise and spat. Still prodding, he edged nearer to Janyon. "Gabeyron," he pursued, "I've been thinking."

"What about?"
"Poor Dutolt, mostly." Reggie had dropped his voice. "You're the only one left who saw him in that cellar."

"Well?"
Faulkner tapped out his pipe, produced another and still more decrepit specimen from a pocket and began filling it from an oilskin pouch. Waiting impatiently for him to go on, Janyon saw him strike a match, puff steadily and presently assume an attitude of sublime contentment.

"Good. That's better. What was I saying just now? Your knowledge isn't evidence. You're not at liberty to testify to anybody that matters as to what you and Gabeyron saw in Paris. Gabeyron was in a unique position: that's mainly why our people employed him. I've come to the conclusion he'd dropped across the secret of Dutolt's body—and that's probably why the Spider went to such lengths to bump him off. Now"—Reggie paused dramatically and waved a singularly foul pipe-cleaner aloft—"supposing I'm right and Gabeyron did know, he may have hidden something to that effect in the room where he was staying. It might, therefore, be to our advantage to discover where that room is."

"Leverson's men will have searched it already," Janyon objected. "You don't suppose they'd clear out with their job half done."

Reggie shook his head.
"Gabeyron was cunning, quite as smart in his way as Oscar Leverson. I've worked with him before and I know. More than that, if I had only half an idea where he was hiding himself I'm morally certain I'd know where to look."

"He may not have found out anything."

"Possibly not, but it's as well to make sure. If Gabeyron knew where Leverson had hidden Dutolt's body his next move would have been to drop a hint to the police to go and look for it. If they found it the facts would come into the newspapers; and, if Dutolt's death becomes an accepted fact, Francoise, his sole heir and presumably sole legatee, will be free to negotiate. Then, friend Janyon, things can be got moving. You and I will presently drop gracefully into the background, and the Lord High Muckamuka, who don't even deign to recognise our existence, will blow down for a nice Swiss holiday."

"And what do you suppose the Spider will be doing in the meantime? Won't he—?" He broke off suddenly, aware for the first time that Francoise had raised herself on her arms and was staring at him. He could see two big tears welling from her dark eyes.

"So—he is—dead," she said brokenly. "I was—right, then—after all . . ."

ON the evening of the third day after his arrival with Francoise and Faulkner at Chemin, Janyon left the train at Vevey and chartered a taxi back to the Beausoleil.

Reggie, making the same journey some twenty-four hours previously, had wired him at Martigny that all was well. Obviously the telegram had contained no detailed explanation, a great deal of which, however, was supplied by an apologetic Monsieur Ripotot, who greeted him in person at the door.

There had been a slight contretemps in Monsieur Janyon's absence, and Ripotot deeply regretted the necessity of examining their room with the aid of a pass-key. The police would be grateful if Monsieur Janyon would supply a list of any articles of personal property he found missing.

"You suspect burglary, then?" Janyon suggested, taken a little off his balance.

"Oui, monsieur. It was the wistaria—a simple method of access of which one had never thought. Apparently an attempt was made to enter the building by your balcony. A window was found forced. A little later Petit was aroused by the ringing of the telephone. It was for Monsieur Vallieres. Monsieur will perhaps remember a gentleman with his head wrapped in bandages. Petit went upstairs to call him, and found M. Vallieres lying stunned just under his own window. The side door to the garden was found to be open. It was doubtless by this means the voleur made his escape."

"And Monsieur Vallieres?" demanded Janyon, deeply interested.

Ripotot spread his hands in an eloquent gesture.

"Naturally a doctor was immediately telephoned for. Later in the morning the automobile of a friend of Monsieur Vallieres called and took him away."

Janyon nodded, hazarding at the same time a shrewd guess at the identity of this friend.

"Have you heard since how he is?"

"Not a word, monsieur. The gentleman with the car removed all his luggage. We have communicated with the doctor. One is naturally a little anxious when such a thing happens. The doctor also has nothing to say except—and this is really most extraordinary, monsieur—he assures me on his reputation as a physician that Monsieur Vallieres had only the one injury. For the rest he was a fit man."

"Impossible—"

Janyon contrived to stare incredulously into the open, scandalised face of Monsieur Ripotot.

"I assure you, sir!"

As he made his way upstairs, Janyon grinned to think how pale, in the form, evidently, of a simple fall while climbing through the window, had worked against the Spider.

Reggie was lounging on the balcony when he opened the bedroom door.

He remained with head on one side, slightly perplexed.

Most of the balcony was out of sight: he could only see Faulkner and part of the table. A woman's voice came quite clearly from that lost end where the settee should be, a voice with a pleasant and familiar pitch.

"Hullo, Janyon! Rolled up at last," Faulkner beckoned him over.

He advanced slowly, stopped in the opening and stood staring in amazement.

"Pam!" he managed presently. "What the—?"

"Hullo, Jimmie! Surprised?"

"Of course. I'm afraid I—"

The girl laughed.

"Of course you don't understand. Well, it was like this. I breezed round to your flat the day you left and, of course, found it empty. Then I got your letter saying where you were. Well, London was pretty foul—"

"You're not stopping here?" interrupted Janyon with some concern.

Pam shook her head.

"Not much. I adore the view; it's just divine: but one must have some comfort. Reggie tells me there's only one bathroom."

Janyon dropped on to the settee beside her.

"What happened after London became foul?"

"Oh! Of course, I hadn't told you. Daddy looked pretty run-down and I suggested a change of air."

"You'd only been back from Paris a week when I left."

"Rather less, darling, as a matter of fact. Anyway, I suggested a change, and the parents fell in with the idea and began writing for rooms at all sorts of unheard-of places. Eventually I skilfully called their attention to the fact that Swiss exchange was reacting favorably, and so we landed at Montreux the day before yesterday."

Reggie grinned.

"And I, acting entirely with the best of intentions, invited Miss Holton up to dine with us."

There was a somewhat protracted silence.

"You worked it, you little devil," declared Janyon, suddenly.

Pam's head moved slowly up and down.

"I did, and I'm not in the least ashamed. Pleased to see me, Jimmie? Because you don't look it."

Janyon flashed a glance eloquent of many things at Reggie, and obtained a sympathetic signal in return.

"I am," he returned at length; "but this isn't a joy-ride, you know."

"I never supposed it would be. But, you see, I was sort of in it at the beginning, when the Coldwaltham woman threw her amazing gas-party and you brightened the evening by laying out that ghastly Leverson man over his steering-wheel. What happened about that fog, by the way? Have you seen any more? And what eventually happened to the poor professor?" Pam paused, glancing from one to the other.

"Oh, I see. All very secret and mysterious. I suppose I shouldn't have asked. I ran into Miss Fothergill, by the way, in one of those funny little trams—"

Janyon started.

"When was this?" he asked quickly.

"Yesterday. We were both going to Territet. I thought she was looking frightfully worried. She asked if I'd seen you and of course I hadn't. We had coffee together near that chateau in the lake."

"Chillon," said Reggie.

"Yes . . . She said something about having a breakdown and being sent here to recuperate. I thought she must wonder what I was doing in Switzerland and told her about Daddy. I don't suppose for a moment she believed me any more than I believed her. Still, we both tried to look interested. She's working with you, of course?"

Janyon stretched his legs and rattled some coins in a pocket. Reggie began filling a pipe, got up looking for matches and sat down again.

Pam opened her eyes very wide and burst out laughing.

"What is the matter? Have I put my foot in it again?"

"A very charming foot, in any case," murmured Faulkner. "And the answer to that is, dear lady, she is and she isn't. Which, astonishingly enough, is the simple and unvarnished truth. A very deep and sinister personality, our Helen."

"That's the first dinner-bell," announced Janyon, interrupting. "If you've any tinkering about to do, Reggie and I'll meet you downstairs."

"Thanks," she smiled. "But I have tinkered. Does anybody very much mind if I finish my story? As I was telling you, Miss Fothergill looked worried and ill—"

"And you drank coffee together," Reggie reminded her. "Very touching!"

"Yes. . . . Well, she insisted on paying and breezed off to pay a call on somebody or other who was supposed to be ill. In doing so she forgot her bag, and I never noticed until an extraordinarily honest waiter ran after me with it. So, of course, I had to find her. She'd completely disappeared by this time, and there was I, with a bag in each hand and everybody staring after me, as if I was some halfwit. I stopped one or two people and asked, but they were either complete strangers to the district or absolute morons."

Reggie grinned and emitted, "Probably both."

"Did you find her?" asked Janyon.

"I was just coming to that. It must have been quite a mile before I saw her again, and I can't tell you what a relief that was. She was walking very fast. I ran a bit and called after her; but evidently she didn't hear, because the next minute she disappeared into a side street—and when I reached the corner there wasn't a sign of her. My dear, I was twenty minutes cooling my heels in that foul street before I suddenly saw her coming out of a cheap little restaurant with an advertisement for rooms hung on a board outside. She had the shock of her young life when she saw me. Of course, she brightened considerably when she realised why I'd come; in fact—"

Janyon reached and gripped her wrist so suddenly that she drew back with a cry of alarm.

"Jimmy! What's the matter? You look—"

"Would you know that place again?" he demanded.

"Why, of course. . . . At least, I suppose so."

Janyon had turned to Reggie.

"The sick friend," he said in an undertone. "Gabeyron! He left the train at Montreux. . . ."

Reggie whistled, took Pam's hand and shook it solemnly. "The girl's a marvel," he announced.

"RESTAURANT DES ALPES," announced Pamela suddenly at dinner. "I remember now. It was painted blue and white outside."

Janyon made a note on the back of an envelope, at the same time deftly turning the conversation to other things.

By hurrying through the last course they managed to catch the 8.05 funicular, arriving in the Avenue de Plan in time to see a train which should have connected sailing away into the distance.

They walked the short mile to the station. Reggie was in his normal conver-

sational mood, Janyon silent and thoughtful. Pam's unexpected appearance at the Beauveclief still left him in two minds. He was glad to see her, of course; but if, as he supposed, Miss Fothergill's visit to the Restaurant des Alpes had an important bearing on the problem in hand, she might be in very great danger indeed.

The best thing to do in the circumstances would be for her to identify the street and return by taxi to her hotel. With this object in view he slightly modified his original plan and chartered a car at the first rank they came to.

Apparently the man had never heard of a Restaurant des Alpes in the district mentioned. After a brief discussion with the others, Janyon instructed him to follow the main road until stopped.

Presently, and in view of the fact Pam had approached the road on foot and from the opposite direction, it was agreed to make directly for the cafe where Miss Fothergill had left her bag and drive slowly back.

"Here," she announced presently, and pointed.

Faulkner leaned out and stopped the car. Janyon followed him out. It was still light. From the point where Pam had called a halt they could see right down the turning. The establishment with its white chairs outside lay some fifty yards from the main thoroughfare, on the left.

"Don't hang about," Janyon advised through the window. "We may be hours."

Pam smiled and shook her head.

"All right. Good hunting!" Her cool hand touched his wrist. "Furious with me, aren't you? Perfectly livid?"

"Crazy about you, perhaps," Janyon contradicted. "Cheer-oh!"

Pam gave a queer little gurgling laugh that set him wondering and waved as the car drove off. He watched it for some distance, half expecting her to wave again. She didn't, and he returned in search of Reggie, only to discover the other had already crossed the road and was waiting on the far pavement.

He shrugged and embarked on the crossing himself, and a saloon car all but ran into him. The driver had braked to a queer angle and was leaning out, shaking his fist. Janyon shouted an apology. He had been momentarily dazed by the thought of what might happen if Pam fell into the clutches of the Spider.

"What's the idea?" asked Reggie as he caught him up. "Suicide club?"

"Just mad," returned Janyon briefly.

They had reached the white chairs, eight of them, and three white tables. Nobody, however, was sitting outside. Through the open doorway, between plate-glass windows, half obscured and plastered with printed strips advertising beverages, Janyon had a glimpse of some half a dozen men and women of the artisan class drinking white wine served in little glass carafes. A waitress, a pretty, dark girl in a white apron, leaned over a bar at the far end with her back to a doorway screened with a beaded curtain.

"Restaurant des Juras," mused Reggie, reading the name on a hanging sign. "No wonder our driver looked hot and bothered. Our fair informant was slightly out."

They went in and sat down.

The pretty girl came from behind her counter and took Reggie's order, reappearing presently with a carafe and some miniature tumblers.

"Monsieur Gabeyron?" he asked in a low voice, nodding towards the ceiling.

The girl flushed uncomfortably, murmured something about asking the landlord, and made a movement towards the beaded curtain. Janyon reached out and drew her back.

"There's no need to call the landlord," he told her, showing her a five-franc piece. "My friend and I know Monsieur Gabeyron well. If he's in we'd like to see him."

She plucked nervously at her apron.

"Unfortunately, monsieur, he is not in. His things are still in the room upstairs, in number seven. For four days we have not seen him. Only yesterday his sister came—"

"And asked to be shown upstairs?" put in Faulkner.

"Yes, monsieur."

Janyon nodded encouragingly.

"A tall lady, very fair?"

Again the girl inclined her head. She appeared diffident about accepting the coin Janyon pressed on her.

Reggie helped himself from the carafe.

"That's our Helen," he murmured, eyeing the pale fluid critically. "Wonderful how often you can get away with the sister business in these parts. Try some of this wine, Janyon; it's good."

Beckoning the girl again he asked her to take them to the landlord. Following her through the beaded curtain they found themselves in a narrow passage at the foot of a steep flight of stairs. The landlord, a fat, thick-set man in shirt sleeves, emerged presently from another doorway, shook hands perfunctorily and gruffly demanded their business.

Faulkner became instantly voluble, reciting forth high-sounding phrases in impeccable French, shrugging, consulting papers drawn from a pocket, passing them on to Janyon and presently pocketing them again. Furnished with a pencil and a small diary, Janyon jotted down a rough inventory of everything within view, climbed the stairs, appeared to be measuring a landing window and came slowly down again.

The landlord was evidently impressed, and presently produced the key. As a final touch of artistry Reggie invited him up to assure himself nothing of his lodger's property was damaged or removed. As he had hoped and expected, the landlord declined.

The room Gabeyron had occupied was roughly ten feet square and only indifferently furnished. The one window opening on to the street was closed and shuttered. Janyon locked the door after them, switched on the light and opened the casements. Everything appeared just as Gabeyron had left it on the day he had left the Restaurant des Juras to meet his end. A few toilet articles were scattered on a small table with a white cloth cover and a bamboo-framed mirror hanging above; a brown suit and a dressing-wrap hung in a cupboard. On the top of the cupboard they saw only one item of luggage—an incredibly ancient Gladstone bag, with one strap original and its companion blatantly new and yellow. In the pocket inside were some handkerchiefs, a bow-tie and several paper packets of toothpicks. The bag contained nothing else.

"Gabeyron and his toothpicks! He'll never play with them again, poor devil!" Janyon shook his head sadly.

Faulkner had stripped his coat and vest and thrown them over a chair. He was crouching, sprawling on hands and knees,

examining between mattresses, under and behind the bed, along the skirting-boards, his sandy hair on end and an unusual pinkness invading his freckled face.

Janyon lolled by the door, watching. Obviously there wasn't room for the two of them to work together. His gaze alighted presently on the apology for a washstand. Reggie had deposited the toothpicks there while examining the bag and had omitted to return them.

Toothpicks! . . .

Janyon approached.

There were nine little greaseproof envelopes in all, and possibly twelve or fifteen of those little pointed sticks in each. Over a hundred toothpicks! It seemed an excessive amount for one man to carry merely for his personal use. But then, Gabeyron used them to play with, to make patterns . . .

He started and stared at his own reflection in the glass.

Paternal . . .

He took a bag by a bottom corner and shot the contents out on to the white cloth, then stooped, turning them over. Quite suddenly he stopped breathing, then let out air from his lungs in a fierce gust that spread the absurd little sticks all over the place.

They were marked, each at either extremity, with a varying number of minute ink dots—almost like mah-jongg counters . . .

He too removed his jacket, cleared the table of jug and basin, pulled up a chair and began concentrating feverishly, hurriedly, suddenly absorbed in a new and original game . . . Gabeyron's game! The picks were by no means uniform in length, many having been cut down evidently with the sharp blade of a pocket-knife. He started putting number to number, commencing with the spill marked "1" at the sharp end and "2" at the blunt. He noticed a few with numbers in the middle . . .

"Drawn a blank so far," Faulkner pushed the bed back in place and sat down heavily, filling his pipe. He saw Janyon sitting with his back to him, with hair ruffled, elbows on the washstand, his head supported on a hand. "Chess?" asked Reggie with heavy sarcasm.

Janyon waved a hand.

"No, patience: come and have a look."

The other complied, peered over one of Janyon's shoulders and emitted an exclamation of amazement.

Spread on the table lay one long continuous pattern, involved and apparently meaningless. He saw Janyon stoop and pick a thing like a matchstick from the floor. Presently, commencing from the left, he began dividing the pattern into small separate groups of toothpicks. The missing piece was slipped into place, Janyon shook his head, muttered and began arranging them again.

S—P—I, it looked like.

Janyon discovered another missing piece in a fold of the cloth.

"Spider!" exclaimed Reggie suddenly. "That third thing's a 'D'."

Janyon shook his head.

"There's something wrong here," he complained, "and anyway the picks have given out."

"Spider Rag!" Faulkner bent over the table. "That's it, Janyon. It can't be anything else. Now, what do you suppose poor old Gabeyron meant by that?"

"Just some sort of fat-headed game, I'm

afraid. We'd better take them home with us and make sure." Janyon placed the pieces in one large envelope and folded it carefully. Reggie closed the windows, turned sharply and remained staring at the door. Presently he tiptoed across, turned the key and threw it wide open.

There was a flutter of skirts and a faint scream—and Helen Fothergill stumbled inwards, right into Reggie's arms.

JANYON went to the door and looked out.

In the dim light half-way down the stairs the vague form of the landlord hovered darkly.

"Mlle. Gabeyron," he whispered hoarsely. "It is not my fault, monsieur. The maid tried to stop her, but she would come up." Janyon reassured him, closed the door and locked it.

Reggie was standing between the bed and the cupboard, with both hands on his hips and the strangest expression on his face Janyon had ever seen. Stranger even than that, Helen Fothergill sprawled over the late Gabeyron's bed, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Ah!" muttered Reggie, and opened the windows for a second time.

The girl on the bed turned and sat up. "It's too much," she declared brokenly. "I can't stand it any more. I'm resigning."

Janyon observed her closely.

"I rather gathered you had already."

"I—I don't think I understand," she stammered.

"Don't you?" Janyon moved a step towards her. "It's rather too much to suppose you came here just now by accident. You were here yesterday. Why?"

"Really, Mr. Janyon, aren't you behaving a little extraordinarily?" Miss Fothergill was no longer tearful. A powder-puff removed the traces of her breakdown. Once more she was something of her old, disdainful self.

"You dirty little double-crosser," inserted Reggie, venting some long-pent-up feelings. "What about Gabeyron? What about that scheme to hand over Francoise to Oscar Leverson? What about Paschoud?"

"Paschoud?" Helen pressed a hand to her heart and averted against the bed. "Nothing's happened to him."

"Not yet, so far as we know; but he has nothing to thank you for, believe me. If a lucky accident hadn't taken him away from his chalet the night Leverson murdered Gabeyron—"

"Murdered Gabeyron?" she echoed faintly. "Not—not Oscar. It isn't true. It isn't true."

"And buried him in the garden of that house by the funicular," added Janyon tensely. "He was there all the time, hidden in a shed, while you were discussing kidnapping Mademoiselle Dutoit with your priceless pals."

"Oscar," Reggie muttered under his breath. "Oscar." His blue eyes looked straight at her. "You're in love with Leverson."

With a choking cry she buried her face in her hands. Presently she collapsed on the floor, still sobbing. Gradually, in broken sentences, the story came out . . . of meeting Oscar Leverson years ago, on holiday . . . of her loneliness . . . Later she had run away from him in Egypt . . . Some influential person had given her an introduction to Sir Geoffrey Greatham . . . In those days Leverson had been nothing; just a man living by his wits . . . She hoped she had lost sight of him for ever

. . . And then, quite suddenly, she had run into him in London . . .

"He blackmailed you, of course?"

In a complete revulsion of feeling Janyon stooped and lifted her, guiding her presently into a chair. He questioned her thoroughly, satisfying himself that she had no hand in Hayes' murder, or in fact in any fatality up to the time Gabeyron had died. Ever since their escape with Francoise she had been haunting the Beausoleil, trying to get in touch with them. To-night she had watched them leave with Pam and followed in another car. Her conscience had pricked her, she said; a little later a stronger and more credible reason came out. Oscar Leverson's headquarters were near Evian-les-Bains, on the French side of the lake—and Simone Bercher was over there with him!

Of Leverson's plans she professed to know very little; at the mention of the Spider she buried her face again and shuddered.

"You don't understand. If he knew I had spoken to you here to-night he would kill me."

"Who is he?" asked Faulkner bluntly.

"I . . . don't . . . know. I think . . . but it isn't possible." She gathered up her things and made precipitately for the door. In the doorway she looked back. "You must try to trust me. I will do my best. Watch the papers. Good night."

They heard her hurry along the passage and downstairs.

Reggie drew on his coat and waistcoat.

"Spider rag. Watch the papers. Just all too simple, isn't it? D'you think Helen's on the level?"

"I believe she's trying to be," Janyon opened the door. "All the same, there's no harm in following and seeing where she goes."

The landlord was waiting anxiously at the foot of the stairs; the pretty waitress smiled at them as they passed through the restaurant. They reached the main road in time to see Helen Fothergill hail a taxi and climb in. The car drove off in the direction of Montreux. It was three minutes before another came in view, and by this time all hope of picking up her trail was gone.

A brief call at the Holtons' hotel on the way home produced the information that Pam had returned safely and gone to her room.

"And Francoise is out of their clutches for the present," Janyon commented. "You noticed Helen had no idea where we'd taken her. I wish to heaven I knew what Gabeyron meant by 'Spider rag.'"

Janyon snapped his fingers.

"Wait a minute though. Watch the papers! I wonder if that means it's turned up at last. . . ."

FOR three days Faulkner and Janyon prowled aimlessly, buying papers and trudging back to the Beausoleil to wade through them.

A full had set in with a vengeance, a condition for which they had to no little extent to thank themselves. Francoise was in hiding at Chemin, and not likely to return until she had a word from them; Paschoud had remained in Lausanne; Leverson, Simone Bercher, and the Spider were at Evian, and Helen had disappeared completely.

They passed the laboratory daily. It appeared to be functioning as usual, with always two constables on duty outside,

Pam blew in at the Beausoleil occasionally, usually on the way home from some excursion in the family car. Reggie brooded, smoked more than was good for him and played his harmonica. For hours on end Janyon paced the lower terrace in an effort to shake off a deep sense of foreboding that had gripped him ever since that extraordinary night in Territet. He was terribly in love with Pam, and deplored his inability to go about with her; the position of stalemate irked him, and all the while he nursed an uncomfortable feeling that, over there on the other side of the lake, far cleverer brains than his were planning something destined to arouse them from their enforced lethargy with a big jerk.

In this he was right. On the fourth morning Reggie came bursting on to the balcony with eyes starting out of his head and perspiration running down his cheeks in streams.

"Head that," he shouted, banging down a copy of the "Gazette de Lausanne." "Now tell me the Spider isn't clever." Missing Professor's Return (the paragraph read)

Last night, according to our Vevey correspondent, the eminent professor, Etienne Dutoit, who disappeared in mysterious circumstances while on a visit to London, returned to his home, alone and in a great state of nervous exhaustion. He is believed to have been suffering from a complete loss of memory.

Janyon ran a hand wildly through his hair.

"But I saw him myself. Gabeyron and I both touched him."

Reggie nodded gravely.

"You're absolutely certain it was Dutoit?"

"Absolutely. I had a good look at him that night in London, and I overheard what he said to Leverson in Paris."

"All right. Then that's settled; and I think we can cut out any suggestion of dope injected to produce an illusion of death. That means the Spider, Leverson and Co. have been busy routing out a man to look like Dutoit—probably a clever actor or something."

"With what object?"

Reggie threw himself into a chair.

"With the object, my dear old idiot, of bringing one or two important people to light whom they've kept sight of—Francoise, for one, and Paschoud!"

"Good Lord! We must wire Chemin."

"I phoned them from down below directly I saw that notice. Francoise had already left. I can't trace Paschoud either. Apparently he hasn't been with his relatives for some days, but you can bet your life he'll be on his way, too. The only thing I can think of is to haunt Vevey station and try to stop them going any farther."

Janyon shook his head.

"I can foresee a terrible time with Francoise. A thousand to one she'll insist on going home to see."

"Then one of us will have to go with her, that's all. Come on. If we hope to do any good we must leave at once. You see, Helen did know something after all."

Janyon picked up his hat and followed Reggie out into the corridor. Already some of his depression had lifted. The other side had played their big card, and somehow it lacked the punch he had anticipated. There was ample time in any case to stop Francoise; they could telephone to Madame Lebroc before leaving and

advise her to put Paschoud on his guard, supposing for any reason he had decided not to travel by railway.

Petit, the little clerk, met them in the hall.

"Telephone, monsieur."

"Whom for?" Faulkner glanced at his watch and remembered if they missed this fusticular there was half an hour to wait for another.

"A long-distance call—from France. The gentleman asked first for Monsieur Janyon. If you were out, monsieur, I was to call Monsieur Faulkner."

"A gentleman! France!" Reggie looked at Janyon. "We'd better look into this."

Janyon lifted the receiver.

"Yes?" he demanded curtly.

A strange noise came over the wire that might have been a cough or a harsh chuckle.

"Is that Mr. Janyon?"

"Yes . . ."

"Oscar Leverson speaking. Can you hear me?"

"Perfectly, thanks. . . ." For Faulkner's benefit he wrote "Oscar Leverson" on the pad in pencil.

"Mr. Janyon, you are a very impulsive—shall I say imprudent—young man. May I advise you most strongly to reconsider your intentions of interfering with my plans any longer? If, for example, you are thinking of picketing Vevey station this morning, I think I can show you at least one sound reason why neither Faulkner nor yourself should leave your hotel for the next twenty-four hours. You understand, of course, that you are being watched now. . . ."

Janyon laughed.

"It is extremely good of you to be so deeply concerned for our welfare, Mr. Leverson. May I, in return, give you my firm assurance that Vevey station will be most thoroughly picketed, as you call it. Good morning!"

"Just one minute, Janyon. There is a lady here with me at the telephone who would like to say a few words."

Janyon started and a cold sensation gripped his spine.

"Is that you, Jimmy?"

His grip tightened over the receiver.

"Pam speaking. There was a hold-up near St. Gingolph. . . . It'll be in the evening papers. You might find out if Mother and Daddy are all right. . . . I'm at a house—"

The message broke off suddenly and Leverson's voice chimed in again:

"So, you see, Janyon, how very wise it will be of you just to do nothing at all. Au revoir."

The wire went dead. For quite half a minute Janyon remained numbed, motionless, the receiver still pressed to his ear. He called in Petit. "Here! Find out for me immediately the origin of that call. I want the address, you understand." He turned to Reggie. "They've got Pam," he said, and drew Reggie outside to tell him fuller details.

The clerk soon came in search of them to report that the call had come from Evian. He brought the number, address, and name of occupant typed on a white slip.

Janyon took it.

"One-one-seven-nine. Villa Chatelard. Maurice Bernard," he read aloud. "I wonder he risked telephoning from a private address. He's probably satisfied we daren't move."

"Send Petit to the station," suggested Reggie.

Janyon shook his head. Drawing Reggie towards the terrace he pointed to a man in blue overalls working among the vines. "You'll have to look after Francoise," he declared. "We've got to find some of those blue things first and beat it through the vineyards to the lake. I'll pick up a motor-boat in Vevey, and I'll have to be a good one. I'm going to find Mr. Oscar Leverson—and I think I'm going to kill him. . . ."

"Kill Oscar Leverson. . . . Kill Oscar Leverson. . . ."

The purring motor seemed to be singing it.

Janyon sprawled in the bows, staring ahead across the broad expanse of blue water towards that other side where he knew Pam was, and Leverson; quite probably, too, the Spider.

He was still in the peasant's wide-brimmed straw hat and blue overalls in which he had escaped through the vineyard from Beausoleil to Vevey-Plan. With the help of permanganate Reggie and he had dyed their faces and necks to the rich brown color of the workers on the terraces. Entering into the plan with his usual enthusiasm, Reggie was now loitering in the station subway, waiting for Francoise and possibly Paschoud.

M. Ripotot had turned up trumps. Apparently on the principle that most Englishmen were mad and a glorious masquerade something at all times to be encouraged, he had provided hats, overalls, even a cousin with a motor-boat conveniently moored at Vevey-la-Tour. It was doubtful if he had believed Reggie's yarn about two undesirable women whom it was in the best interests of everybody they should avoid, but he readily agreed to assure any inquirers they were at home and had given orders not to be disturbed. M. Ripotot had consented to preserve absolute secrecy. It was only by this manner they could hope to hush the Spider-Leverson organisation into a false sense of security, long enough at least for Faulkner to succeed at the one end and Janyon at the other.

And Janyon believed he had every reason to be hopeful.

The address provided by Petit tallied with that of Helen's confession in the little bedroom at the Restaurant des Juras. Leverson must have known he would find this out. For obvious reasons he could not have taken Pam with him to a public call-box, and had needed Pam at the telephone to impress on Janyon the inestimable value of the cards he held. His mention of a time-limit of twenty-four hours was significant. Probably arrangements were already made for a removal from Evian within that period; probably, too, he had every hope of achieving all he had originally set out to do.

Gabeyron was dead, Morez back in Paris, Helen Fothergill effectively out of the running. Against him there only remained Faulkner and Janyon. In holding Pam as hostage he must have been convinced of having knocked the ground from under their feet. He might have sensed the possibility of Faulkner refusing to be intimidated and attempting to thwart him in Vevey; it could never have struck him that Janyon was on his way to look for him.

One of the two Swiss mechanics in the stern cupped his hands and called:

"In a quarter of an hour, monsieur."

Janyon acknowledged the information with a wave. He began stripping his overalls, rolling them into a neat bundle round the folded hat. His passport would not tally if he stepped ashore in France as a Swiss peasant.

He lolled again, watching the coastline building up, the mountains swelling and lifting, vague lines becoming roads, doll's-house villas, hotels, cottages, places where people lived. The flower-hung jetty of Evian was distinct now; he could see horse-chestnuts flowering along the promenade.

The motor-boat drew alongside stairs. Henri Ripotot, Monsieur Ripotot's dark, unshaven cousin, walked forward and gripped them. The motor had cut out, leaving behind a strange, almost ominous silence.

"Wait for me," Janyon ordered, handing him a note. "There's no knowing when I shall be back."

He showed his passport and passed through the customs-house alone.

A French official directed him.

His way lay to the left, then to the right again, up a steep gradient to the back of the town. The Villa Chatelard was a fine place, certainly. The sergeant remembered it being built. Monsieur Bernard, a banker from Paris, used it for the summer. It was a long walk. Monsieur would be better advised to take a car. He had heard it was let to some foreigners—Americans, English, Germans, perhaps. He couldn't say. Telling Janyon by an arm he led him to a spot a little clear of the houses.

"There, monsieur."

His thick forefinger indicated a yellow, shallow-roofed villa, built in the Italian style, with a square tower at one end and apparently some painted frescoes.

Janyon thanked him.

"Supposing I decide to walk?"

The other shrugged and made a mental calculation.

"One hour, monsieur; one hour and a half."

Janyon thanked him again and pushed on.

It was now between one and two. That should mean reaching his objective somewhere around three. A little before, probably; it was the way with natives to underestimate the walking capacity of strangers.

Hiring a car and paying the man to wait somewhere suggested itself as a sound plan. The weather was fine and many motorists were already on the roads; the presence of one car more or less was scarcely likely to attract attention. And Leverson, he remembered, wasn't expecting him.

Towards the back of the town he picked up a car, paid the man handsomely in advance and pretended to take him into his confidence. The driver was young himself, and probably had "affairs" of his own.

Some three-quarters of an hour later, with the taxi tucked conveniently into a recess by the roadway and turned ready for the descent, he found himself walking on grass, following a narrow, barely discernible path pointed out to him by the driver. Presently he sat down and drew on the overalls, unfolded a badly-creased straw sun hat and tied a red handkerchief at his throat.

He stepped almost unexpectedly on to the road again. Another hundred yards brought him to the trim iron fencing of the Villa Chatelard. A woman with a Pekingese on a crimson lead was walking in the garden in front of the house.

Janyon glanced at her as he slouched past.

The sight of her aroused a host of recent memories.

The woman was Simone Bercher, and a man who sprawled on a long chair in the wide porch undoubtedly Oscar Leverson!

THE villa stood on a rugged plateau, its ornate stuccoed front facing towards the lake, the large and spreading garden behind intended and wild. As he cut off across the open and presently struck the fence again, Janyon encountered a forest of gaunt pines, great outcrops of rock, huge boulders—a sort of rugged wilderness.

The fence presently deteriorated into three strands of heavy-gauge wire stapled to rough posts.

Janyon vaulted over.

Keeping at first in the shelter of the trees he scrambled his way to a shelf of rock from which he could scan the upper windows. Those on the first floor were shuttered and evidently unused. His gaze drifted to the tower, projecting another story above the rest. Two small windows faced in his direction and both were protected with iron bars—a nursery perhaps for Monsieur Bernard's children. The easement to the right was closed; that to the left wide open . . .

He climbed higher and saw through to the window in the opposite wall. Apparently the room occupied all that floor. He could just make out the wooden end of a bed and a portion of a dressing-table . . . Suddenly he caught his breath.

Somebody, a woman, was moving up there! She appeared to pause by the front window and be gazing out. Almost without his realising it she had crossed the room and was on his side, staring down into the garden.

Pam!

He thought she was looking straight at him, and waved an arm. Evidently she hadn't seen, for a moment after she moved away out of sight again.

He lit a cigarette and squatted, trying to get his bearings, trying to decide what he should do next. He was satisfied the stairs to the upper rooms ran inside the tower. Somehow he must manage to get to these without attracting attention.

He looked at his watch.

The chauffeur was waiting down there now; Henri Ripotot and his colleague would be cooling their heels by the lake. It was a thousand pities he couldn't have brought one of those up with him to keep watch while he forced his way in. He would have preferred the cover of darkness; but there were many reasons preventing him from waiting until then. At any moment their absence from the Beausoleil might be discovered and Leverson tempted to carry out his velleitous threat.

He crushed out his cigarette and approached the building by easy stages, taking advantage of all the cover he could find, progressing mainly in the direction of the lower windows in the tower. Presently, trusting to the efficiency of his disguise, he emerged boldly into the open.

He was within ten feet of a closed door when it opened suddenly and a man came out, an evil, sallow-faced, stooping man, wearing a baize apron.

Instinctively Janyon lowered his head and with it the wide brim of his hat. The man

who had halted and was staring questioningly at him was the Italian who had accompanied Mr. I. Salmon to Paris!

Janyon mumbled something about unemployment and being hungry, and shuffled closer, keeping a hand in the pocket where his gun lay. The door behind the Italian was open, the way almost clear for him. He leaped forward and hit . . . The other swung unexpectedly out of his way and the blow took his shoulder, flinging him against a jutting corner of masonry. As he opened his mouth to cry out Janyon smashed again and this time effectively.

He stared round him cautiously. Nothing stirred. With barely a second glance at the huddled heap on the threshold he stepped over it and went in. A lobby opened out into a kitchen with some plates piled on a draining-board and a tap left running. He crossed the floor on his toes. The opening of a second door gave him a clear view across a wide hall. The front door was propped open. He could see Leverson's lower half with a newspaper lying across his knees, the end of another cane chair and some painted toe-nails and sandals . . . and then, disconcertingly, the Peke, half way down the hall, dragging its crimson lead!

The thing barked at him, advanced and barked again.

"Nicki! Lie down! It's only Giuseppe."

The chair creaked as Simone got up.

Through the crack of the door Janyon watched her stoop for the lead, sweep the dog up in her arms and come slowly towards him.

He flattened against the wall waiting for her to come in. Suddenly he heard the jingle of keys and sandalled feet passing along the corridor and upstairs.

His heart leaped. The Peke's barking had reminded her of Pam. She was on her way up now to see if all was well!

He slipped off his shoes and followed, carrying them. The stairs were highly polished and uncarpeted. Above him her beeled sandals tapped on, beating time to Nicki's discomfited grumbling. He heard the rasp of a key in a lock, Pam's drawled, "Hullo! It's you, is it?" and Simone's more strident tones tinged with contempt.

The door was closing again when Janyon appeared on the landing.

"Go straight back in," he said quietly, "and don't scream. I'm shooting this time."

"You . . . ?" She returned hoarsely and suddenly dropped Nicki to the floor.

Janyon swept off his hat and bowed mockingly, and Nicki, after a furtive attempt at his leg, fled barking downstairs.

"Curse it!" He pushed her roughly through the doorway. "Get over there by the wall. It's Jimmy here, Pam. Don't yell out. Just get some towels while I cover her and fix her somehow. The mouth first, please." He stood in the doorway, his attention divided between the room and the stairs. That accursed Peke was still raising Cain down there. Leverson would be bound to do something shortly.

He heard him presently, stamping through the hall. Several doors slammed, one of them trapping the Peke, whose sharp bark had turned to a ghostly yelping. Suddenly Leverson's bellow of rage drowned everything. He had been out at the back and had found Giuseppe!

He was coming up . . .

"Quick!"

Pam nodded grimly. She had pulled Simone on to the floor and was kneeling on her, tying knots . . .

Leverson's head and shoulders were just in view when Janyon picked up a heavy chair and threw it.

A gun went off somewhere, and plaster, chipped from the ceiling, rattled down in a cloud of white dust.

The staircase creaked and groaned under the weight of Oscar Leverson falling and unable to stop. A landing checked his course, but Janyon was there on top of him, covering him with his gun.

"Beat it, Pam," he called to the girl behind him. "Across the road and to the right. If I'm hung up, take the first track down."

Pam went.

Upstairs Simone was mumbling and kicking at a locked door. Oscar Leverson lay on his back, disarmed, and breathing asthmatically. Janyon's foot was on his stomach.

"I could kill you, Leverson," he said between his teeth. "I don't know why I don't. Next time, I may . . ."

"JIMMY! You were marvellous!"

"Was I? I'm not so sure."

Looking back suddenly he gripped and pulled her down with him.

They were on the grass, within view of the embrasure where the taxi was waiting. Somewhere behind them dust and the dull roar of exhaust heralded the arrival of a powerful touring car, driven at speed. For a brief moment through a dip Janyon had a glimpse of Leverson, hatless, with his dark hair blowing wildly, gripping the wheel. Simone was at the back, screaming, clutching at him, apparently imploring him to slow down. The taxi-driver left the roadway in a single, well-timed leap and fell back against his own car, cursing.

Janyon raised himself on his hands.

Leverson was after them, of course. He hadn't seen the taxi until the driver jumped; nor apparently had he heard the hooting of the big lorry crawling uphill round the bend. These two things seemed to dawn simultaneously. He braked hard, with a shrill screeching that set Janyon's teeth on edge and drowned Pam's scream as she clung to him in horror.

The tourer had skidded yards. The lorry's off front wheel had snapped and gone, rolling on its own like an enormous hoop. The tourer was gone too, leaving dark wheel-tracks by the side of a deep drop. When Janyon came to his feet it was far away, empty, and rolling over and over, leaving something limp and motionless folded around a tree . . .

The lorry lay at a crazy angle; its driver, boy, and the taximen were all clumping down, shouting to one another as they went.

"Jimmy! That woman!"

Pam was up and clinging again.

Janyon dislodged her arms and held her firmly, making her look at him.

"Listen, Pam; we've got to cut out sentiment. Three people have gone down to look for them—and I don't want to be roped in as a witness. Our car will be used for, well, other things. We've got to foot it back to the lake."

Pam blinked a little.

"All right, I—I think I see," she watched while he rolled the overalls and hat into a bundle.

"I'm so glad you came, Jimmy. I was scared stiff what might happen."

Janyon took her arm.

"So was I," he admitted grimly. "More perhaps. You see, I happen to have had a pretty good idea."

An hour later they arrived in the out-

skirts of the town, and in another ten minutes reached the jetty. Henri Ripotot was there waiting. He ran across and brought his colleague from a cafe. Between them they got the boat alongside the stairs.

Pam climbed in.

"A motor-boat, Jimmy," she smiled. "You think of everything."

"Twenty to five," he said thoughtfully, looking at his watch. "A good deal sooner than I thought. We ought to be back by six."

"What's Reggie doing?"

"Reggie? Oh, heaps of things. I only hope . . ."

"What?"

"Oh, I don't know; that he's pulled them all off, I suppose. Things aren't any too easy. We're up against a bigger proposition than you or I ever dreamed of when you dropped that record on Leverson's head from my window."

"But he—he's dead now. So everything's all right, isn't it?"

"I'd like to think so; but there's one other man in the game. I hoped to find some trace of him at Leverson's place up there, but he didn't show up."

"Who?"

"Leverson's boss. They call him the Spider."

Evian was fading into the distance. Lolling comfortably amidships, with Pam snuggled warmly beside him, he pointed away up to a thing like a pinprick against a blur of green and brown. "Villa Chate-lard," he told her. "The place you telephoned from this morning."

The girl shuddered.

"Let's forget it and talk of something else," she pleaded.

La Blise, the good wind from the north-east, blew strongly, ruffling the surface into waves. The boat pitched as if in a heavy sea. Turning over, Pam watched the spray breaking over the bows, the blue green water sweeping past the gunwale. Her hat was off, her cheeks flushed with the wind, her hair fluttering just anyhow.

Janyon lounged and wondered how long it would be before he could fall into a settled job. Watching her, he had almost forgotten Francoise and Paschoud and all that long string of names and faces that kept bobbing in and out of that complicated web spun by Vallieres, alias the Spider. Since setting out from Vevey la Tour Pam had occupied his thoughts almost to the exclusion of everything else. Now she was safe and he had time to relax they all came tumbling back again.

What, he wondered, would Vallieres do now that Leverson was out of the picture? Would that big scheme Reggie and he had been daily expecting happen just the same? And, if so, would Helen Pethergill carry out her promise and warn them in time?

Ah, the engine spluttered and suddenly cut out altogether. The boat rocked violently and began shipping water. The mechanic was down on his knees, swearing and probing into machinery; Henri Ripotot was helping.

"What's the trouble?" shouted Janyon, sitting up.

Henri shrugged.

"A breakdown, monsieur."

More water was shipped and they had to bale. The trouble refused to be righted. Henri and Janyon ran up a mast and a small sail. The Blise was blowing up stronger than ever, dead against them. For a matter of hours they baled and tacked while a stocky Swiss mechanic, with appar-

ently the entire engine dismantled and strewn in small pieces around him, struggled valiantly.

Darkness fell and quite suddenly the wind slackened and dropped.

"What's that?" asked Pam, pointing.

Janyon stared. Behind him, Henri Ripotot had drawn the mechanic's attention, and both were looking.

A dull reverberation, like the firing of a mine, produced a series of echoing noises in the hills. In the direction of Vevey-Pian an enormous puff of smoke had shot up above buildings. It hung there in a vast spreading cloud, but there were no signs of flame.

Gradually the lights paled and disappeared, the hills behind faded into the night, the whole line of coast towards which they looked became lost in a strange tinted mist.

"Fog," grunted the mechanic, and did something savage to the engine. It started again so unexpectedly that Pam caught Janyon's arm and gasped.

Henri Ripotot was running down the sail.

"In all my life in this place, monsieur," he assured Janyon solemnly, "I have never seen a fog come up like that."

"No," returned Janyon earnestly. "And I'm prepared to bet you never will again."

Pam stared into his face.

"Not—not Dutoit's fog?" she whispered.

Janyon nodded. He had known that for some time.

"I fancy they've got in and blown the place sky-high."

"The—Spider?" Her eyebrows lifted.

"Yes . . ." He nodded again. "I wonder if Reggie's there."

"At last! The jetty!"

Henri Ripotot swayed to his feet.

The mechanic in the stern switched off.

Through the vaguely purple pall that hung over the lake Janyon could just make out a dark jutting structure right ahead. At one end a pallid green light kept appearing and disappearing as he looked.

"Quarter to twelve," announced Pam, and shivered.

She was wearing the overalls Janyon had borrowed from Ripotot. They had been cruising for hours, trying to find their way in. Once they had narrowly avoided colliding with a lake steamer, lost and bewildered like themselves. They were weary and cold and very hungry.

Henri leaned over, gripped an iron ladder and pulled, bringing the boat flush with the landing-stage. Pam climbed out. She stood at the top, waiting while Janyon paid the mechanic and spoke for some moments with Henri Ripotot.

He joined her and took her arm.

"Grand Hotel jetty," he said, reading a notice. "Our skipper wasn't such a long way out after all. We'd better stick to the waterfront."

Pam was getting out of the overalls.

"Where are we going?"

"Straight back to your hotel, if we can find it. It'll be a long walk."

"Food . . ." said Pam plaintively.

Janyon laughed.

"If we find anything open we'll see what can be done about it. But I have my doubts."

They walked arm in arm, smoking, Janyon endeavoring to keep up a stiffish pace, at the same time steering a centre course between phantom plane trees and the low wall bordering the parade. Mentally, he raised his hat to a defunct inventor and

idealist. Dutott had certainly known how to produce fog. It came at them in great tinted, soaking waves. He could hear it dripping from trees, from light-standards, from everywhere where moisture could form and drop. He collided painfully with an iron seat, changed direction abruptly, only to find himself walking into the trees again.

Pam tugged at his arm.
"It's no use; we'll never get there. Don't you see? It's becoming thicker every minute."

He put his arm round her, drawing her closer.

"You're right," he admitted; "it is. The laboratory, or what's left of it, must be pretty close now."

"Beastly, isn't it?"

"Horrible." He found her lips and kissed them, encountering no resistance. "If we ever get out of this I'm going to marry you."

"Be careful. I may hold you to that, Jimmy."

"I want you to."

"All right." Inadvertently she kissed the tip of his nose. "We must go up," she insisted, becoming suddenly practical. "It mayn't be so thick higher up. The Beausoleil will have to give me a room, and I'll telephone from there to say where I am. That means turning back and looking for the funicular."

"All right. We'll have to walk."

They turned and groped again.

A street light loomed up presently, burning in a halo of iridescence. Looking down, he could see water. Pam was right; it was thinner this end. He took her arm again, possessively. They had almost reached their starting point when something like a warm, invisible hand shook them forcibly. The whole world seemed to shake. Pam clung to him in alarm. A second explosion rent the air, echoed somewhere beyond the fog, and died gradually down.

"What was it?"

Janyon shrugged.

His brain could find no answer. He could only think that the Spider was very, very busy.

There were more lights now, glinting in the dark roofs of cars, parked apparently by their owners and abandoned, some half-way across the pavement. Keeping close into hotel railings they found their way to the main gates, the tramlines and, in a short while, the railway arch spanning the new road. The funicular station was in darkness. Bearing to the left and presently to the right again, Janyon hit the track that led up to the Beausoleil.

Here the fog hung in patches; in places thicker than ever, in others thinning out into a faint mist. Suddenly he found himself mounting an incline between houses. An inn, with a queer painted figure grinning at him from a garden, loomed up on his left. There were strange smells in the air, of fowls and cattle and farm manure that suddenly struck a chord in his memory. It was the hamlet whose roofs he had noticed from higher up that same track on the night they had seen Gabeyron's body in the garden!

A road cut across the track, and here again the mist was thicker. Janyon halted suddenly, pulling Pam close up to a wall. Footsteps echoed between buildings—the hurrying footsteps of a man, mumbling and sobbing queerly as he came, stumbling up the steep slope they had left behind.

"Oh, heaven—" said a throaty voice in

plain English from not a dozen paces down the track. "I'm spun!"

Janyon bit his lip.

The voice was curiously familiar; not Reggie's though; not anybody's he had met out there.

The steps sounded again. A vague shadow passed them, then crossed a clear patch under a single electric bulb shining from the wall of a house.

Vallieres! The Spider!

Janyon's heart stopped and raced on.

The Spider was batless; only the black bandaging was visible, conveying the impression of a headless man.

Pam uttered a little cry.

The Spider turned and looked back. A horrible, mirthless laugh came from his lips and, lingered long after the fog had swallowed him.

Janyon held Pam to him. She was white as death.

"It's all right," he said, and showed the automatic lying darkly against the white of his fingers.

"That's the man I'm looking for. I think I know where he's making for. When I stop, go straight on up. Don't wait for me."

She smiled faintly and met his gaze.
"It's no use, Jimmy; I'm stopping with you. If anything should happen—"

"It won't."

There was no time for argument. Already Vallieres was out of earshot. Janyon hurried on, letting Pam follow as best she could. Before the fog cleared Vallieres and himself had to have a settlement, and there was no saying what might be the outcome of that. Inside him, as he quickened his steps, a voice kept repeating, "Spider rag . . . Spider rag . . ." There was Vallieres' voice too, saying, "I'm spun!" . . . and Helen Fothergill's, "I think . . . but it isn't possible . . ." and the street light at the corner had shown him Vallieres' hands clearly for the first time . . . Gabeyron, who was smarter than any of them, had found out the secret and been murdered for it. He had left the toothpicks, though, only they had been too dense to understand . . .

It explained so much—the leakage of secrets, Hayes' death, the curious coincidence of Oscar Levenson's photograph discovered in Janyon's flat.

Oscar Levenson wasn't the only one the munition-kings had bought over! Compared with this, Helen Fothergill's lapses had been trifling.

"Stop quite still, Janyon!"

Janyon drew back sharply.

Unexpectedly he had emerged from a blanket of fog under a heaven strewn with stars to encounter Vallieres and a levelled gun. A long line of light glinted along its barrel—and the Spider lurked behind it, tucked into the gateway of the empty house.

Janyon faced him contemptuously.

"You can take off that stuff, Raggett," he told him. "I know who you are."

The crouching figure straightened.

"So you do eh, Janyon? That's astonishingly clever of you. And, of course, the little lady I see behind you knows, too. That's rather a pity. You see, Janyon, I never allow anybody to stand in my way—anybody, you understand?"

Janyon made a sudden movement forward.

"Don't come any closer, please; and kindly drop that unpleasant-looking thing you are carrying. That's better. So you beat Oscar Levenson? I rather thought you might. He was so very confident you wouldn't."

"You know that, do you?"

The Spider nodded.

"I had a phone call this evening. But you haven't beaten me, Janyon. I expect you'd like to know what's happened. Dutott's fog invention is dead. We decided to kill it in the end. If it's any consolation, that is one up to you. That second explosion occurred at a bank in Vevey. I tried to stop it, but it was too late. I only learned very late in the day that Mile. Dutott dealt with all banking matters, and had taken out the formula—and destroyed it."

"Destroyed it?" Janyon's jaw dropped.

"Yes." The Spider spoke through his teeth.

"I fancy Faulkner was partly responsible. The person I set to watch you both this morning unfortunately let me down. And I think that's about all, Janyon, except this . . ." The hand with the automatic lifted slowly.

Janyon stepped in front of Pam.

"Beat it . . . back into the fog. Don't stop now."

He blinked wildly.

The garden gate had swung silently open. Two long, effectively moving arms were superimposed on the Spider's, pinning them to his sides. A head and some wild hair appeared, over-topping Raggett by inches.

"Evening, folks!" greeted a cheery voice.

"The end of the long, weary trail, I fancy."

Pamela shrieked "Reggie!" threw her arms around Janyon and burst into tears. Gently disentangling himself, he picked up his own gun and presently Raggett's.

The sudden slamming of a door drew his attention to the house. Helen Fothergill was coming down the steps. She paused in front of Reggie's prisoner, then reached out and began tearing off black bandages.

"You?" she hissed presently, stepping back in amazement. "I never had any idea . . .!"

Raggett chuckled horribly.

"You never had, Helen. Ideas, fortunately, weren't your strong point." His expression changed to one of deepest hatred. "But I know whom I've to thank for this. You double-crossed me. You helped young Faulkner get that Dutott girl away. You warned Paschoud . . . By heaven, if I ever get out of this . . .!"

"You'll never get out," she assured him bitterly, "any more than I will." One hand groped in her bag and reappeared holding a small glass tube. "One last word, Mr. Raggett! What wretched tramp did you and Oscar murder in the fog to take your place in Lady Coldwaltham's ante-room?"

Raggett stared at the tube she was holding, not at her. With a sudden frenzied movement he wrenched an arm free and snatched the thing from her fingers. The stopper had come away and little pellets were dropping.

His fingers went to his mouth.

Janyon stepped forward, checked himself, and picked up the fallen tube. The name on the label was "Strophanthin."

Raggett had swallowed.

Pam hid her face in Janyon's coat. Below them, Vevey lay lost in a purple pall. Church bells were chiming. From out on the lake came the querulous tooting of a paddle-steamer . . .

Janyon and Reggie exchanged significant glances.

The Spider was dead, and Helen Fothergill walking away from them swiftly down into the fog.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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